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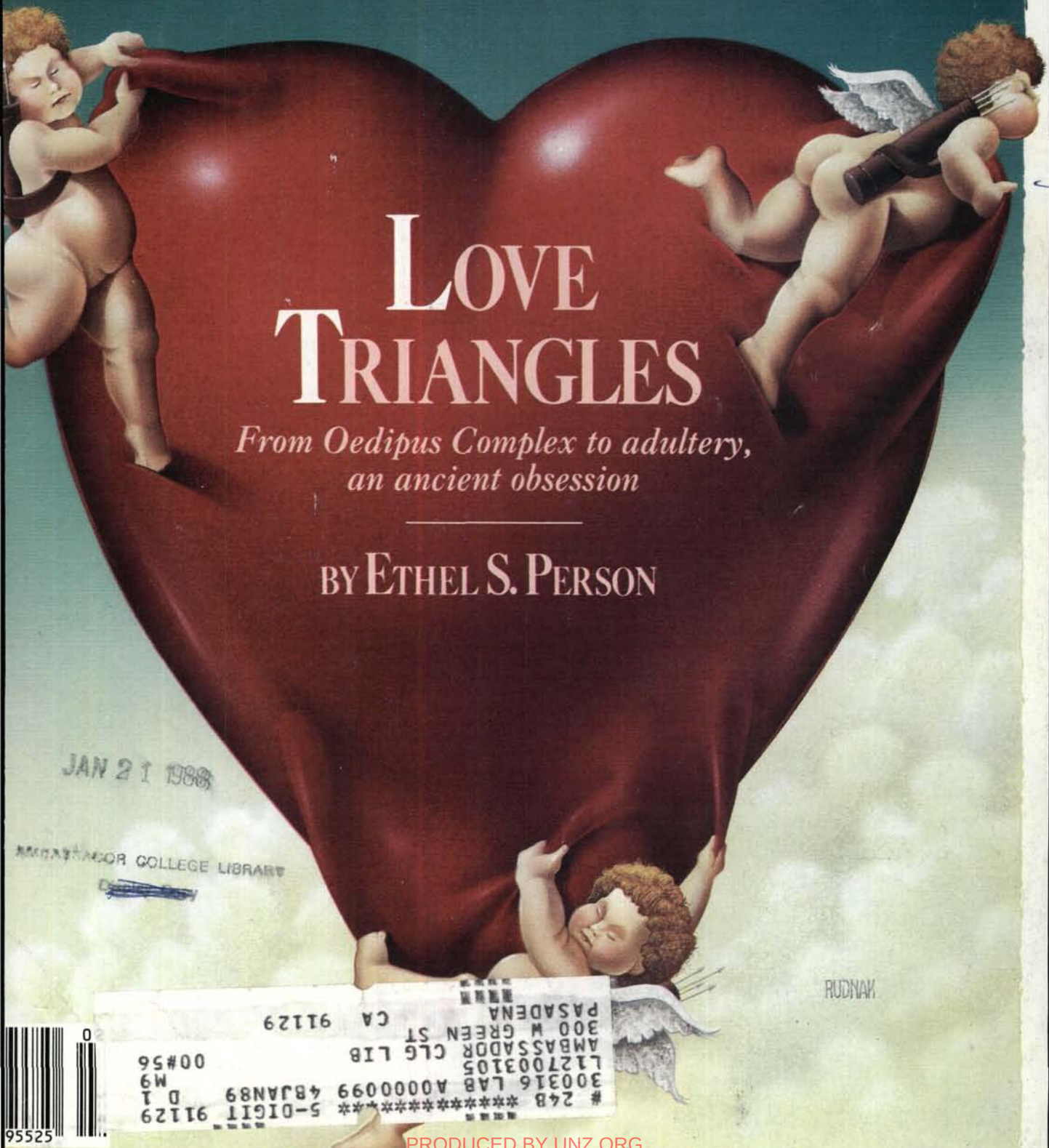
The Atlantic

JAMES FALLOWS IN THE PHILIPPINES / SEAMUS HEANEY ON OSCAR WILDE



LOVE TRIANGLES

From Oedipus Complex to adultery, an ancient obsession

BY ETHEL S. PERSON

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He sees the things

March from Selma, 1965

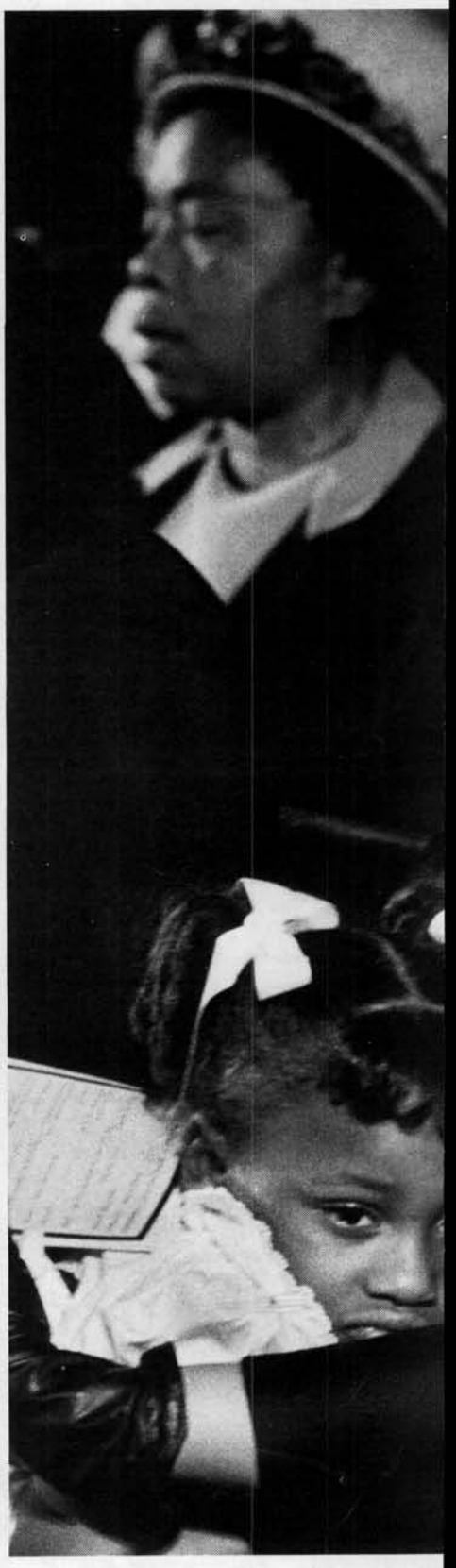
Monrovia, Liberia, Early 60's

Boy in Harlem, Mid 60's

West Virginia, Early 50's

West Virginia, Early 50's

Carmen de Lavallade and son, 1960



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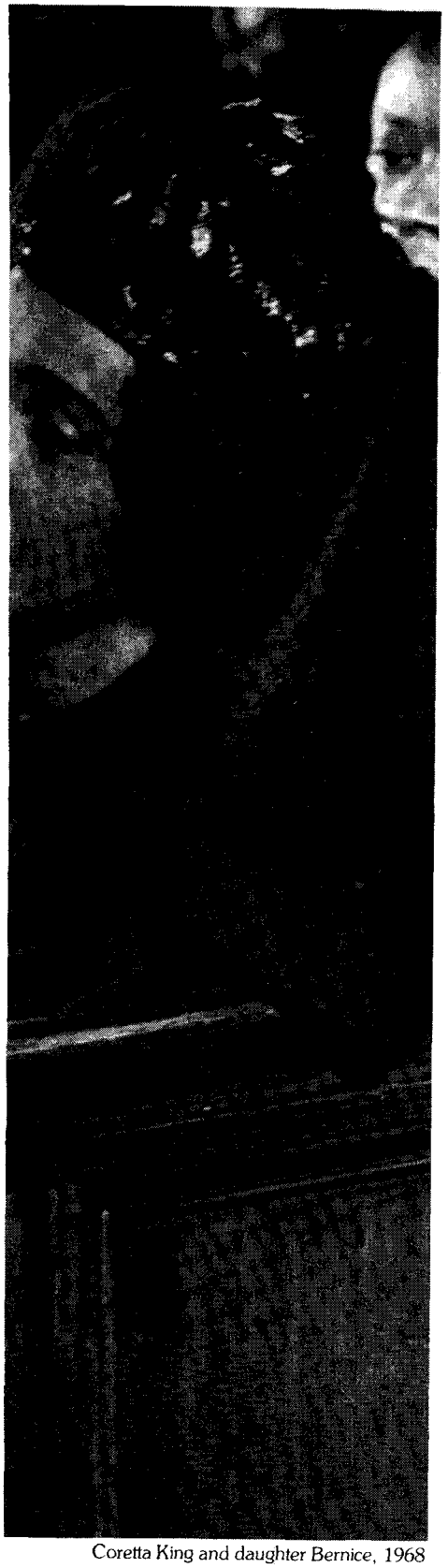
ve wish we'd seen.



Coretta King and daughter Bernice, 1968

You are looking at images of an era, photographs taken over 30 turbulent years of challenge and change. They are part of an extraordinary exhibition titled "Moneta Sleet, Jr.: Pulitzer-Prize Photojournalist" at the Martin Luther King Memorial Library from January 28 through February 29, 1988.

Since 1955, Sleet has been a working photographer for Ebony and Jet magazines, with an insider's ticket to great events and a magician's trick of snatching the timeless moment from the stream of time. It was he who isolated and rescued, from the devastating tragedy of the death of Martin Luther King Jr., an unforgettable image of enduring serenity and, from the terrors of the March from Selma, the forever blithe spirit of the woman marcher, clapping hands to the sound of singing in the rain. Wherever he goes, he sees things we would like to have seen, and now we can.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition and why we urge you to see it. In our business, as in yours, we need to be reminded that we must look beneath the surface and see the timeless as well as the temporary, the enduring as well as the fleeting. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage, it's a business and human necessity.

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VOLUME 261 NO. 2

The Atlantic

FEBRUARY 198

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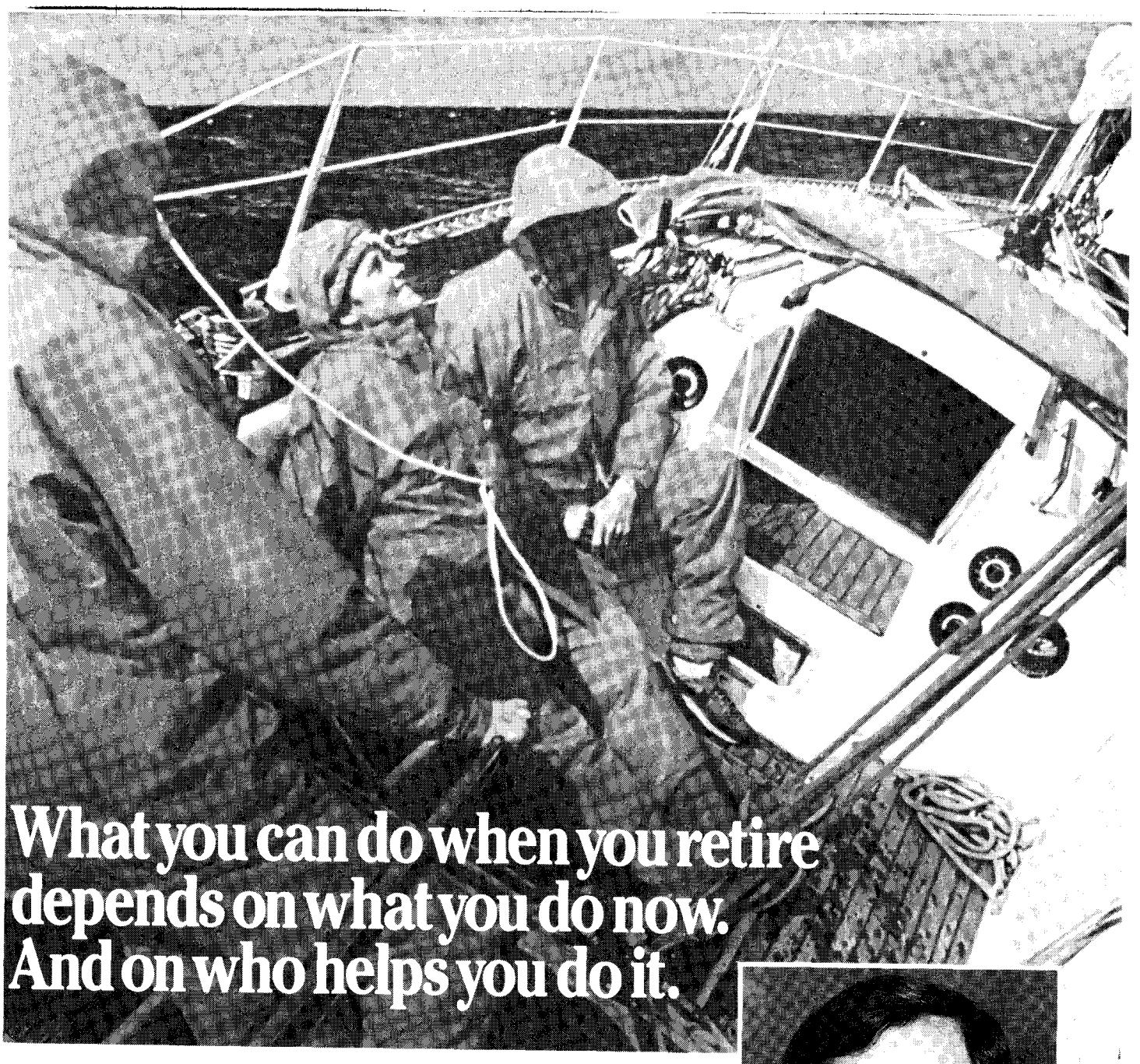

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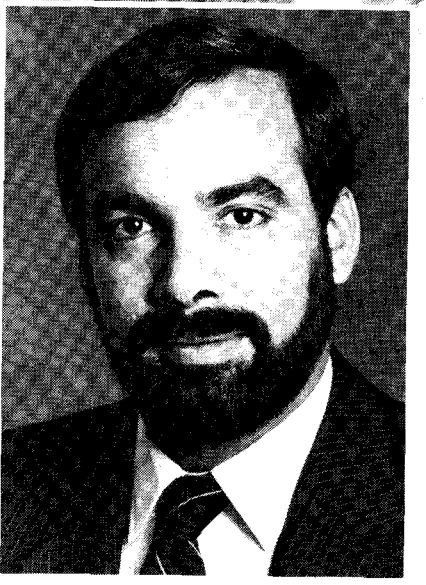

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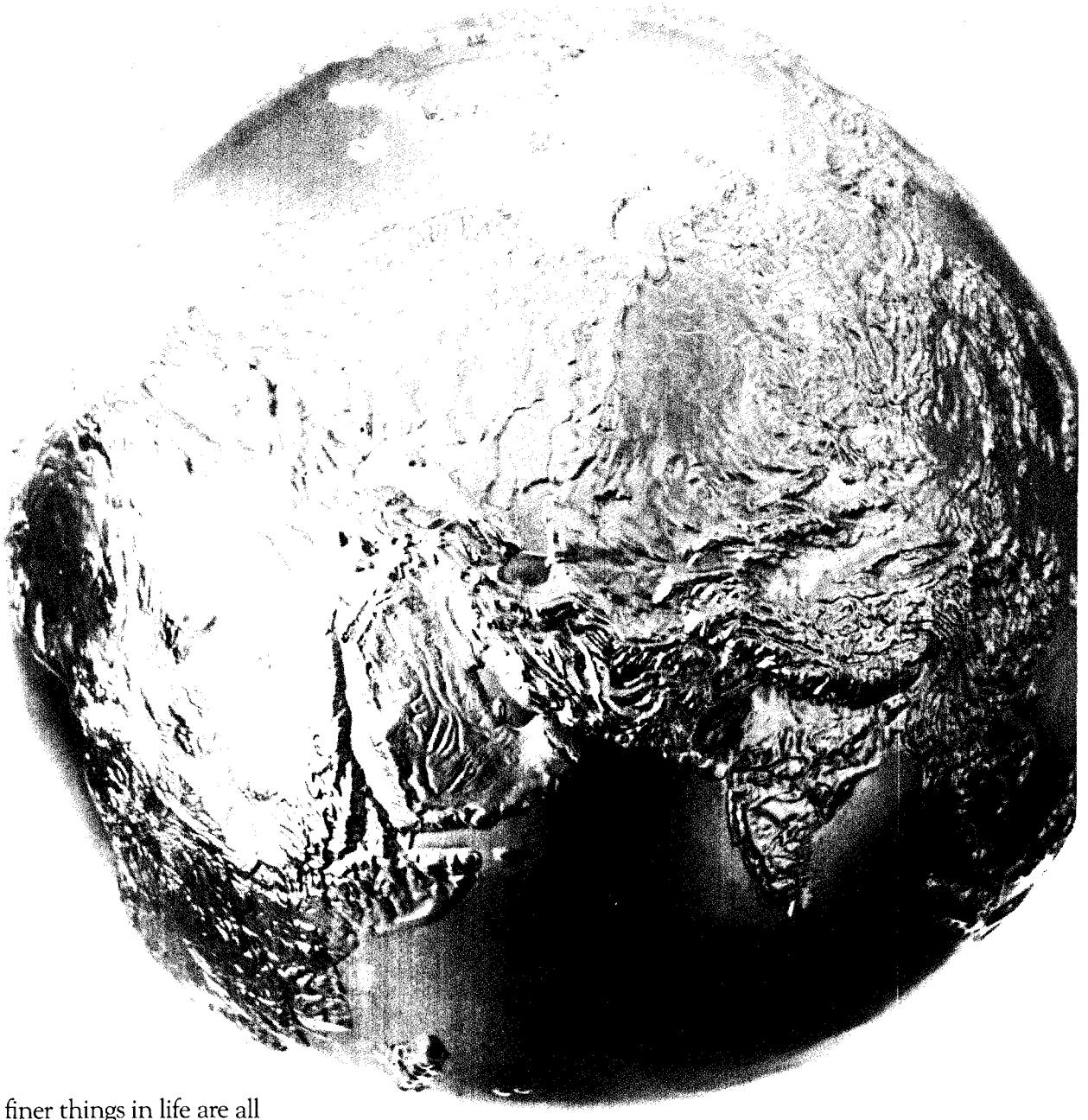

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The February Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Robert Shoemaker, M.D., of the National Cancer Institute; the National Food Processors Association; the Salt Institute; the Environmental Defense Fund; the American Heart Association; and the U.S. Postal Service.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LOVING NUMBERS

The article by Paul Hoffman on the world-class mathematician Paul Erdös ("The Man Who Loves Only Numbers," November *Atlantic*) was extremely entertaining. Now I know all the qualities I need to be a great mathematician: take ten to twenty milligrams of amphetamine a day plus lots of strong coffee, speak a language all my own, wash my hands fifty times a day, become unusually obsessed with my mortality, never learn how to cook, let others keep track of my money (or lack thereof), and so on.

ROLF WOODGOLD
Ottawa, Ontario

Paul Hoffman suggests that Erdös sees the five-person-dinner-party problem as solvable by the brute force of computers, though even all the world's computers could not begin to handle the six-person problem.

The number of combinations of five people (given the constraints of the problem) is 10^{200} (that is, 10×10, 200 times—which equals 1 followed by 200 zeros). Since the number of particles in the universe has been estimated at about 10^{81}, isn't even the five-person problem asking a lot of the computer?

STEVEN GOLDBERG
New York, N.Y.

Paul Hoffman replies:

Erdös's story of the evil spirit is meant to show how little insight mathematicians currently have into the five-person-dinner-party problem. He is not suggesting that computers would actually solve it. Indeed, when it comes to doing mathematics, he has little faith in machines.

A GLASS OF HANDMADE

November's anthem to handmade beer ("A Glass of Handmade") is a pure joy. As usual, William Least Heat-Moon writes with endearing style and a precious sense of America's roots. His tracing of the directions whence we've come somehow soothes the uneasy sense of having lost our way at the same time that it mourns—no, reviles—the loss. The man's reverence for cultura heritage, and his examination of a sim ple value like quality, work a theme tha is powerful in proportion to its absenc from the national awareness these days

LOREN MARSHAL
Anchorage, Alask

The *Reinheitsgebot* is still observed b German brewers in Germany, a stated by William Least Heat-Moor but following Britain's entrance into th Common Market, British brewers com plained that it constituted an unreasor able restraint on trade and forced We Germany to open its borders to nor complying beers from other Commo Market countries. Samuel Adams beer the only American beer that the We Germans continue to import, howeve and I'm not clear why Heat-Moon di misses it only because of the distanc between the brewery and the nomin origin. The Germans don't.

MARSHALL E. DEUTSC
Sudbury, Mas

William Least Heat-Moon's que for a beer with taste not dictate by a desire to appeal to the lowest con mon denominator serves as a metaph for much of what is wrong with Amer can society today. We have become a most totally risk-aversive in our desire t achieve some level of stability in ou lives.

MICHAEL J. BRUN
Charlotte, N.C

William Least Heat-Moon's artic about beer leaves a little "residu on the tongue" in its discussion of th ingredients in Miller Lite.

The Center for Science in the Publ Interest has led efforts to educate con sumers about the ingredients in alcoho ic beverages. Because there are no r quirements for ingredient labels o these products, including beer, we pul lished *Chemical Additives in Booze* i 1982.

Heat-Moon contends that CSPI is "r longer standing by their list of ingred ents." Quite the contrary. We have kep our findings about "genuine brews (and other beers) as current as possible

The Miller Brewing Company repea edly refused to provide informatic

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It started in an IBM lab in Zurich, Switzerland.
Who knows where it will stop?

In January 1986, two IBM scientists, J. Georg Bednorz and K. Alex Müller, ended a long quest. They discovered a whole new class of superconducting materials, represented by the formula above.

Their breakthrough sparked enormous activity in an area of research most scientists had abandoned as hopeless.

Today, researchers at IBM, and throughout the world, are expanding on what these two started. And although no one can be sure where superconductor research will lead, there is potential for advances in everything from computers to medicine.

In October 1987, just 21 months after their breakthrough, Bednorz and Müller were chosen to receive the Nobel Prize in Physics.

Naturally, we're proud of these two scientists, just as we are of the two IBM scientists who won the 1986 Nobel Prize in Physics.

Providing a climate that fosters achievements like these has always been important at IBM. After all, advances of this magnitude do more than contribute to a company. They contribute to the world.

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about the contents of its products, but we had obtained from the Anheuser-Busch Company a list of ingredients used in Miller Lite.

In 1984—two years after our book was published—Miller Brewing contacted us. They sent us labels recently approved by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms that read CONTAINS NO ADDITIVES OR PRESERVATIVES. We interpret these labels to mean that Miller changed the brewing process. We promptly amended *Chemical Additives in Booze* with an insert saying, "Since this book was published, Miller Brewing Co. has informed us that it has dropped the use of additives in Miller High Life and Miller Lite."

KAREN LIEBERMAN
Alcohol Policies Project, Center for Science in the Public Interest
Washington, D.C.

William Least Heat-Moon replies:

Ms. Lieberman's last sentence seems to me to suggest an acceptance by CSPI of Miller's claim about the purity of Lite beer. Until the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms or the Federal Drug Administration requires commercial brewers, vintners, and distillers to list *all* ingredients in their products, additives and adjuncts in our glasses of spirits will remain unknown to us. CSPI has been working since 1972 to get full labeling; in 1980 the BATF issued a rule requiring the partial listing of ingredients. But in 1981 the bureau, citing an executive order from the Reagan Administration, rescinded the proposed regulation. A lobbying group of distillers and winemakers opposed to full disclosure of ingredients has been deadly effective.

Samuel Adams is a contract brew. My interest, as the story makes clear, is primarily in micro-breweries. My mistake was not in passing over Samuel Adams but rather in not exploring more fully the products of the Sierra Nevada Brewing Company.

AFRICAN ART

Nicholas Lemann's article "New York: Fake Masks" (November *Atlantic*) describes real African art as being intended for and "danced" in a traditional native ritual, and fake art as produced for sale to collectors. The difference is not one of artistic quality. It is no wonder that experts sometimes mistake fake items for real. The categorizing of objects that do not differ materially as "real" and "fake" is tricky to do or defend. The same problem occurs with gemstones: real (natural) gems are valued many times over fake (synthetic) stones, although natural and synthetic gems have identical chemistry and properties and an identical appearance. These divisions based on origin or intent make emotional and financial sense but are difficult to justify intellectually or aesthetically. Knowing that "some dealers say they can simply look at a piece and feel the spirituality" only increases my consternation. I cannot help but think about the Kulebele tribe, who value watches they don't know how to read.

DAVID E. MEECE
Carrboro, N.C.

Nicholas Lemann's delightful piece brought back fond memories of visits to the carvery at Ikotikpenny, Nigeria, in my Peace Corps days. There each newly carved "antiquity" spent a rainy season atop a chicken coop, acquiring an aged, pockmarked surface.

But Lemann leaves out the only good reason to visit one of these carveries: it is possible to purchase at quite reasonable prices the very lovely—if not at all "native"—images of saints used in their current worship.

THOMAS J. MCGREW
Washington, D.C.

Nick Lemann observes that the production of masks has "enhanced the carvers' artistic skill" and notes that the artisans "took great pride in their best work," but concludes that the works they produced are "fake," or somehow not art.

I would argue that if the best of this work is being dismissed as non-art because it lacks a "personal vision," then one must dismiss much of the greatest historical African carving, which also often played down the vision of the carver, emphasizing the satisfaction of evolving community or tribal aesthetic visions. The individual artist has only very rarely been celebrated in Africa, and European collectors, in their haste to make off with the goods, seem only rarely to have bothered to inquire who the artist was.

HOWARD FRENCH
New York, N.Y.

Nicholas Lemann replies:

I'm sorry if my article left the impression that I consider the commercial work of the best carvers working in Africa today to be inferior to tribal art. The market for African art in the West depends almost entirely on the distinction between tribal and commercial carving, but in reporting this fact I didn't mean to imply that I approve of it. The commercial carvers *are* fakers, though, if you accept the standard definition of *fake* as "intended to deceive"; most of their work is made to look older than it really is.

THE MORNING AFTER

Peter G. Peterson's article "The Morning After" (October *Atlantic* offers the soundest and scariest analysis I have seen of America's economic future. It describes an America so bloated by an insatiable appetite for consume spending that it has allowed its infrastructure to crumble, its investment in manufacturing to stagnate, and its children to go uneducated, while it piles up a mountain of debt to satisfy its curren desires. Such irresponsible behavior i threatening the future well-being of ou society.

Peterson highlights the critical elements required to reverse this impossible position. Unfortunately, none ar politically palatable. The key to preventing a total systemic collapse, I believe, is to reduce the size of the federa budget deficit. This important step can not be accomplished without first a reduction and then an elimination of a non-means-tested entitlement benefits In addition, America must undertake thoughtful and pragmatic reduction o its defense spending in conjunction wit increased and additional consumption based or value-added taxes on *all* products, not just oil. Until the politician summon the political will to enact thes measures, the federal deficit will contin ue to rage out of control.

PAUL C. NIGHTINGAL
Boston, Mas

I have no patience with the "entitlement" scalpers whose first inclinatio is to soak the old and the sick. The fa that measures to restrict elderly an medical benefits were put at the top Peter Peterson's list of remedies di plays a skewed view of society tha to my mind, invalidates the rest of h therapy.

RICHARD P. WILSO
Mobile, Al

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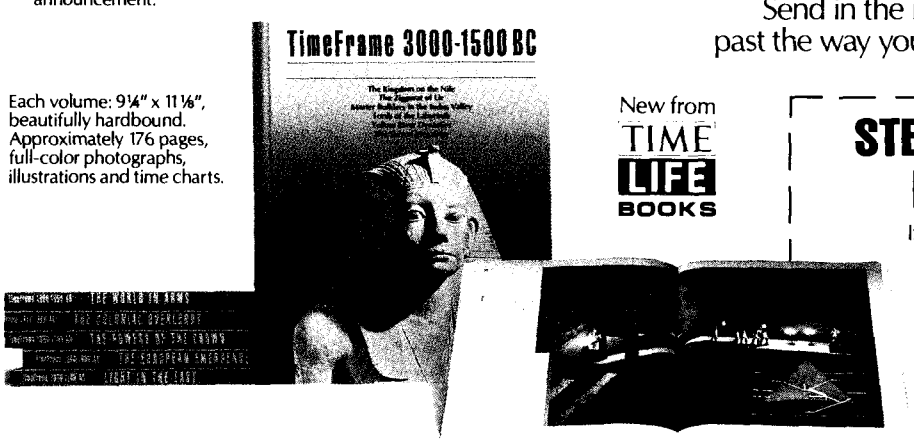

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Time Frame

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Peter Peterson understates the severity of the problem of too many people's believing in (and eating) expensive free lunches that are charged to America. But he overstates Reagan's responsibility by claiming that during the 1980s "we have, in addition, saddled ourselves with an informal debt of nearly $10 trillion in unfunded liabilities in Social Security, Medicare, and federal pensions."

A review of a decade of consolidated financial statements of the U.S. Government published each year by the Government Accounting Office shows that the situation is far worse than $10 trillion if one includes 100 percent of government guarantees, which seems prudent, but that it was beyond the $10 trillion level before Reagan and growing rapidly because of the projected costs at 20 percent inflation rates. By reducing inflation, Reagan reduced the projected growth of those unfunded liabilities by many trillions, in effect buying back trillions of future liabilities with billions of current deficits.

FRED TAUSCH, JR.
Lexington, Mass.

I object strongly to Peterson's criticism of COLAs. So many retirees live so marginally that increases in rent for the plots for their mobile homes take away what few extras they have. I would even question the effect of a means test. Most retirees have a mere sustenance income. They are at the mercy of the medical profession, which continually asks higher fees. Illness can be catastrophic. Peterson ought to come to Florida at income-tax time and act as a volunteer at the banks to discover how marginally retirees exist.

MAX CHERNOFF
Tampa, Fla.

Peter G. Peterson replies:

A number of correspondents question the humanity or appropriateness of reducing entitlement payments, principally Social Security, to the elderly—a group widely perceived to be poor, living on meager fixed incomes, and, in any case, only getting back what they contributed. Hence, the letters say—understandably—that we should keep our hands off these programs.

As I noted in the article, older citizens who fit this description should probably receive *more* targeted government assistance than they now get. Most arguments against entitlement reform, however, are based on badly outdated myths.

The most recent available Census Bureau data indicate that the elderly in 1984 enjoyed an average per capita after-tax income more than 10 percent higher than that of the non-elderly ($8,886 versus $7,876), that 56 percent of households headed by persons over sixty-five had net worths higher than $50,000, as compared with 36 percent of the non-elderly households, and that when in-kind benefits like Medicare are included, the elderly have the lowest poverty rate of any age group. In particular, they suffer a three-percent poverty rate, while the rate for children under six years of age is 16.7 percent. (Lest these percentages obscure the actual numbers involved, in 1985 there were approximately 800,000 citizens over sixty-five in poverty, and more than 3.5 million children under six, and more than 5 million six- to seventeen-year-olds, in this condition.)

None of the correspondents contests my assertion that only about a fifth of government entitlement payments actually go toward alleviating poverty. Further, the actuarial value of beneficiaries' contributions to entitlement programs (that is, employee plus employer contributions *with interest*) is dwarfed by the benefits received. Depending on the program and the group, the multiple of benefits to contributions varies from around two to ten. To make this point more concretely, the single Social Security retirees who received $8,738 in 1985 contributed a *maximum* of $365 in 1972, $138 in 1962, and $54 in 1952. For these people, and countless others, Social Security represents a golden windfall; no wonder it is so popular.

In short, at a time when our nation desperately needs to find resources to invest—in human and physical capital, in both the public and private sectors—we have institutionalized an enormous de facto welfare system for the relatively well-off elderly. It is a system far larger and with much stronger political backing than our programs for the poor. Indeed, the means-tested programs—whose weaker claimants have far stronger claims—in 1981 suffered three times the cuts that the non-means-tested programs suffered.

To me, the prescription is clear. At a minimum, we should find ways to reduce payments to people who do not need them and who did not pay for them. We should do so gradually, to allow time for planning. One method would involve taxing benefits of non-means-tested programs in excess of contributions. The progressivity of the tax system and the fact that half the elderly do not even file tax returns should largely spare the poor. Yet the most important structural reform would be a reduction of the automatic 100 percent cost-of-living adjustments (COLAs) in these programs, a feature found in virtually no private pension plans. (To minimize hardship, COLAs for those beneficiaries with low-wage histories could be exempted.) Going to 60 percent COLAs would save about $150 billion a year by the year 2000.

Such steps, and others like them that I detailed in the article, would help us out of our current economic predicament, and would do so in a manner that honors a principle of need. Failing to honor that principle pushes us even further toward a system in which everyone expects benefits in excess of contributions, regardless of economic status.

As I emphasized in the article, the urgent first step required to increase our inadequate rate of domestic savings and investment is a reduction in the federal deficit (that is, public dissaving). But this should be only a *part* of what must be a global program, including, among other measures, expanded growth and imports abroad, coordinated interest-rate cuts, a collective commitment to fight protectionism, enhanced capital flows to the Third World, and a reduction and reallocation of worldwide military burdens.

DAMAGED CULTURE

"A Damaged Culture," by James Fallows (November *Atlantic*), refers to the Philippines as a country "where the culture itself . . . is the main barrier to development." Ten years of working in the so-called Third World convinces me that Fallows has put his finger on the most important key to the riddle of why rates of economic development vary so widely among and within all countries, not just the Philippines.

People are quick to take offense at comments deemed critical of their culture. Perhaps that explains why cause-and-effect relationships between culture and economic development have been so little discussed and debated. Attempts to fight poverty everywhere will continue to flounder until discussion

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ike this becomes socially acceptable.
RICHARD D. WITTRUP
Scituate, Mass.

I am not sure it is fair to say that "[President] Aquino had become trangely passive in office." What have ve done in the past 616 days? As a Filiino and a senator, and a former spokesnan for and special counsel to President ıquino, please allow me to try to answer ny own question.

We had a new Constitution last Februry. We had national elections for our ongress last May. We had local elecons on January 18.

The economy has turned around. We ave dismantled the monopolies. We are ommitted to privatize and get governıent out of business.

There is virtually no corruption in the ighest levels of government—that is, ıe Office of the President, the Cabinet, ıe Supreme Court (which ruled to seat enator Juan Ponce Enrile), the Comission on Elections (inefficient at first erhaps partly because of lack of experince), and, I like to think, the new Conress, where land reform is high on the genda.

We have just passed in the Senate a romising new ethical-standards act. We ave increased the pay of civil servants ithin the limits of a battered economy. he long-range goal is to pay everyone ove the level of corruption. (Marcos as getting a little over $400 a month as resident.) The point is that we are in ıe process of slowly and quietly reuilding institutions and erecting strucures that we hope will affect behavior, titudes, and values.

R.A.V. SAGUISAG
San Francisco, Calif.

ROJAN HORSE

The November, 1987, Word Watch, by Anne H. Soukhanov, while beg as enlightening and entertaining as er, contained a somewhat misleading atement on the background of the Tron horse. The war against Troy, the end which the famed horse was instruental in achieving, was the setting for omer's *Iliad*. However, the horse itlf is never mentioned in Homer's epic. is to the *Odyssey* that one must look r a Homeric reference to the Trojan orse.

RUSSELL PATIENCE
Albany, N.Y.

The error was not Anne Soukhanov's but ours. *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*
THE EDITORS

ADVICE & CONSENT

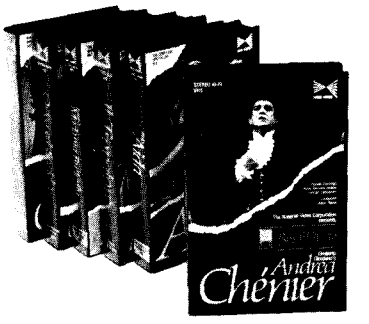
From the outset of Anthony Burgess's review of Professor Winn's work ("Glorious John," November *Atlantic*) it is clear that the goal of showing that "our age needs a Dryden" has priority over both fairness and accuracy. While it is Burgess's right to remain unmoved on an intellectual, or "cerebral," level by Romantic poetry, it is unfair to dismiss the work of some of the most talented English writers as "a clumsy effusion ennobled by its sincerity"—thus Burgess describes the poetry of Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. Only the naive reader could fail to realize that Blake's poetry works within an elaborate system of his own creation. Surely Keats is unparalleled, with the possible exception of Shakespeare, in his ability to use the English language to produce "well made" poetry.

ERIC SLOAN
Chicago, Ill.

Roy Blount's recent article "My Geophagy Problem—and Yours" (November *Atlantic*) was amusing, as his articles tend to be. Although Blount and the authors of the *New York Times* articles he quotes did not speculate as to why people might want to eat dirt, other authors have. The possibilities are not necessarily bizarre and might be familiar to many of us—northern and southern. One such speculation appeared in an article by Donald E. Vermeer and Ray E. Ferrell, Jr. ("Nigerian Geophagical Clay: A Traditional Antidiarrheal Pharmaceutical," February 8, 1985, *Science*). The abstract of their article, which I quote below, states their case quite nicely.

> The chief geophagical clay entering the West African market system comes from the village of Uzalla, Nigeria. Village inhabitants ascribe antidiarrheal properties to the clay, and they use it in traditional medicinal preparations to counteract intestinal problems. Mineralogical analyses demonstrate striking similarity between the Uzalla village clay and the clay in the commercial pharmaceutical Kaopectate.

ROBERT F. SACHER
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.



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THE FEBRUARY ALMANAC

ARTS & LETTERS

According to booksellers nationwide, an upswing in sales of poetry occurs every February, as devoted and aspiring lovers turn to the printed word for proxied expressions of sentiment. The poems of Shakespeare, Browning, Rilke, and Neruda will enjoy brisker than average sales this month. Among the biggest sellers will be collections by James Kavanaugh (e.g., *From Loneliness to Love*) and Susan Polis Schutz (*You Mean So Much to Me*). A sample of Schutz, reprinted by permission of Continental Publications: "I am always here/ to understand you/ I am always here/ to laugh with you/ I am always here/ to cry with you/ I am always here/ to talk with you/ I am always here/ to think with you/ I am always here/ to plan with you/ Even though we might not always/ be together/ please know that/ I am always/ here to/ love/ you."

HEALTH & SAFETY

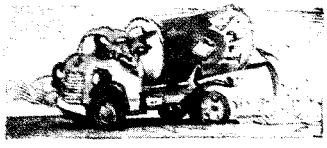
This month the National Cancer Institute expands its new cancer-drug screening program. In the past, potential anti-cancer drugs were tested on mice infected with leukemia. Certain compounds were thought to have therapeutic potential if the mice injected with them lived longer than expected. In the new system, drugs will be tested against 100 different types of cancer cells grown in test tubes. This kind of screening is intended to help researchers determine which drugs are most effective against specific forms of cancer. In addition to being more sensitive, test-tube screening will be cheaper. And although some mice will still be sacrificed in follow-up screening of promising drugs, the number will be sharply reduced from the current million a year.

DEMOGRAPHICS

The nation's 30 million ice skaters are more likely to go skating this month than any other. Presidents' Day weekend (February **13-15**) is one of the two busiest 3-day periods for the nation's 21 million downhill skiers. (The other occurs at Christmas.) Winter sports are no longer confined to regions that enjoy (or suffer from) snow and cold weather. Scores of skating rinks have been built in the Sun Belt during the past decade. Meanwhile a burgeoning snow-making industry has brought ski slopes to 40 states, including Georgia, Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee, and North Carolina. The Southeast has captured more than 10 percent of all business on the slopes.

ENVIRONMENT

Virtually everywhere in the country, snow is more likely to fall this month than in any other, and in most places snowfall means salt spread on streets and highways. The use of salt for de-icing has increased more than twelvefold since 1950; Americans lay down some 10 million tons of it every year. Several recent studies implicate the salting of roads in rising levels of sodium and chloride in reservoirs and rivers nationwide. The American Heart Association advises people on moderate- and low-sodium diets to drink only distilled or bottled water if the sodium content of their local tap water exceeds 20 milligrams per liter—which it does in many places. Your local Heart Association office can advise you.



GOVERNMENT

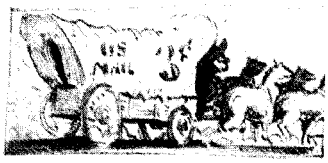
February **3**, the 75th anniversary of the ratification by Wyoming of the 16th amendment, which was thus made law, enabling Congress to levy an income tax; 25 years ago this month Mortimer Caplan, then the director of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, remarked: "There is one difference between a tax collector and a taxidermist—the taxidermist leaves the hide." **8**, Iowa caucuses. **13** and **14**, in Manchester, New Hampshire, the League of Women Voters will sponsor debates among all Democratic and Republican candidates for President. **16**, New Hampshire primary; since 1952, no candidate has been elected to the presidency who has not won his party's primary in this state. **23**, Minnesota and South Dakota primaries. **26-28**, Maine caucuses.

FOOD

February is Canned Food Month. In descending order, the foods most frequently bought in cans are soups, tuna fish, pasta, corn, baked beans, green beans, tomatoes, peaches, pineapples, and hams. One new development in canned food: "veri-green" processing, which allows vegetables like peas to retain their chlorophyll and hence their bright green color, rather than deteriorating into a depressing olive drab. Last year was a bigger one than usual for the international canned-food industry, as sales in Europe surged following the Chernobyl nuclear disaster.

THE SKIES

February **2**, Full Moon, known this month as the Snow or Hunger Moon. Earth on this day reaches the first of the year's cross-quarter days, which fall midway between equinoxes and solstices. This one is celebrated as Groundhog's Day, which the medieval world knew as Candlemas. **17**, New Moon. **20**, look for Jupiter and Venus on the west-southwest horizon around 7:00 P.M. in the constellation Pisces.



NEW STAMPS

February **2**, a 22-cent stamp honoring James Weldon Johnson, poet, songwriter, politician, and a founder of the NAACP, to be issued in Nashville. **29**, a 3-cent stamp honoring the Conestoga wagon, whose unusual bottom curved upward at the ends to minimize the shifting of heavy loads, will be issued in Conestoga, Pennsylvania.

50 YEARS AGO

Wilson Follett, writing in the February, 1938, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Anyone, psychologist or layman, who hugs the delusion that babies are vegetables ought to throw away his preconceptions long enough to study the cycle a child goes through in, for example, the forlorn struggle to convey some new perception . . . for which he has all the equipment but the words no one has taken the trouble to give him. It is a cycle that begins in eager hope and excitement, graduates through discouragement to despair, and ends in general peevishness or an enigmatic burst of rage over something apparently quite unconnected—the point at which children are slapped and shoved out of sight by the outraged authors of their helplessness, who would certainly profit more by musing, better late than never, on the parable of the buried talents."

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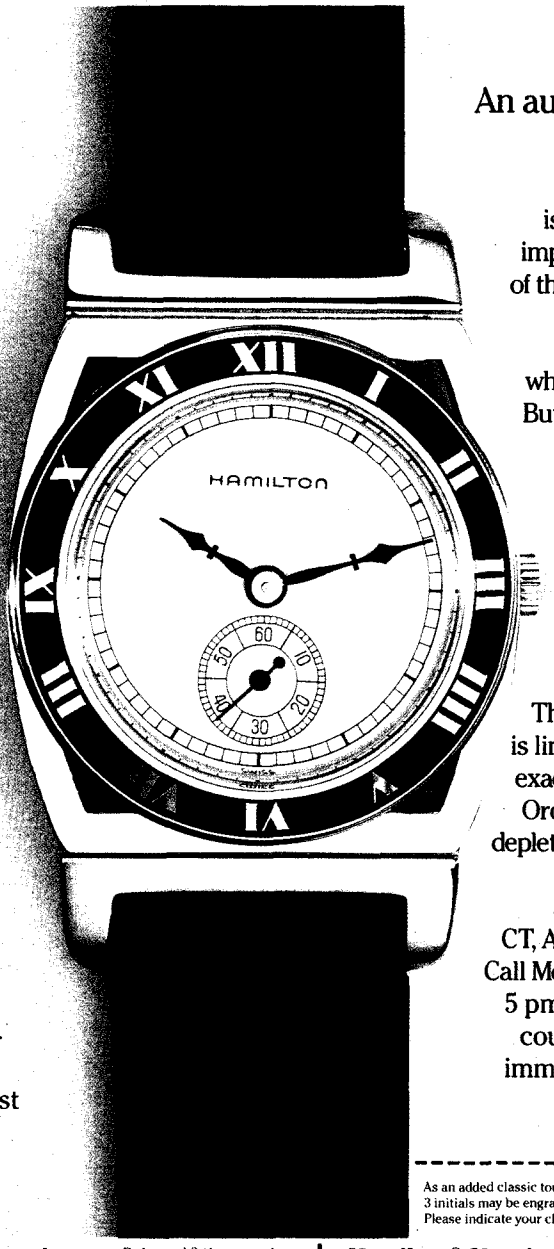

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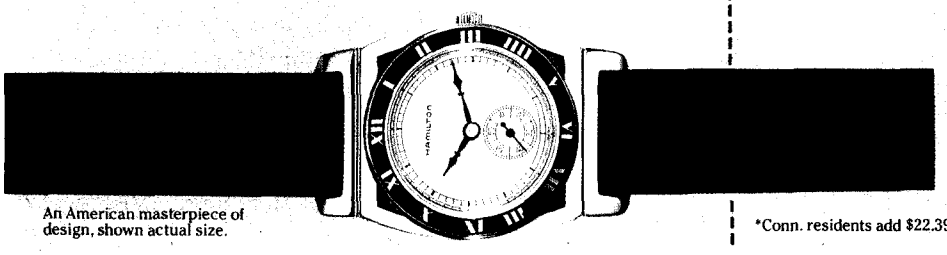

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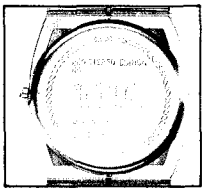

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REPORTS & COMMENT

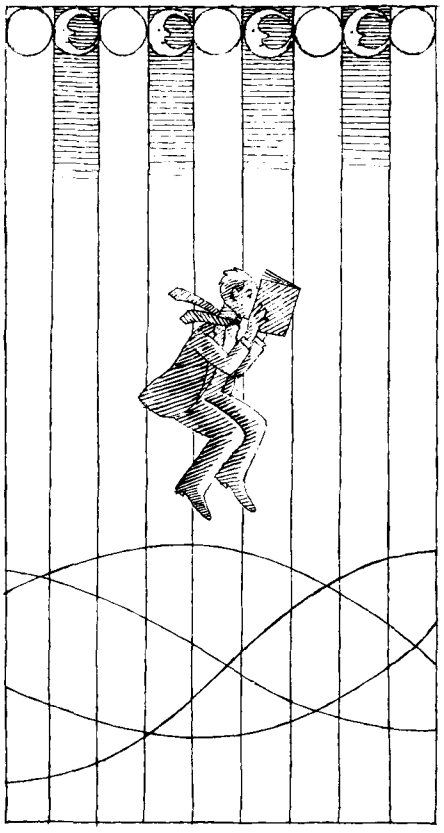
NOTES

CYCLES

LAST MAY BILLIONS of stout-bodied cicadas emerged from their underground cells to blanket much of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia. The sight of the cicadas clinging to trees and swarming across lawns and sidewalks startled me, my friends, my neighbors, and probably everyone else in the affected areas. A local entomologist, in a letter to the editor of *The Washington Post*, urged readers not to attempt to destroy the harmless insects but rather to enjoy the "unique biological phenomenon" that the arrival of the cicadas calls to mind—namely, that they dependably appear in springtime every seventeen years and never in between.

One man who would not have thought this phenomenon even unusual, however, is the late Edward R. Dewey, the founder and longtime executive director of the Foundation for the Study of Cycles, in Irvine, California. Dewey spent most of his professional lifetime collecting examples of cycles as they occur in politics, economics, history, the heavens, and the natural world. Over the past half century Dewey's foundation has documented the existence of some 2,000 natural cycles; many of them have been described, often in immense technical detail, in the foundation's two journals, *Cycles* and *The Journal of Interdisciplinary Cycle Research*. It was in the latter that, while browsing through the periodicals room of the Library of Congress one day, I stumbled on Dewey and his work.

All of us, of course, are aware that cycles exist in nature. There are the seasons of the year. Night cloyingly follows day, even as the moon waxes and wanes. But Dewey focused the trained eye of an economist on patterned phenomena. He established, for example, that the population of the Canadian lynx reaches a peak every 9.6 years and then falls off. He did so by studying the records of the Hudson's Bay Company, which kept a log of the number of pelts bought from trappers—presumably an indication of the lynx population's relative size—in every year from 1735 to 1969. Dewey and his colleagues eventually concluded that cycles govern pretty much everything. The radiation in the heat from the sun varies in accordance with a 22.7-year cycle. Membership in the Congregational Church goes from trough to peak every nine years. The amount of unpaid back taxes that Britons voluntarily remit to their government reaches a cyclical high every 3.5 years.



Many cycles seem to have achieved synchrony in a way that is at once baffling and suggestive. Cheese consumption, plankton yields, pork prices, and the population of ruffed grouse, for example, all conform to a four-year cycle. The number of marriages in St. Louis and the flood stages of the Nile River adhere to an 18.2-year cycle. Jeffrey H. Horovitz, the executive director of the Foundation for the Study of Cycles, says that the fact that so many phenomena seem to oscillate together proves the existence of a mysterious force, a "something out there," that regulates the universe and, in the process, makes it possible for someone to write a treatise with the title "Antarctic Ice and Grain Markets."

The foundation sells many useful books, pamphlets, and cassette tapes. One report—my favorite—maintains that human beings breathe cyclically out of the left and right nostrils, using each for one to three hours at a time. Right-nostril breathing apparently stimulates the left hemisphere of the brain, while left-nostril breathing stimulates the right hemisphere. The study goes on to suggest that awareness of such rhinologic *oscillations might help poets, philosophers, economists, mathematicians* and others. To generate abstract or creative ideas, simply place the right index finger over the right side of your nose and breathe hard through the left nostril. For assistance in performing quantitative or detail-oriented tasks, do the opposite.

I'm about to start breathing through my left nostril. See you in Stockholm.

—Neil Spitze

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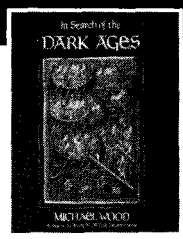

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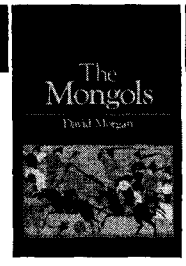

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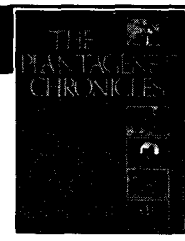

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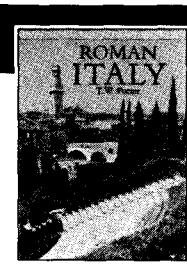

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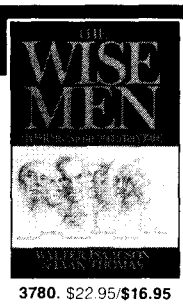

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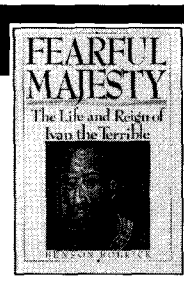

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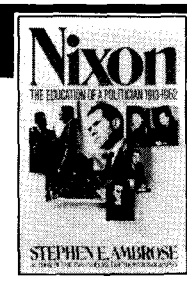

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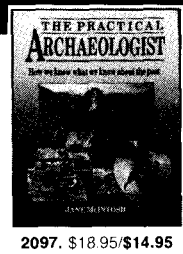

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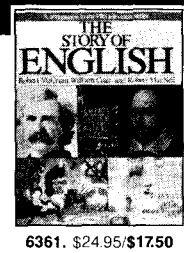

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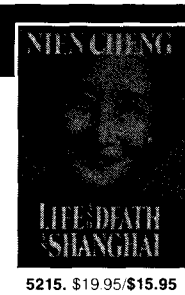

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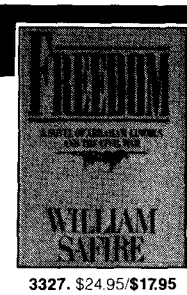

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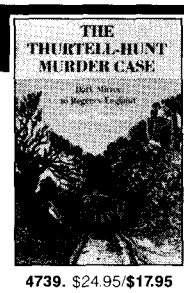

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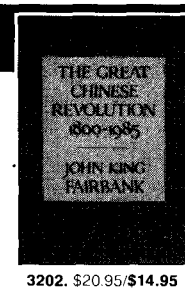

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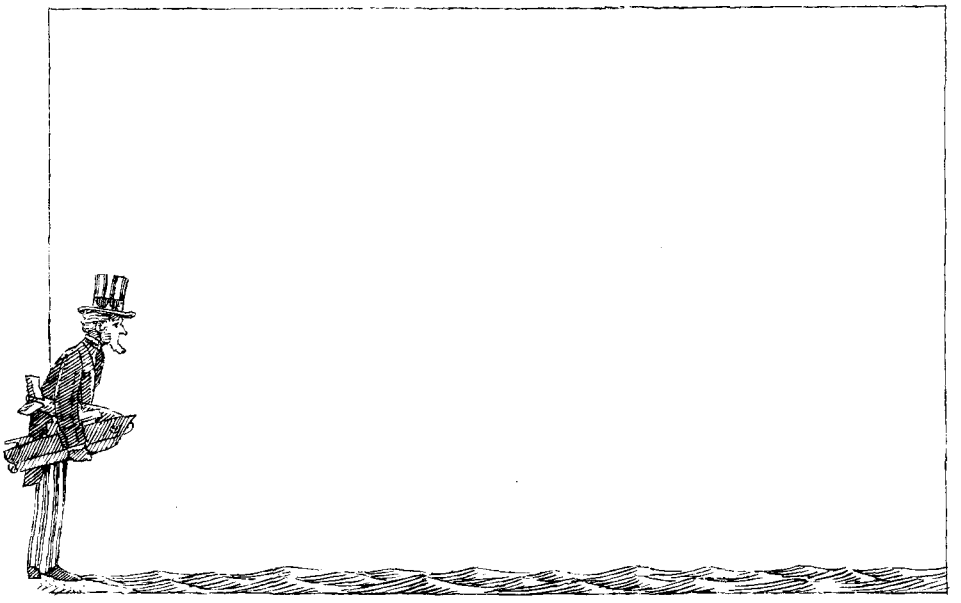

THE PHILIPPINES

THE BASES DILEMMA

The leases on our two largest overseas military installations will be up soon, and whether we should keep or quit them is not at all clear

FILIPINOS WILL SPEND a lot of time in the next three years deciding whether American military bases should remain in their country. Since the day Corazon Aquino took office, everyone has recognized that this is the biggest foreign-policy choice her Administration will make. Assuming she serves her full term, Aquino will be in office until 1992. The Military Bases Agreement, under which the United States has stationed soldiers and sailors in the Philippines since just after the Second World War, is scheduled to expire in 1991.

Americans might well start asking themselves the same thing: whether it makes sense to leave the bases where they are. The answer might seem to be obvious. Of course we should keep bases that are so conveniently located and would be so costly and bothersome to replace. Most Filipinos—in fact, every one I've discussed the matter with—seem to take it for granted that the United States *must* have the bases. They assume that America will scratch, claw, browbeat, and bribe to protect the bases, as it has done when necessary in the past. Because of the way they interpret our intentions, many Filipinos are quite brave to dare yell "Yankee go home." Others are merely bluffing, using their one bargaining chip in hopes of getting more money when the bases agreement is renewed.

It seems to me that America's interest in the bases deserves harder thought than most Filipinos believe we'll give it. Rather than as an open-and-shut case, I think, it should be seen as another in the series of depressing dilemmas the United States faces, now that its military commitments stretch so much further than does the money to back them up. I use *dilemma* not as a mushy foreign-relations term but in its strict sense, to describe a situation in which we have two bad choices.

The most painful of these dilemmas arises, of course, from Japan's "free ride" on the American defense budget. The current division of labor between the countries seems ruinous for America. We sink a large share of our dwindling wealth into the military, partly to protect Japan, while Japan, which sinks very little, pulls further and further ahead in technology and financial strength. Apart from the vague satisfaction of protecting Asian nations from each other and from the Russians, the United States gets little or no benefit from this service. It's like patrolling the Persian Gulf, on a much more expensive and isolated scale. But it's a very difficult job to quit. Western Europe is made of stable, rich, democratic countries joined in one big military alliance. When our soldiers leave, the Europeans can easily fend for themselves. But in Asia there are few alliances, fewer real democracies, and absolutely no attractive candidates except America for the regional policeman's role. If the U.S. military withdrew, Japan's would probably enlarge, and this would terrify every other nation within battleship range. They'd re-arm too, they'd seek protection somewhere, and while no one can say exactly what would happen, the turmoil would probably end up hurting us more than today's trade wars do. That's why the "free ride" is a true dilemma. Our two obvious choices are to continue down the same dismal path or to do something even worse by encouraging today's rich proud, xenophobic Japan to channel its zeal into re-armament. The only escapes from the dilemma—ending the Cold War with the Russians, being hired by the Japanese as Hessians to police their trading sphere—are a long way off.

The Philippine-bases dilemma is not quite so immediately threatening to American interests, but it is nasty and important enough to deserve attention. Here too we have two bad choices. One is to move the bases someplace else. This would be technically feasible, militarily inconvenient, financially onerous and strategically ominous, since it would reduce the military control that is now our main source of influence in the western Pacific. The other is to hold on to the bases. This would be increasingly expensive, would link our welfare to that of the Sick Man of Asia, and would for perverse reasons that stretch back into the Philippines' history as a American colony, postpone the moment when the Philippines gets well. The second choice, trying to hang on, may for the moment seem the less self-destructive, but it's a close call.

If it were purely a matter of emotion and aesthetics, the decision would be simple and clear—to me, at least. The Philippines' disorders seem so profound, and so much intertwined with the still-colonial "Fil-Am relationship," that making a clean break seems the better of the bad choices. But of course there's more to national interest than emotion or sentimental attachments. (Apart from an interest in oil, do we share *any* values with our "partners" in Saudi Arabia?) Dramatic, "cleansing" ruptures in relationships usually sound better in theory than they turn out. So as the Filipinos decide what to do with the bases, Americans should start slogging through the details of "steaming time" and "economic support payments" and, yes, "neo-colonialism," to determine which will hurt us less: to stay or to go

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THE UNITED STATES has a few small communications centers and other military stations in the Philippines, but when Filipinos talk about "the bases" they mean two huge complexes. One is the assortment of naval facilities at Subic Bay, about a three-hour drive west of Manila, on the far side of the Bataan peninsula. The other is Clark Air Base, roughly the same distance north of Manila, in the central valley of Luzon.

The two bases are America's largest and oldest overseas facilities. The Spanish armada's warships had been based at Subic for thirty years before Admiral Dewey trounced them at the Battle of Manila Bay, in 1898. Soon after he got a look at this perfect natural harbor—circular, well sheltered, deep enough to handle the largest vessels—Dewey moved the U.S. fleet there. Clark started out as a U.S. cavalry station but had become a military aviation center by the time of the First World War. It was on Clark's runways that the U.S. Army Air Force planes were destroyed on December 8, 1941—the day known as Pearl Harbor Day on this side of the international dateline. The United States has more soldiers stationed in Korea, but the Philippine bases are the centers of its Asian operations. Clark's two-mile-long runways can handle every type of American aircraft, from the attack helicopters and F-15 fighter planes of the Third Tactical Fighter Wing to, reportedly, the black, spooky-looking SR-71 Blackbirds" that roar out on reconnaissance missions over North Korea and the Soviet Union. Subic's harbor can handle scores of ships at a time and not even look crowded. At any given time a dozen ships are in for repair. Cubi Point Naval Air Station, at Subic, is a major repair, support, and training center for the carrier-borne aircraft of the U.S. Seventh Fleet, which ranges from west of Hawaii to the Cape of Good Hope. It is the only place outside the United States where planes can be lifted off aircraft-carrier decks and carried to hangars or repair shops. The U.S. military says that Subic allows training in almost every kind of naval and amphibious warfare. It includes fields where tanks maneuver, bays where Marines come ashore, and jungle-covered hillsides where soldiers learn survival and guerrilla skills. Clark has the Crow Valley Weapons Range, America's only "fully instrumented" bombing-practice range overseas, where pilots can fire missiles into the countryside and wage computer-monitored aeri-

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al mock battles. The bases have residential suburbs, dozens of schools, colossal PXs, Go-Kart tracks. Some 5,000 sailors and Marines, plus 7,000 dependents, are assigned to Subic. Clark sustains 9,000 servicemen and 13,000 dependents. More than 10,000 Filipinos work directly for the U.S. government on the bases, and tens of thousands more are indirectly employed as contractors.

Just as Dwight Eisenhower did not foresee that American soldiers would still be in Europe four decades after V-E Day, American colonial officials did not imagine that the United States would be occupying these bases nine decades after the Spanish-American War, when we seized the Philippines from Spain. Soon after the Philippine resistance was defeated, Teddy Roosevelt himself had second thoughts about trying to hold territory that was, both geographically and culturally, so remote from America. By the early 1930s the United States was actively preparing for Philippine independence.

The first independence plan, known as the Hare-Hawes-Cutting Bill, was enacted in 1933, just before Franklin Roosevelt was sworn in. It caused a furor in the Philippines, largely because it gave America a blanket right to use the military bases after independence. Following the Philippine legislature's rejection of the agreement, President Roosevelt urged Congress to give up the bases provision. By 1934 both countries had agreed to the Tydings-McDuffie Law, under which the Philippines was to gain full independence on July 4, 1944. On that day the Philippines would assume control of the American army bases, notably Clark. The United States would retain the use of "naval reservations and fueling stations"—principally Subic—but only for two years after independence. America's long-term goal was not a military alliance with the Philippines but, in the words of the law, "the perpetual neutralization of the Philippine Islands," without any foreign bases in place.

Then war delayed Philippine independence until July 4, 1946—only two years later than originally planned but under substantially different terms. The United States now concluded that it had a permanent strategic interest in the Philippines and the bases and couldn't afford its earlier dream of Philippine neutrality. In 1947 the two countries signed the Military Bases Agreement, which is still in effect.

The original agreement was totally one-sided. The United States could use the bases for ninety-nine years, without paying any rent. The American flag would fly over the bases, and for all practical purposes they would be overseas pieces of America. But over the years the agreement has been modified and the most egregiously colonial provisions have been whittled away. Subic and Clark are both officially Philippine, not American, bases these days. Before I could set foot on Subic during my recent visit, I had to go out to Camp Aguinaldo, the Philippine armed-forces headquarters, and file an official (but pro forma) request. The Philippine flag flies over the base entrances, and Filipino officers are in nominal command. American operations are confined to smaller "U.S. facilities" within the Philippine bases. (On these facilities, however, the American military still functions free of Philippine control.) The United States is supposed to "consult" with the Philippine government before using the bases for purposes other than defending the Philippines itself. The bases agreement, originally scheduled to run until 2046, was curtailed in the mid-1960s, when the new expiration date of 1991 was set.

The United States has also started paying to use the originally rent-free bases. The payments are negotiated over five-year periods; during the current period, which ends this year, the United States is supposed to pay $900 million, or $180 million a year. About a third of the money is merely lent, not granted, for the Philippine military to buy American military supplies. The Filipinos can never be sure that the United States will come up with all the money it has committed. The Military Bases Agreement is a only a contract between the two countries' Presidents, not a formal treaty. Early negotiators chose the executive-agreement approach to avoid the nuisance of getting a two-thirds ratification vote in the Senate. But since the American President cannot legally appropriate money by himself, the agreement says that he will make his "best effort" to get it from Congress. Most of the time the United States comes close, but Filipino officials say they're always waiting anxiously for the next round of appropriations hearings, rather than being able to count on a check in the mail.

The American government prissily refuses to call the payments "rent," which is what Filipinos always call them and what they seem to be. Last summer Secretary of State George Shultz threw a widely publicized tantrum in Manila when Filipinos kept using the dreaded word. If that is what you're going to call it, Shultz said, we'll take our bases and go home. The problem with rent is that it implies (gasp!) that we are paying the Filipinos to cooperate. Officially, the United States prefers to describe the bases agreement as an act of open-hearted, let's-not-count-pennies mutual assistance, like Kansas settlers' pitching in to raise a barn. Each country benefits from the bases, so each does its part. The United States supplies the ships, planes, and soldiers; the Philippines supplies the land. As another way of doing its part, the United States also gives the Philippines $180 million a year, but this is not to be confused with "rent."

The rent dispute illustrates two of the reasons Filipinos complain about the bases. They feel they don't get enough money and don't get enough respect.

They've got a point about the money. The current payments add something to an economy that has few other strengths, but it's easy to see why Filipinos want more. A Rand Corporation study, released in 1982, estimated that the bases accounted for four percent of the Philippines' gross domestic product. The economy has shrunk since then, so the proportion is higher today. Granted, not all the stimulus takes the form that an economic-development expert would ideally want. The base-side settlements of Olangapo, outside Subic, and Angeles City, near Clark, have several hundred bars, massage parlors, and brothels apiece, and many of the dollars get no further than that. Still, this means work and food for tens of thousands of Filipinos. Even the most strident anti-base activists agree that if a referendum were held now, Filipino voters would probably approve the bases by at least a 60–40 margin. (The activists go on to say, and some American diplomats have told me they agree, that after a year's "education" campaign the vote would go the other way.)

The bases subsidize the Philippines in another, less obvious way. The Philippines faces a more plausible military threat, from the Communist guerrillas, than any nearby country except South Korea or perhaps Thailand, which perpetually rebuffs marauding Vietnamese

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forces in Cambodia. But the Philippines' military budget is very low. One reason is that the country doesn't spend enough. I've seen soldiers march in cheap rubber beach sandals; a colonel told me that when his men are injured they are sent home and expected to pay for their own medical care. But defense is cheap also because the United States covers part of the cost, providing helicopters, radios, ammunition, and other supplies at below-market rates.

The faltering Philippine economy is presumably better off with this aid than without it. But Philippine officials argue, convincingly, that the United States could pay a lot more and still be getting a good deal. If rent were determined not by how little the desperate Philippines will accept but by how much the United States would have to pay for an alternative, it would be much higher. (Does today's rent reflect true "market" prices? Not really, because it's an auction with one bidder.) Re-creating Subic's and Clark's facilities anyplace else would cost $5 billion, $8 billion, $10 billion—the estimates vary, but they're all large. Large enough, certainly, to justify paying more than $1 billion over five years. Even *tripling* the rent, unlikely as it may seem in this deficit-ridden age, would make only a small dent in the U.S. budget—an extra $2 billion over five years is half of an extra aircraft carrier, or $1.75 more per person in taxes each year. The same money would make a big difference to the Philippines. The national government takes in only about $3 billion a year in taxes; an extra $400 million would be proportionately as important as an extra $50 billion to the United States. (The easiest way to come up with an extra $1 billion would be to freeze the military's capital-investment plan for Subic and Clark, which is scheduled to cost $1.2 billion between 1986 and 1992. Many of the investments are to improve security, but the money would probably go further toward that goal if added directly to rent.)

The "get-no-respect" complaint may be harder for Americans to take seriously than arguments about how much the bases really are worth. Why should the Filipinos make such a fuss about calling the payments rent? (For that matter, why should we?) Although I hadn't thought so before I visited the Philippines, this sensitivity reflects something different from general Third World rumblings about neo-colonialism, and from anti-base movements in Spain and Greece. The difference is that the Philippines, alone in the world, *was* America's colony. That does not mean much to Americans anymore, but it is an enormous psychological and political problem for the Philippines.

Some of the affronts to Philippine dignity are inevitable. American military spokesmen mumble sheepishly about the "base irritants problem." When they say that, they are talking about the huge strip-joint districts of Olangapo and Angeles City. American soldiers and sailors are not the first in history to attract camp followers, but Manila newspapers often act as if they were, with big, splashy stories about VD epidemics, soldier-borne AIDS, pre-teens from the countryside being sold into concubinage. "Attendance at the brothels is pervasive through both the officer and enlisted corps," one retired colonel told me. He said that admirals and generals regularly went along with everybody else. In Japan, American servicemen are the New Poor, and in Korea they're just more potential customers for $8 direct-from-the-factory Reebok shoes. In the Philippines they are princes.

Focusing on the base irritants, though, is misleading. It suggests that if soldiers minded their manners, Filipinos would stop complaining. I don't think they would, because the real damage to Philippine dignity goes much deeper. It may not be rational but it's nonetheless true: Subic and Clark have come to epitomize the Philippines' paralyzing dependence on the United States.

As I tried to show in a previous article ("A Damaged Culture," November, 1987, *Atlantic*), the Philippines has fallen behind all other non-Communist Asian countries for mainly cultural reasons. The Marcoses did their part, as did the United States from time to time, but other Asian countries have surmounted far larger obstacles than any the Marcoses could have created in their last ten, corrupt years. Japan and Korea were, at different times, both bombed to rubble, but their cultures and ethics of national and racial unity prepared people to rebuild. A strong sense of national confidence makes rural, poor Thailand, which was never colonized, seem sweet-tempered and progressive today. The overseas Chinese, from Taiwan and Hong Kong to Singapore and Malaysia, seem never to doubt that they can make the family business succeed. Such unifying, constructive impulses are almost

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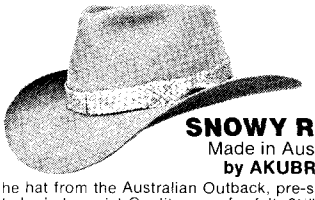
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totally missing from the Philippines. The country is torn apart by geographic, tribal, and class divisions, with only a feeble offsetting sense of the collective good.

There are many hypotheses about why Philippine society has become so fractured and self-defeating, but most emphasize its continuing dependence on the United States. More than forty years after they theoretically gained independence, Filipinos still talk as if they were helpless to control their own fate. It is hard to see how the country can ever stop deteriorating until it changes this mood. Unfortunately for Americans, it is even harder to imagine how the Philippines can gain self-confidence without first defying the United States.

"In 1966 I wrote an article paraphrasing Max Lerner, who said that America needed to cut the British down to brotherly size in order to use the British heritage in its drive to greatness," Raul Manglapus told me in Manila last fall, just before Corazon Aquino appointed him Foreign Minister. "We have to cut the American father down to brotherly size if we are to mature. The bases agreement is part of what we must change. It has had a profound effect on the psychology of our people."

"You just think of the experience of Whitman, Emerson, Melville," the writer F. Sionil Jose said a few days later. "They were responsible for the flowering of American literature. But they could do that only after they rejected the European romanticism. That is what we have to do as well—reject the tremendous cultural domination of our country by the United States. At least in our minds, we have to kill the American father."

Neither of these men could be called a lightweight or a hothead. Manglapus, a slight, dark-haired man with immense dignity, was the Philippines' Foreign Minister under President Magsaysay more than thirty years ago, in his mid-thirties. He spent the martial-law years in exile in the United States (where he wrote an improbable-sounding but witty musical comedy about the Philippine-American war), and with the coming of the Aquino era won election to the Senate. When Aquino's Vice President, Salvador Laurel, resigned his seat as Foreign Minister, practically begging that Aquino be toppled in a coup so that he could take over, Manglapus was his widely praised replacement. "Frankie" Jose, jovial and rotund, in his early sixties, is one of the country's most celebrated novelists, the author of the five-volume Rosales saga. (The full set includes *The Pretenders*, *Po-On*, *Tree*, *My Brother, My Executioner*, and *Mass*, all out of print in the United States but available from Jose's Solidaridad Publishing House, in Manila.) When people like this start saying they have to kill the American father, something is going on.

The Philippine attitude toward America is normally described as a "love-hate relationship," but the emotions are more tangled and harmful than this cliché would imply. The love side can be overwhelming—older Filipinos sometimes greeted me like a son simply because I was from the United States—but even it is unwholesome, since it reflects a craving for affection, rather than respect between equals. The love is closely intertwined, often in the same person, with

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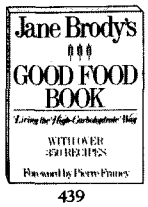

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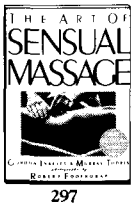

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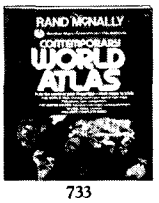

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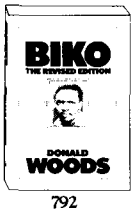

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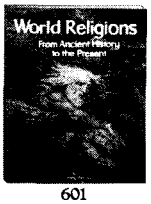

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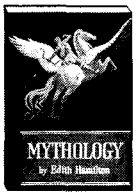

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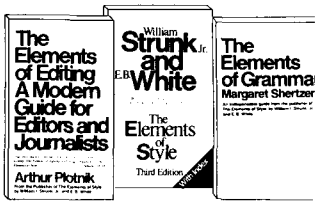

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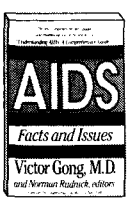

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envy, suspicion, and resentment of America, precisely because the two countries cannot deal as equals.

Since most Americans spend little or no time thinking about the Philippines, it may be hard for them to imagine how often Filipinos think about the United States. If a newspaper column starts by discussing Philippine politics, it will end by doping out the American angle. If a politician talks about Philippine economics, he will inevitably explain why America caused the problems, or could solve them if it cared.

Shortly after the attempted coup last August, I met a group of economics students at the University of the Philippines. One young woman went down the list of American evils—control of the economy, manipulation of politics, secret backing of the coup so as to install a reliably pro-base government.

Okay, I said when she was finished. Maybe, if the bases cause such trouble, it would be better if we took them out. "You mean you'd abandon us?" she asked with a gasp. "We thought we could count on you." Overcoming this gnarled, resentful helplessness is what killing the American father is all about.

The Philippine Communists' most powerful weapon is the deep injustice of Philippine society, but hostility toward the American father is useful to them too. During the Marcos years the standard protest banner read DOWN WITH THE U.S.-MARCOS DICTATORSHIP. Since last fall protesters have denounced the Aquino government in similar terms. The Communists are against American influence in all its forms, but the bases are a handy, emotional cause. They and other leftists can go on for hours about why the bases are bad. Subic and Clark are part of America's global first-strike military strategy, are staging grounds for covert intervention in the Philippines and "low-intensity conflict" through Asia, are corrupting morals without really helping the economy, are living symbols of neo-colonialism, and are actually endangering the Philippines by making it a likely target for Soviet nuclear attack. The leftists have to turn handstands to make the last point, since otherwise they would deplore any suggestion that the Soviet Union might use nuclear weapons or that one place might be safer than another in a nuclear war. But the nuclear-target argument has obvious impact in the Philippines, as it has had in New Zealand and elsewhere in the Pacific. The result of the left's anti-base campaign is another of our dilemmas: removing the bases might destabilize the Aquino government, but keeping them, by deepening the Filipinos' sense of dependency and by giving the Communists a powerful nationalist issue, does too.

"Killing the American father" could come to have a less figurative meaning. Last October three American military men were shot to death near Clark, presumably by Communists. Political murder is widespread in the Philippines, but until that point Americans had been exempt. The killings may or may not point toward a trend, but everyone knows that the bases are vulnerable. "During the staff's visit to Clark, there was no visible sign of posted Philippine guards," a U.S. Senate investigator reported late in 1985. "Of the 26-mile perimeter, only seven miles are fenced. Filipinos living outside the perimeter have literally stolen the fencing. . . .

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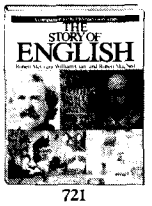

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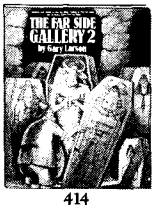

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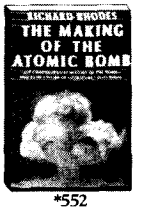

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The ease with which thieves prey on the base points to the vulnerability of the facility to determined terrorists or the NPA, should they choose to attack. . . . In the past three weeks, the presence of an armed NPA squad, camped within the actual base perimeter, has been detected."

"The bases will always exacerbate tensions with the United States," Armando Malay told me. Like Manglapus and Jose, he is one of the country's patriarchs—a lean, weathered figure who has been a professor at the University of the Philippines and is a veteran man of the left. "As long as they are here, they will *always* be an irritant. The insurgents will always use them as an issue." Here he speaks with authority: his daughter, Bobby Malay, and her husband, Satur Ocampo, are famous Communist leaders. "If you removed them, we would all be free of a very emotional problem.

"If we got rid of the bases and the Russians invaded us, then we would have made the wrong choice. But at least we would have been sovereign for a year."

We return to our dilemma. The bases are convenient, cheap, already in place. It would be an expensive nuisance to move them anywhere else. But the Filipinos who dislike the bases *really* dislike them, and—if I may be permitted yet another subjective judgment—they seem to have thought more deeply about why their country is failing than those who want to keep the bases for the money they bring in. The opposition seems certain to grow. A military government might bottle it up for a while, but the only thing that could really stop it is wildly improbable. That would be a complete change in the still-colonial love-hate relationship, so that the bases were no longer part of the pathology that keeps the Philippines spiraling down. Without that change—or some other miracle—the economy will sputter and social order will deteriorate. Our bases and soldiers, there to protect our interests (and the Philippines'), will need protection themselves. Keeping our Philippine bases might not be so dangerous as staying in Lebanon, but it would be harder than staying in Spain or Greece—and harder than maintaining a presence in the Philippines if we didn't have bases there to worry about. Some Filipinos recognize this last point. "Without the bases, we're Zimbabwe," a businessman named Fred Elizalde told me.

One choice for America is to grit our teeth and hold on. The Filipinos are unhappy? So what? Fidel Castro has been unhappy for three decades, but American Marines are at Guantanamo today. The parallel is not exact. The Philippine bases are 6,500 miles away, not a hundred, from the continental United States, and the United States enjoys long-term extra-territorial rights over Guantanamo which it lacks in the Philippines. (Many Filipinos seem unaware of these differences and suspect that if, "like Cuba," they ordered us out, we'd refuse to go.) The most likely disaster scenario for the Philippines does not involve a complete Vietnam-style Communist takeover, which would force a withdrawal from the bases. The country, with its thousands of islands, is hard for any force to sweep through, and so far neither the army nor the guerrillas seem capable of conclusively beating the other side. Instead, military observers say, disaster would probably mean fragmentation: the country could fall apart into seven or eight fiefdoms, some controlled by the Communists, others by local warlords. This would be bad for the Filipinos but not necessarily crippling to the United States. The big bases are both near Manila, the area the central government has traditionally been most able to control.

If the United States had to hold on to the bases, then, it could. It obviously has the muscle to win a test of force, and it has the money, even now, to buy the Filipinos off for a while. But does it have to hold on? What about trying to spare itself future trouble—fighting a Communist revolution, dealing with terrorists, taking moral and political responsibility for another pro-base dictator—by voluntarily moving out?

Although officials at the U.S. Embassy and at the bases patiently deflect questions about alternate sites, of course the government has been studying them. Reports from the war colleges, various universities and think tanks, and congressional offices differ in detail but agree on two main points. First, it would be harder and more expensive to do the same jobs from any other site. Second, the jobs could be done.

That it could be done is an important starting point. If it were not so—if leaving Subic and Clark meant leaving Asia altogether—we'd have to hang on as tenaciously as the Russians do in Cuba, at least until we figured out how much of an Asian presence we, for our own reasons, wanted to maintain. There are other places to put the facilities that are now at Subic and Clark. The three options discussed in most military analyses are shifting to existing American bases (in Japan, Guam, and Hawaii); building new bases on the Micronesian islands east of the Philippines, where the United States has obtained basing rights; and making new arrangements elsewhere in Southeast Asia.

None of the options would be quite so good as Subic and Clark. Unlike any alternative, the Philippine bases are already there, and don't have to be built from the ground up. According to a recent report from the Congressional Research Service, the capital value of buildings, machinery, and equipment at the two bases is slightly over $2 billion. Rebuilding the bases from the ground up would cost several times that much. Five years ago Admiral Robert Long, then the commander-in-chief of U.S. Pacific forces, estimated that it would cost $3 billion to $4 billion to shift to Guam and Micronesia. Two years ago the Congressional Research Service calculated that if the military wanted to make up for every minute of extra steaming time from more-remote alternative bases, it would have to buy five or six more carrier battle groups, at some $10 billion apiece. This is a Club of Rome–like unfulfillable prediction, as the study's author admitted. Confronted with such figures, congressmen would be less likely to say, "Here's sixty billion dollars!" than to ask "Exactly what are

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we steaming *to*?" Because the bases have been so cheap for so long, they've let the United States get by without asking such questions. As basing costs rise —in the Philippines or anywhere else— and our resources shrink, the bases won't automatically be vital anymore.

Even after they were built, operating other bases would be expensive. Subic and Clark have developed large, reliable, highly skilled Filipino work forces, who are paid a lot by Philippine standards but much less than it would take to hire more workers at Pearl Harbor or Japan's Yokosuka base, or in Micronesia, where virtually no skilled workers now exist. In 1978 a twelve-hour man day cost $29 in the Philippines and $179 in Japan. The yen has gone up and the peso down since then.

"The most potent argument for keeping the bases is that they are cut-rate multipurpose western Pacific pitstops where the U.S. military can resupply, train, recreate, repair and relax on the cheap," James Sterba wrote two years ago in *The Wall Street Journal*. "Skilled laborers, paid far below the U.S. minimum wage, who speak English, who like Americans [sic], who permit American military personnel to live in a lifestyle unmatched at other bases, and who allow the U.S. military to storm beaches, bomb and strafe bamboo villages, are unique in the world."

But once we've thought about cost, we've faced the worst news about relocating the bases. This isn't like moving out of West Berlin. The purely strategic obstacles are, in most cases, easy to overcome. Why, after all, did the United States hold on to the bases after the Second World War? Forward deployment in Asia was originally meant to contain the godless Chinese. That rationale is entirely gone. Some U.S. military studies warn that losing the bases would mean retracting America's own defense perimeter, but this is ludicrous. The only threats to America's physical security come from Soviet missiles and terrorist bombs, and the Philippine bases can't help protect us against either. In the sky's-the-limit early Reagan years, Secretary of the Navy John Lehman often talked about a Navy bold enough to take the fight directly to the Soviets, hunting them down in their home ports. None of the American Embassy or military officials I interviewed in the Philippines offered this as a justification for Subic. So why are the bases there? They have three stated functions: helping out in Northeast Asia, or Korea and Japan and the sea lanes leading there; serving as a way point for routine show-the-flag missions in the Indian Ocean and the Middle East and also supporting unusual operations like the current Persian Gulf patrol; and policing Southeast Asia as a whole, which includes defending the Philippines.

The first mission involves the most important countries but depends least on bases in the Philippines. Subic and Clark are a long way south of Japan and Korea, and the United States has large forces on the scene in both those countries. (Manila is at the same latitude as Honduras, Seoul and Tokyo at about the same as Washington.) American strategy in Korea calls for a "come as you are" defense against North Korean invasion, rather than counting on rapid reinforcement from the Philippines. A conventional invasion of Japan must be the world's least appetizing military prospect. It was dread of just such an undertaking, when Japan was already beaten to a pulp in the Second World War, that persuaded President Harry Truman to drop the atomic bombs. Japan needs some protection, and the straits that surround it need to be patrolled, but those jobs can be done by forces in Japan.

The second mission, supporting Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf operations, does depend heavily on the Philippine bases. Subic is the hub for the Seventh Fleet, and Clark is the major trans-shipment point for men and goods going to the Gulf. Supporting the same missions without the Philippines would be more costly, but there's no strictly geographical reason why it couldn't be done. For instance, a 1986 Congressional Research Service study concluded that Micronesian bases, such as Tinian and Saipan, "would provide a relatively secure sea route . . . to the Indian Ocean through the Indonesia Straits." The Navy has sunk about $75 billion into its shipbuilding program in the past seven years— largely to make its fleet more mobile and less dependent on specific bases. What was the point, if the Navy's still hostage at Subic? The Air Force might have a bigger problem. The haul from Clark to the island of Diego Garcia, in the Indian Ocean, is 3,366 nautical miles—about as far as a transport plane can go with enough cargo to make the trip worthwhile. The Micronesian islands are about a thousand miles farther

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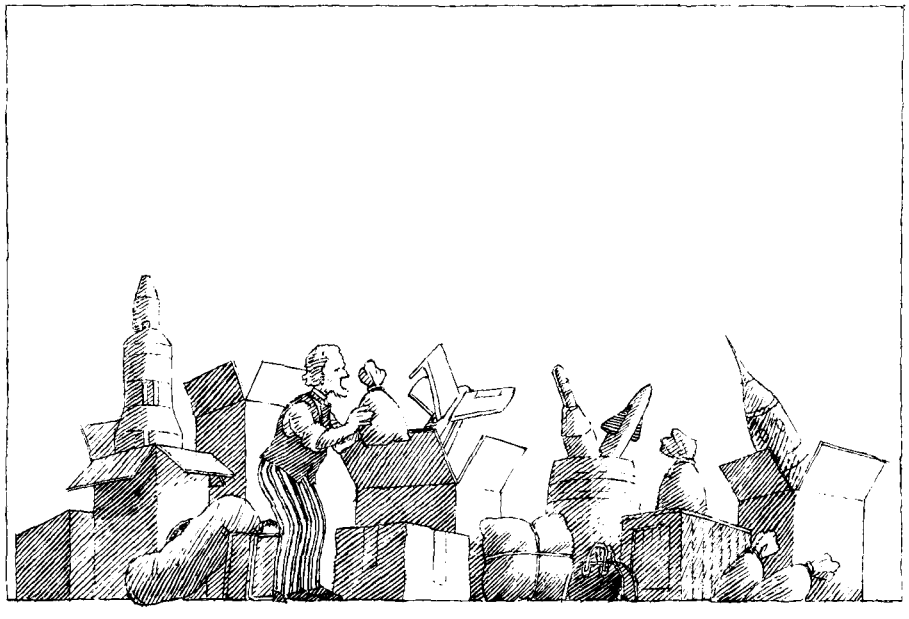
from Diego Garcia. But the trip to Diego Garcia is a thousand miles *shorter* from Singapore than from Clark, so Air Force planes starting in Micronesia could stop there or in Darwin, Australia, and reach the Indian Ocean with full payloads. The U.S. Navy already uses commercial docks in Singapore for ship repair and operates anti-submarine aircraft and tanker planes from Singapore air fields.

That leaves the question of Southeast Asia, where the location of the bases does make a difference. First, they place the U.S. military on the lip of the South China Sea. When a P-3C Orion takes off from Cubi Point, it is "on-station," patrolling for Soviet submarines, virtually the instant its wheels leave the runway. A plane coming from Guam would have to spend four hours reaching its "on-station" point and four hours getting back, which wastes eight of the twelve hours it can spend in the air. Second, Subic and Clark are widely seen as counterweights to the (American-built) Soviet bases in Vietnam, at Cam Ranh Bay and Da Nang. The Soviet installations are much smaller and less valuable.



One evening in Singapore, I asked a Soviet diplomat how his government would view a bases swap—we leave the Philippines, they leave Vietnam. "Oh!" he said, nearly swallowing an ice cube in eagerness. "We would be *ready*!" Still, the Soviet bases are seen by neighboring governments as an annoyance and a potential threat. And—perhaps the most important pro-bases factor—those same governments are obviously counting on the United States to stay in the Philippines.

This attitude is vexing in several ways. Most governments refuse to be honest about it. Indonesia and Malaysia are fire-breathing "non-aligned" nations, proudly opposed to all overseas bases. Communist China can't publicly say that American bombers and warships are a constructive force. But Indonesia, Malaysia, China, and all the other countries bordering the South China Sea, except Cambodia and Vietnam, have sent unmistakable signals that they want the bases to stay. The reason is simple: removing them would upset a stable status quo that has spared most of the region the ravages of war (the noble view) and allowed it to concentrate on getting rich (the practical view). At a symposium last November in Singapore, Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew gave a rosy (from the local perspective) forecast of Asian development into the next century and said that only three things could disturb it. One was Japanese rearmament, the second was fierce protectionism in the United States, and the third was an American departure from the Philippines.

"The underlying basis for growth since World War Two, especially in Asia, has been the stability and security provided by the United States," he said. "For several decades to come, there is no other power that can maintain the balance against the increasing presence of the Soviet navy and air force in the Far East." This he said, without drama, in his prepared speech. Then he ad-libbed, with real passion, about the effect an American military withdrawal from Asia could have on the Japanese. "The most terrifying thought for me is a fundamental shift in the belief of the Japanese that the world that they have known since 1945"—that is, the world of Pax Americana in Asia—"is at an end and that they have to either depend on themselves or align themselves or come to some understanding with China or the Soviet Union. Then there is a joker in the pack."

THE ASIAN ATTITUDE is irritating also because it forces Americans to confront an extremely unpleasant modern truth. It needs to be emphasized, because it's hard to accept: military power is now our principal source of influence in Asia. Now that we are borrowing money from others rather than lending it, now that our appetite for exports must shrink, the main reason that Japan, Korea, China, and others pay attention to us is that we have aircraft carriers and B-52s. Unlike the Soviet Union, the United States has other strengths, of course. The American market is still the largest, our technology is in many areas still ahead of or competitive with Japan's, our universities are, despite last year's best sellers, clearly the most attractive in the world. But Japan now has the money that commands respect and, in Asia at least, the reputation of being tomorrow's country. The United States is listened to in large part because of the Seventh Fleet.

But if we consider the bases from America's standpoint, not Lee Kuan Yew's, even in Southeast Asia they are not indispensable. Subic and Clark may maintain America's "presence" in Southeast Asia, but in actual combat they've proved very difficult to use. The Philippine government is supposed to be consulted before the bases are used for any operation except home-island defense. This has turned into de facto veto power. During the Vietnam War, Clark would have been the logical starting point for bombing raids on Vietnam, but out of consideration for Philippine feelings the bombers left from Guam and Okinawa instead. The United States also built an expensive new B-52 base in Thailand, now abandoned, because of the difficulty of using Clark. It's hard to imagine that Southeast Asian combat will ever seem more vital to the United States than the government thought it was in the 1960s. The military made do with more-remote bases then; why not now? Moreover, Southeast Asia grows richer and more stable by the day. It ma

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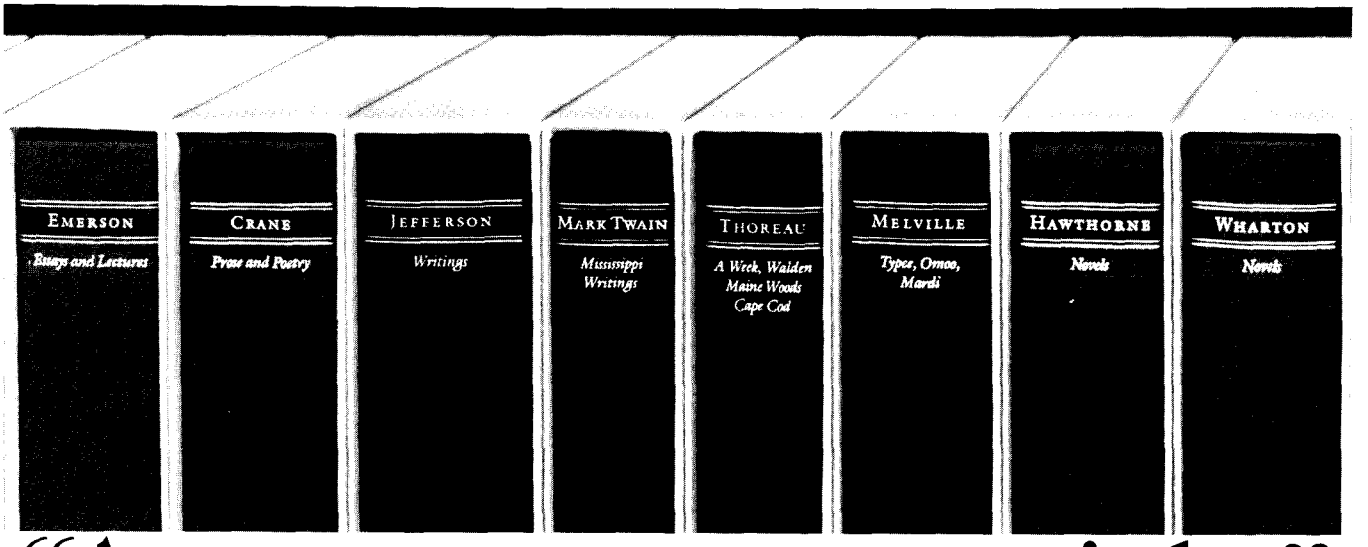

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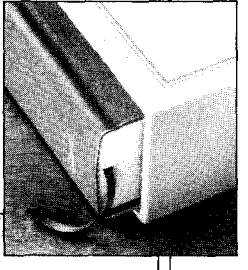

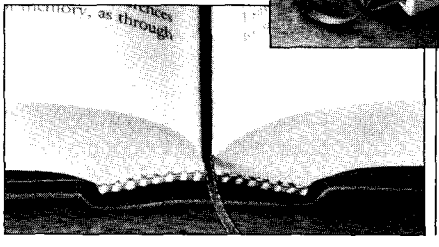

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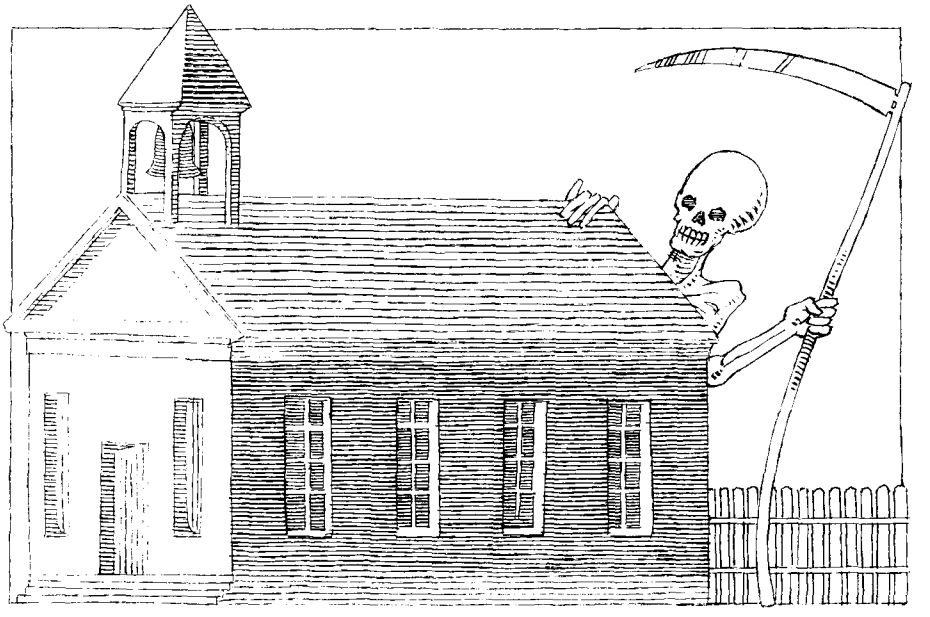
please Lee Kuan Yew and his neighbors to have us keep the peace for them indefinitely, but maybe we can't afford it anymore without help from someone else.

I don't pretend to have found a way out of the dilemma. I know only, to repeat what I said at the outset, that we have two choices, both bad.

But I have a proposal for balancing vague-sounding concerns—neo-colonialism, cultural damage—against the hard strategic interests of the United States. I think we should gradually but definitely move out of the Philippines. It should be gradual so that it doesn't pull the rug out from under the Aquino government, so that it doesn't look like a panicked retreat, so that we have a chance to think calmly and carefully about what to do next. Perhaps we could bring the Russians out of Vietnam at the same time, not as an even swap but as a bonus. Perhaps we should start with the airmen and planes based at Clark, which is by all estimates easier and less costly to duplicate than Subic. Perhaps we could arrange other, less emotionally trying basing deals with other nearby countries. Raul Manglapus, the Philippine Foreign Minister, has been urging the Southeast Asian countries that benefit from the bases to share political responsibility for them. So far he's mainly flustered his neighbors, but over the years some may come around. Late last year even Malaysia's generally anti-Western Prime Minister, Mahathir bin Mohamad, said that the Philippine bases were "necessary" as long as Russia stayed in Vietnam. Perhaps we could work on both our Asian defense dilemmas at once, convincing the Japanese that they should pay rent for bases that protect the shipments that keep them alive. Perhaps we could consider how much of an Asian presence we need to keep the peace and preserve our influence.

But, even if we do it gradually, we should go. Nothing is inevitable, but more and more trouble in the Philippines is highly likely. If we stay, we'll be caught in it; if we stay, we'll help bring it on. We'll do better, with our bad choices, to make the decision ourselves rather than eventually being pushed. That can help us buy time to work out America's grand strategy for the late twentieth century: the least damaging way to withdraw from commitments we can no longer afford.

—James Fallows



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MORTAL FEARS

Courses in "death education" get mixed reviews

WHEN TARA BECKER began her junior year of high school, in Littleton, Colorado, in 1984, she was by her own description depressed, confused, and alienated from her parents. She was, however, instinctively drawn to her creative-writing teacher, a "mystical" young woman who claimed to have been married to a guru in India. Periodically, class discussions turned to the subject of death, Becker recalls in a video tape produced by the Eagle Forum, a conservative political-action group, which is circulated among parents' groups around the country. "Basically, she was telling us that death was something natural, something normal that we were to look forward to," Becker, a fluffy-haired teenager, says, leaning a little self-consciously over a Formica counter in her family's well-scrubbed kitchen. "She told us that when we die we join the 'Oversoul.' She told us that the body was an illusion and that we could believe ourselves into any state of mind we wanted. I started thinking, 'Maybe I'm not really here.' "

As a formal exercise, Becker's teacher held a "suicide talking day," during which students were asked to write an obituary and a suicide note, and to discuss how they wanted to look in their coffins. "I thought death was just escaping the body," Becker says, in her flat Western twang. "I felt I wasn't really here to begin with, so why not disappear?"

One evening soon afterward, Becker arrived home rambling half-coherently. "She was talking suicide continuously," her mother told me recently. "She was threatening to go off and never come back. She said she had a plan to destroy herself with the car." That evening Tara Becker collapsed. She spent two weeks in the hospital, diagnosed as suffering from severe depression. "It took six months for her to get back to normal," her mother says. Tara has since married and become a fundamentalist Christian. Her teacher left the school in 1985, moving to Florida, Becker says, "to find her essence."

A generation ago death was a subject even less likely than sex to be found in the curricula of American public schools. If death was acknowledged at all, it was usually discussed within the context of literary classics. In the past decade courses that treat death and dying far more explicitly have appeared in schools across the country. Thousands of schools are involved, according to groups that either oppose or support "death education." However, the actual number isn't known, both because death education is a relatively new phenomenon and because it is often presented as a part of more-traditional courses. Many schools—for example, the one that Tara Becker attended—have blended some of the philosophies and techniques of death education into health, social studies, literature, and home-economics courses. Others have introduced suicide prevention programs.

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Formal death-education classes vary widely in form and content, from segments of a few days' duration to full-semester courses that systematically explore the physical process of death, students' feelings about death and bereavement, the social rituals that surround death, the causes of suicide and its prevention, euthanasia, the right to die, the economics of funerals, and methods of interment and cremation.

According to Judith Stillion, a professor of psychology at Western Carolina University, and also the president of the Association for Death Education and Counseling, "The increase in youth suicides is heightening awareness of the need for education in death and dying, while the rise of AIDS is telling teachers that death may strike the classroom at any time."

Proponents of death education see it as long overdue. "The stakes are as big as they are in sex education but perhaps not so obvious," says Austin Kutscher, the president of the Foundation of Thanatology. "Most people spend the better part of their lives coping with losses, whether they are past, current, or only projected ones."

"It used to be that everyone saw people grow old and die in front of them, and learned to cope with death as a normal part of growing up," says Robert Stevenson, who since 1972 has taught a popular elective in death and dying at River Dell High School, in northern New Jersey. "But since the 1930s we have moved death out of the home and into funeral homes and hospitals. Increasingly, kids never see death. That underscores the natural tendency to deny the facts of death. If you feel that you will never have to deal with death, it can be devastating when it finally hits you."

THE PROLIFERATION of death-education classes is, in part, a legacy of the trend toward "relevance" that revolutionized American education after the 1960s. But it is also rooted in a widespread conviction among educators and health-care professionals that most Americans' feelings about death are deeply skewed. An article that appeared in the magazine *The School Counselor* in 1977 argued the case for death education this way:

> An underlying, but seldom spoken, assumption of much of the death-education movement is that Americans handle death and dying poorly and that we ought to be doing better at it. As in the case of many other problems, many Americans believe that education can initiate change. Change is evident, and death education will play as important a part in changing attitudes toward death as sex education played in changing attitudes toward sex information and wider acceptance of various sexual practices.

This approach reflects a view of education in which the molding of a student's attitudes may be as important as, or even take precedence over, the development of his mind. It implicitly expects teachers to serve as psychologists for the children in their classrooms. As a National Education Association report titled "Education for the 70's" hopefully put it, "Schools will become clinics whose purpose is to provide individualized, psycho-social treatment for the student, and teachers must become psycho-social therapists."

When it is sensitively taught, death education can be beneficial. "I saw that you can go through any kind of loss," says Wendy Dunn, whose senior health class at a New Jersey high school included a segment on death and dying. "When my grandmother died last year I was able to help my mother go through it. She told me to go away and leave her alone, but I could say to her, 'I know how you feel.' " Jo Ann Alessandro, who took a course called Life and Dying at her school on Long Island, says that she would now no longer ignore a friend who expressed thoughts of suicide but would talk to him seriously about his feelings. Robert Stevenson's class helped Deborah Brodt make sense of the grief and helplessness she felt after a sudden succession of deaths. "My mom died, my boyfriend died, and a friend jumped off a bridge, all within a few months of each other," Brodt says. "I can't say the course saved my life, but it did enable me to accept my feelings."

In most schools offering death education, however, it has been introduced without much discussion of its ultimate value or its potential effects on young people. The suicides of former death-education students in Missouri and Illinois, and the traumatic reactions of others, like Tara Becker, have generated increasing criticism of death education, the most strident of which comes from the political right. Many conservative critics argue that death education arrogates to itself the prerogatives of home and church, and protest that it usually fails to give equal time to the Christian tenet of "life everlasting." Allan Carlson, a historian and the president of the conservative Rockford Institute, says that death education, like sex education, "has produced a moral civil war of words and institutions that pits one system that is primarily scientific and therapeutic against another that values revealed truth or inherited wisdom over the simply rational." He adds, "It may be that on the far side of this national struggle we shall come out better. But I think we'll come out worse." In Oklahoma, conservative legislators unsuccessfully introduced a bill to ban death education altogether. Less ideological critics worry that in the hands of unskilled and overenthusiastic teachers, death education may in fact inspire more anxiety, depression, and fear than it reduces.

Margaret Bocek, who, during her tenure, from 1982 to 1986, on the school board in Arlington County, Virginia, received numerous complaints from parents about death-education classes, says, "Much of death education is psychological manipulation. It is a form of value modification that is being practiced on children by people who presume that attitudes need to be changed. Are we solving anything with this? Or are we only creating new problems?"

Some critics, of course, speak from hidden biases or exaggerate what they perceive as the dangers. But the canopy of death education clearly shelters a jungle of idiosyncratic and sometimes highly questionable practices. Tom Tancredo, the Denver regional director of the U.S. Department of Education, says, "A lot of stuff we hear raises the hair on my head, and I ask myself what in the world is going on out there at a time when we can't even deal with the issue of basic education."

Margaret Bocek has amassed a collection of teaching materials that include the study of corpse disposal and body decomposition for grammar school students, and questionnaires that require pupils to list ten ways of dying, including violent death, in order of "most to least preferred." First-graders in one Florida school district were taught to make model coffins from shoeboxes. Elsewhere students are said to have been asked to sit in coffins as a way of confronting the fear of death, and have been taught the metric system by measuring themselves for caskets. Textbooks for death-education classes are sometimes startlingly morbid. "Death: A Part of Life," a widely used teachers'

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manual published by the University of Denver, concludes with an assignment to write a "Eulogy for Mankind" based on the following premises:

> It is the year 1994. The problems humankind faced in the 1970s have grown worse. Mass starvation is part of the horrible existence of three-quarters of the world's population. Energy sources such as oil and gas are almost gone. People have changed. Disease has changed them. Hope has gone from most people. Nuclear confrontation has occurred a number of times in the Middle East. The fate of humankind is questionable; in fact humans as you once knew them are for all purposes dead.

Presumably to get students thinking about the meaning of life, they are commonly asked to write their own obituaries and wills, and occasionally their own suicide notes. A tenth-grade lesson plan from Charlotte, North Carolina, tells students to write their epitaphs on construction paper cut in the shape of a tombstone and to plan their own funerals, adding that students should "try to include all the details and wishes no matter how bizarre"; they are advised to specify pallbearers, flowers, music, means of body disposal, atmosphere, and budget. High school students in suburban Maryland were asked to report a suicide to the next of kin. Here is a sample:

> Dear Mr. and Mrs. Cory:
> I wrote this letter to inform you about your son Richard. Richard had been acting different the past few days. Yesterday I came home from work and found him laying on the floor face down. I checked his pulse but there wasn't any. I went in to the bathroom and I found the sleeping pills open and half gone. I'm very sorry to say your son has past away.

In many schools visits to funeral homes and crematoria are standard fare. Near Denver a sixth-grade class was shown an actual embalming and allowed to touch an undraped corpse. In Colorado Springs a death-education class was held in a cemetery, to provide an "appropriate atmosphere" for the discussion of bereavement.

Some death-education curricula specifically encourage teachers to probe and mold children's emotions. One assignment in "Death: A Part of Life," for instance, asks students to check off everything they are afraid of from a list of ninety-four items, ranging from "father," "sharp objects," and "dead people," to "losing control" and "traveling through tunnels." Students are then expected to discuss their fears with their teachers and classmates. A number of other lesson plans recommend techniques that closely resemble hypnosis. A "simulation mind game" developed at the University of Kentucky and suggested for use in health classes calls for students to go through a series of physical-relaxation exercises in a dim, candlelit room. Then the teacher intones,

> Today, you are going to experience death, not as a terrifying end but as a natural part of life, a transition stage. On my command you will experience death and at that moment you will see yourself rise to the ceiling of this room and look down upon your own lifeless form. You will die now. As you look upon your body you are not frightened, just feeling a little awkward in your new state of being. You are interested as people try to revive you, but not upset. You can see loved ones who hear the news of your death and mourn. Try to reassure them that you are content in your new state.

Because no generally accepted standards of evaluation have been developed for death education, no one can reliably gauge the effect that "mind games" and death-focused exercises may have on psychologically fragile young people, on those who have recently experienced a parent's or a friend's death, or on those who are involved with drugs. Robert Stevenson, who holds a Ed.D. and also a master's degree in counseling, is skeptical about the value of the "game" described above. "That type of simulated death experience should be given to terminally ill patients only, at their own request," he says. "To use it with a random group of kids without knowing what effect it may have on them is irresponsible, at the very least. In high school it's absolutely not right." Stevenson emphasizes that in his fifteen years of teaching about death and dying, only four students have had to leave class because they found it too stressful, and he knows of only one former student who attempted suicide, some years after her graduation; more than twenty students had attempted suicide before taking his course. Stevenson warns, nevertheless, that to reduce fears about death may be unhealthy. "We just don't know," he says. "A certain amount of fear is healthy, because it eliminates risk-taking."

"You're playing Russian roulette if you say that maybe a few students can't handle the subject, while most can," says a mother in Chicago whose son committed suicide in 1985, a little more than a year after he had had a segment on death in his high school health class. "I don't want to point a finger at anyone. There was no one reason for what happened to my son. But that class could have contributed to his state of mind."

Although some death-education classes, like Robert Stevenson's, are highly regarded by experts in thanatology, death-education teachers are not required to have any standard credentials, and for the most part they are not required to follow any standard curriculum. "Anyone with a teacher's license can walk in off the street and start teaching death ed.," Stevenson says. "Some people teach these courses as their own form of self-therapy." Such academic preparation for teachers of death education as exists seems perilously limited.

"Only a fraction of the people teaching death education in the public schools have adequate training in the field," says Judith Stillion, of the Association for Death Education and Counseling. "Anyone teaching death education needs at least three qualifications: a teacher must have training in handling his own feelings about death and dying and must understand the meaning that death gives to life. He must also be familiar with the professional literature in the field, and be able to integrate his knowledge of death and dying with the developmental level of the children he is teaching. That ability, unfortunately, does not come naturally."

Only about a hundred people have passed through the four-year-old certification program of the Association for Death Education and Counseling, and of those only a handful have been schoolteachers; the rest are counselors in private practice or university instructors. "We have a lot of dabblers," Stillion admits. "Some people sit in on a two-weekend workshop in death education and then go home and teach the same thing to their ten-year-old students, without understanding that ten-year-olds and adults are at different developmental stages."

Serious thanatologists believe that if death education is to become a truly meaningful part of school curricula, it must be standardized and professionalized. "It shouldn't be the whim of one individual," says Austin Kutscher, of the

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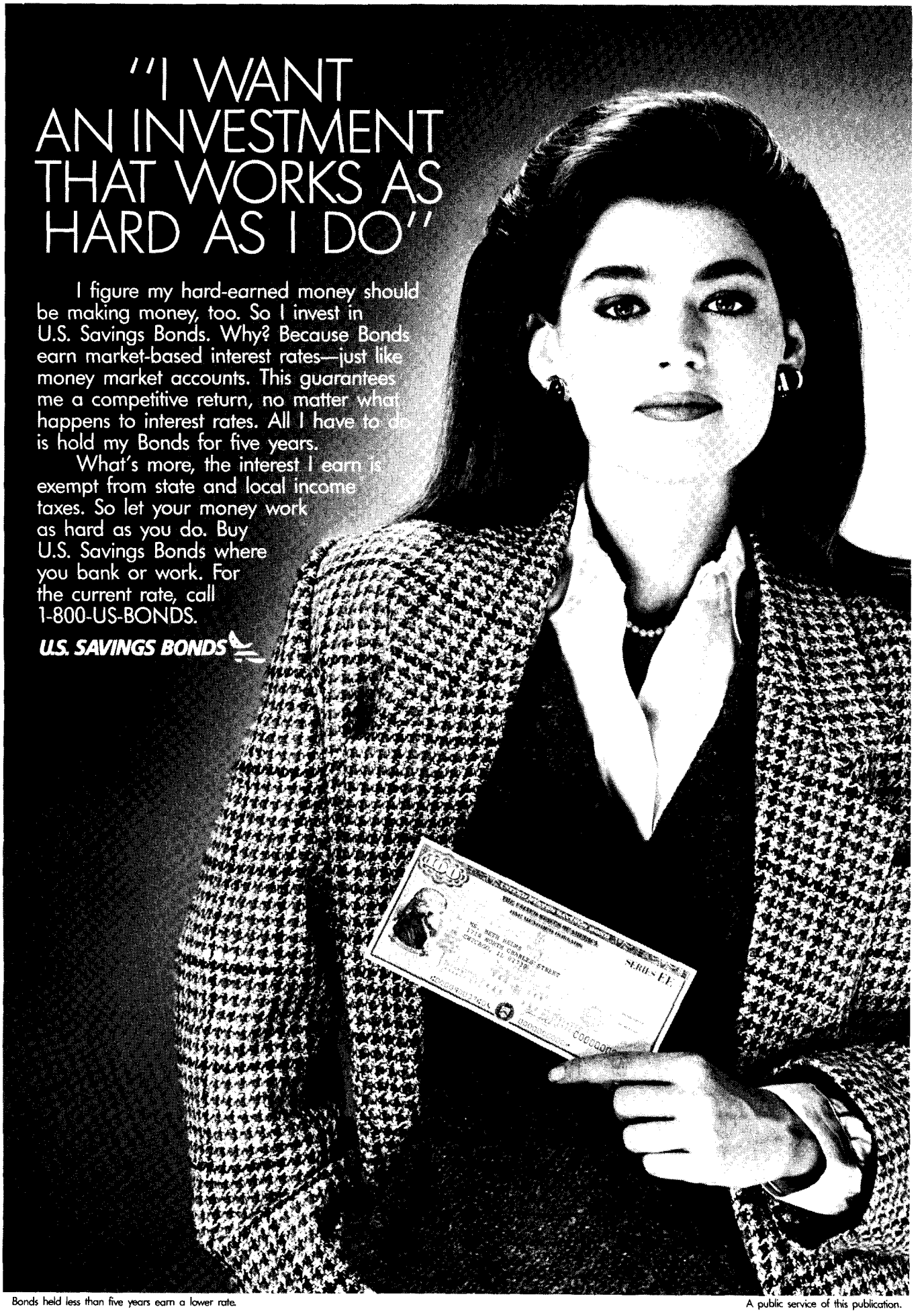

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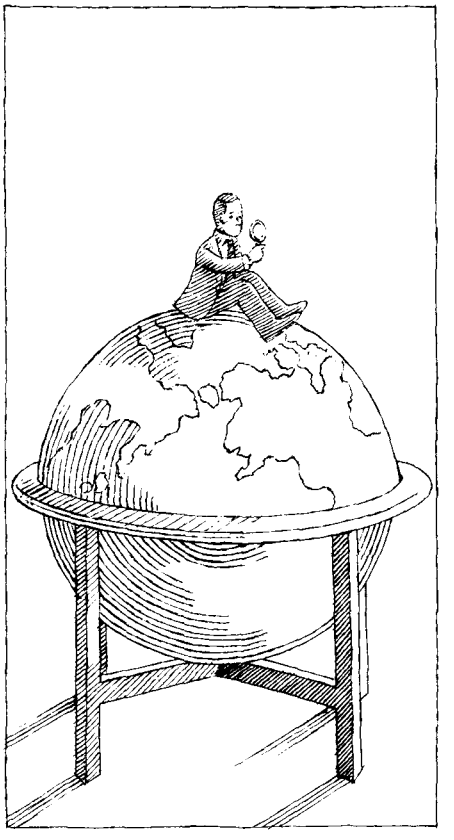
Foundation of Thanatology. Kutscher believes that no school should introduce death education until it has carefully planned the course with the help of sociologists, psychologists, or counselors and until the course has won the approval of the school's parent-teacher association.

Proponents of death education maintain that death is a more abstract presence for today's young people than it has been for previous generations. By the age of fifteen, some media experts say, the average American has seen 13,000 murders on television and has been exposed to an endless stream of war, famine, and holocaust in the daily news. At the same time, he has been isolated from the actuality of death, a circumstance that allegedly breeds an unhealthy habit of denial. Thanatologists assert that the AIDS epidemic will force more and more schools to acknowledge the problems of death. The Youth Suicide National Center estimates that up to 60 percent of teenagers have at least thought of suicide. The rate of youth suicide has, moreover, tripled since the late 1950s, and very few teenagers seem not to have at least heard of a contemporary who has committed suicide. By the age of eighteen, one in twenty students has had to cope with the death of a parent and nearly half with the loss of a parent through divorce or separation. "People on the inside of a school have to be able to explain what has happened in the outside world," Kutscher says. "Grief has to be dealt with."

In practice, death education has been fraught with ambiguity and risk. Death education aspires to create a stronger, more autonomous, less fearful person. It seems to presume, however, that young people (and the adults they will become) are incapable of dealing successfully with death on their own and require professional attention as a matter of course. In the classroom, death education seems often to consist in a pop-psychology approach to life and death which avoids a serious examination of its own effects. Ultimately, it begs some of the important questions that it claims to answer. "Should death be feared?" Kutscher asks. "Is the emotional security of not fearing death a goal worthy enough to rate taking certain calculated risks? Is preventing a few suicides by teaching that death ought to be feared as important as teaching a whole generation not to be afraid of death?"

—Fergus M. Bordewich



WASHINGTON

MEDIA VERITÉ

The inside story on the whole world

EVERY SECULAR priesthood has special sources for the aura of intimidating expertise with which its anointed surround themselves. Doctors and lawyers have their professional journals. Wall Street speculators have the Dow Jones wire and, increasingly, one another. Network newsmen have *The New York Times*.

Those whose job it is to ply the trade of statecraft, or to comment upon those who ply it, are no exception to the rule. And among the sources on which they rely most heavily are the eight *Daily Reports*—one each for the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, Western Europe, China, East Asia, Latin America, the Near East and South Asia, and SubSaharan Africa—published Monday through Friday by the Foreign Broadcast Information Service. Each *Daily Report* consists of dozens of items of local news and commentary gleaned from radio and television newscasts, news-agency transmissions, and newspapers and periodicals. These items, translated into English from any of over eighty languages, are reprinted verbatim in the *Daily Reports*. The Foreign Broadcast Information Service (or FBIS, pronounced *fih*-bis) was created in 1941 and is today part of the Central Intelligence Agency. Members of the public may subscribe to any single *Daily Report* for $290 a year, and to additional volumes for $90 a year each.

All are good for an occasional laugh—especially the Near East and South Asia edition, which covers Libya and Iran—but the *Daily Report*, one must remember, is a serious piece of work. The many thousands of pages produced by FBIS every year include such apparent dross as the vote totals of candidates competing for city-council seats in Belize (courtesy of *The Belize Sunday Times*) and a complete transcript of the latest speech by the Mozambican Finance Minister to his country's People's Assembly (monitored on the official Maputo Domestic Service). Diligent FBIS readers quickly become familiar with the subtleties of intra-Cabinet infighting in South Yemen (reported in the Kuwaiti daily *Rai Al-Aam*) and of Ovimbundu tribal politics in Angola (as noted by the official South African Press Agency or on Umtata Capital Radio, a private station in the nominally independent Transkei black homeland). They are privy to Fidel Castro's latest thinking on video-cassette recorders ("Video machines are more convenient if the movie ends at one or two in the morning," but, on the other hand, "I'd rather watch good movies on a big screen"). They hardly need to be told that the Iraqi Armed Forces General Command has issued nearly 3,000 daily official communiqués since the Persian Gulf War broke out, in 1980—the *Daily Report* has published almost all of them.

Busy policy analysts in and out of government find it much more manageable to skim these pre-selected morsels of intercepted verbiage than to plow through hundreds of foreign publications for the esoterica needed to dazzle their colleagues at inter-agency meetings, or the public in TV interviews. I, too, read the *Daily Reports*, but my reasons for doing so are somewhat different. Have you ever driven through an unfamiliar part of the country and found yourself—at first impatiently, then expectantly, and finally with a short-lived but serial sense of satisfaction, understanding, and surrender—spinning the dial from station to station on the car radio, absorbing a few

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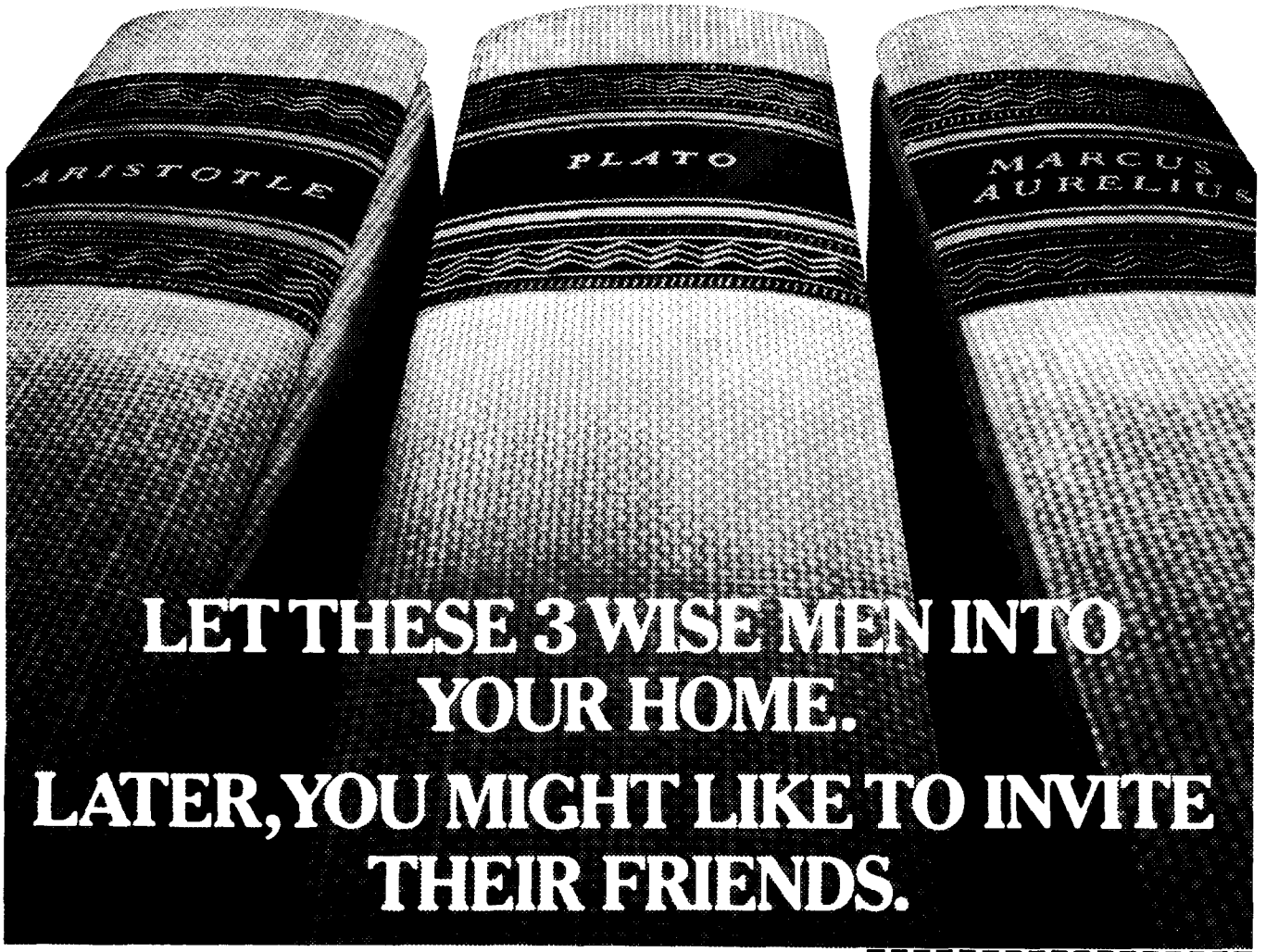

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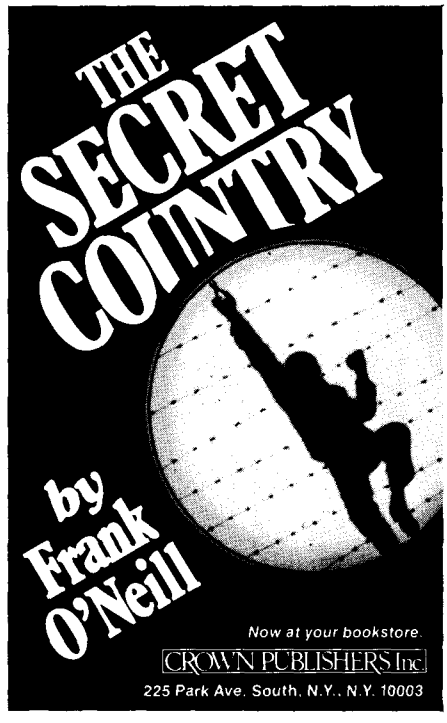

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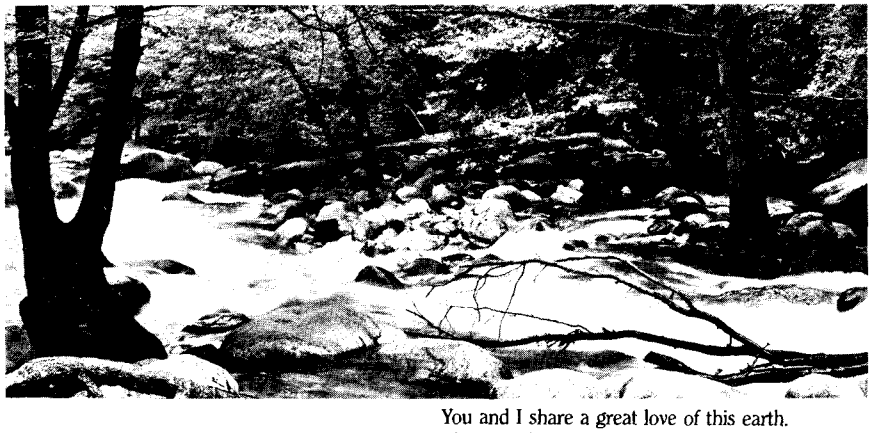

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FEELINGS

A Guide for the Step-Mom-to-Be

BY LYNN CARAGANIS

"IF A GIRL IS at home in a short kimono and white hoop earrings, and then you find out she is also wearing stockings and high heels, then you know that girl's a prostitute."

This I was trying to explain to my seatmate on a 747 flight from L.A. But men—they don't have a certain intuition that we have. And let's face it, maybe it's just as well.

I felt nothing for him as yet. He was a typical . . . let's just say he looked rich.

"No, I'm afraid I don't agree," he replied. "To me she could be a tired salesgirl from a store."

He almost looked mad as he waved to the girl for another Scotch. He also lit up another Virginia Slims. Kind of interesting! But the last thing I needed was a man in my life right now. I was a successful consultant at that time, in love with my life-style.

And why not? Commitment at that time I didn't need.

I looked out my window, and mentally went over the presentation I would be giving to the Phoenix, Arizona, Chamber of Commerce the following day. I kind of sensed he was still irritated. Maybe I should have been more on my guard, because one thing I know about me: the kind of man I like is the kind that looks very handsome—full lips, preferably—and kind of irritated. That does it for me.

AND THAT IS why I wrote the guide you are reading. Because I wound up with this guy, a doctor, for a husband, living the domestic life in Phoenix. His license plate says IMADOC, and he finally gave in, so so does mine.

And the reason I wrote this guide is, I have had to adjust to having kids—his, of course!—that he had with his ex. And all they know how to say is "Hey, *cool*!" at everything, but more about that later.

Todd told me when we got married that he felt a very deep commitment to these kids, a very deep one. Sometimes they call him and he'll talk over their problems in a mushy voice. When I hear that, I say, "Hey, buddy boy, you've got to let them go sometime." But sure enough, every Christmas they come over.

And this is where the guide comes in: it's difficult, but whatever they do, don't say anything in front of their father.

One time his kids and I teased Todd about his hair.

"Don't blow-dry it anymore. That's out."

The man would not budge. He feels that his hair is like Steve Lawrence's and he should treat it the same.

But that was an exception. Normally, don't say anything openly while they're there, or you run the risk of some kind of family dynamics that even you may not understand. And you never know when you're going to trigger a family memory, even if it is an unpleasant one, which you may do by coming out to breakfast in rollers and fluffy rayon slippers. Then of course you may have them ganging up on you. For reasons only God knows. So don't try.

Last Christmas his daughter broke a large memento of Steuben crystal, "accidentally on purpose," as she admitted when I confronted her in private. Todd said he would replace it, but I just bit my tongue. How could I explain that you can't replace it? I had that piece since 1978. Well, all of us have had these kinds of things happen. As long as Todd and I are still happy—still with the license plates, still with the *blow-dryer* . . . but I guess it's not the end of the world.

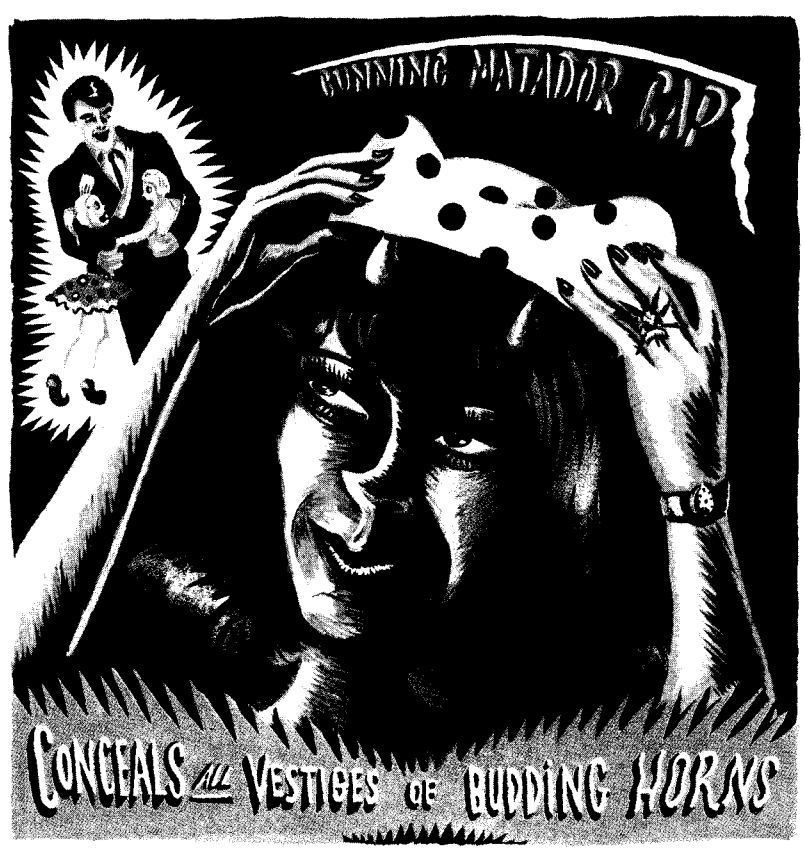
Family Issues

1. *Who is old enough to go on vacations?*

In my case, my husband, Todd, believes ten years old is old enough for an adult vacation. Apparently, he feels that nothing is more romantic than stopping off every minute at the VIP Youth Program at the hotel, "just to see what's going down with the kids."

One time—and I should have foreseen this—some kind of astrologer was giving readings to the kids. Todd had to sit down and hear every kid's fortune told so that afterward he could ask them whether it was accurate. Like, he would take an eight-year-old boy aside and say to him, "So, Jason, do you feel you really will be the type who has to be his own boss, even though it may mean less financial security at the start?"

It's the way Todd is. He wouldn't budge until they were all sent to bed and they turned the



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lights off in the tent. He just wanted to find out if there was anything in it. Meanwhile, there I was in a Galanos dress, my satin high heels (emerald color), sinking in the lawn. And our friends, a very nice couple, sat politely waiting at a table for four.

2. *Two careers? Who pays for the new sneakers?*

I've always been a woman first, a media consultant second. After all, it's only natural. And yet, a few years after my marriage I resumed my career.

This brings up the question: Am I (or you) responsible financially for keeping his kids in the latest fashions—be it school notebooks or Adidas shoes? *Or* the two pounds of bologna consumed in one weekend that you bought?

3. *When your husband is confronted by temptation at his job.*

If you are married to a wealthy man, he will be confronted by temptations, I don't care if he's a movie actor or a junk hauler. But if the guy is a doctor—forget it. There are plenty of good excuses for women to cry and throw themselves at his big tremendous chest, and this can give the stepchildren a means of irritating you. Just once Todd's daughter tried stirring up something about this. She was spending the weekend, and that weekend she spent crying in her room. Sure enough, she told me when I went in, she thought her father had a new girlfriend. I just laughed, because personally I am not worried.

"I'm so scared he'll get divorced again, Lois!" she screams.

My advice in situations like this: Don't rise to the bait.

4. *Finally, aging: What is it?*

Life has plenty of problems in it, but all of them can be helped by looking younger. True, men don't think about it that much—let's face it, there is always some girl around the corner. But the last thing you want to do is let stepkids ruin your looks.

I personally made a decision never to try to take their mother's place. For one thing, I haven't got the figure for it and never will, God willing! But seriously, it is a real dead end. God knows where you wind up. Probably like her, in the divorce court.

It's like Todd has said so many times, and I think he's right: one of these days they'll have lives of their own, they'll be all wrapped up in their own spouses or live-ins, et cetera. So relax! □

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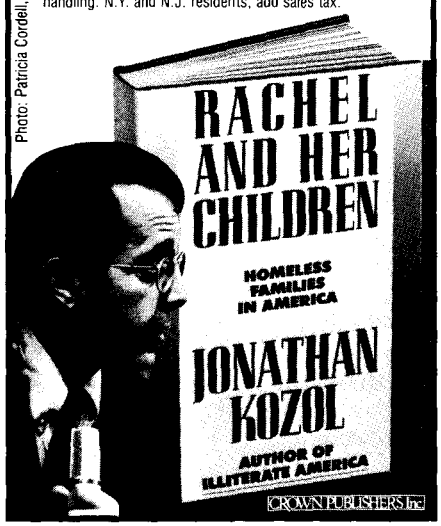

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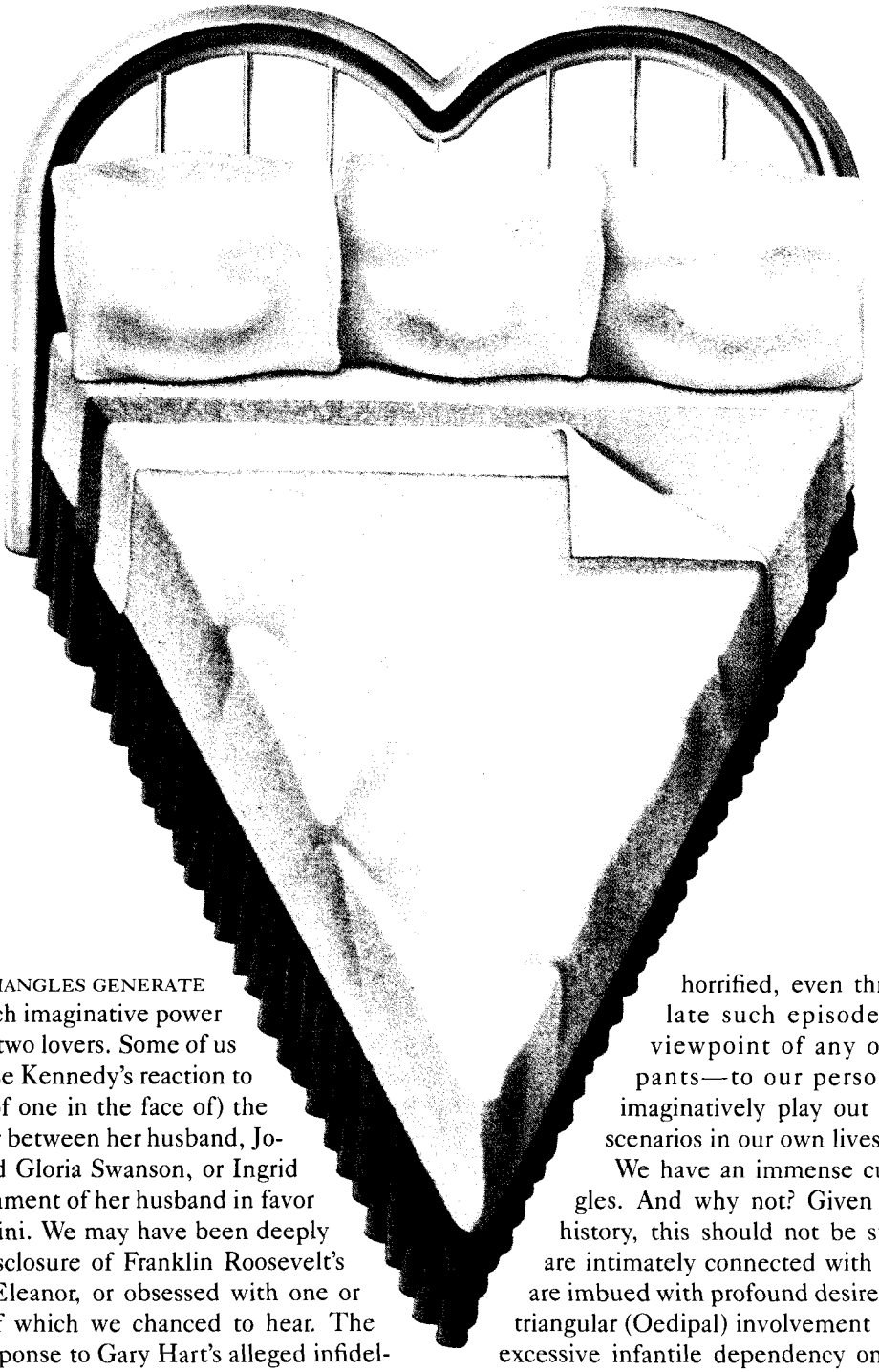
From our infantile bond with Mother through the Oedipal struggles of childhood to the temptation and pain of adultery, the play between pairings and triangles is lifelong

LOVE TRIANGLES

BY ETHEL S. PERSON



STORIES OF TRIANGLES GENERATE almost as much imaginative power as do tales of two lovers. Some of us have pondered Rose Kennedy's reaction to (or apparent lack of one in the face of) the long-standing affair between her husband, Joseph Kennedy, and Gloria Swanson, or Ingrid Bergman's abandonment of her husband in favor of Roberto Rossellini. We may have been deeply affected by the disclosure of Franklin Roosevelt's infaithfulness to Eleanor, or obsessed with one or another triangle of which we chanced to hear. The intensity of the response to Gary Hart's alleged infidelity to his wife is not unusual; it's simply more vivid because the incident is more recent. We may be fascinated, horrified, even threatened, as we relate such episodes—seen from the viewpoint of any one of the participants—to our personal situation, and imaginatively play out the possible future scenarios in our own lives.

We have an immense curiosity about triangles. And why not? Given our developmental history, this should not be surprising. Triangles are intimately connected with our early lives, and are imbued with profound desires and fears. Our first triangular (Oedipal) involvement marks the end of an excessive infantile dependency on Mother, our entry into the world as independent contenders. The love dialogues of development take us from the blissful mother-

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child pairing of infancy through the triangular Oedipal complex, which is reactivated in adolescence and resolved only when we achieve the glory of first love and thereby have restored the psychological centrality of the original love connection. In fact, the play between pairings and triangles, whether enriching or depleting, realized or fantasized, is lifelong.

Romantic love has been described as a religion of two, but love pairs can be infected by triangles and may even be wholly contaminated by them. Or, more positively, triangles may sometimes help love along: Some pairings first crystallize in the context of a triangle. Others, especially those of older, more established couples, may be re-energized by a triangle. And, as we know, many of the most celebrated lovers were adulterous: Tristan and Iseult, Lancelot and Guinevere, Paolo and Francesca. Moreover, some triangles are not mere way stations into or out of love, nor are they intended to protect against intimacy or revive intensity, but they are themselves the main event: the lover is fixated on triangles and can achieve some of the gratification of love only within a triangular configuration.

Envy and Desire

WALKING ALONE, SEEING THE WORLD GO BY IN pairs, one can abruptly feel bereft, lonely, and disconsolate. One may feel afflicted by some unnamed deficiency. "Why not me? Am I the only one alone?" One senses that one's full potential and pleasure can be realized only in love. If one is a partner in a perfunctory couple whose union never blossomed into love or whose love has long since faded, one may feel more than envy. One may feel hopelessness or a bitter rage at having life's possibilities perhaps permanently thwarted.

Envy runs deep in the psyche; it is the twin of desire. Perceiving or imagining that two other people are together sexually or romantically incites us to find a love of our own. Reading or watching a love story, we are imaginatively engaged: we want that story, or one like it, to happen to us. So it was with Francesca and Paolo, who was the brother of her husband. Descending into the second circle of Hell, Dante inquires of Francesca how she came to fall in love with Paolo, and she replies,

> On a day for dalliance we read the rhyme
> of Lancelot, how love had mastered him.
> We were alone with innocence and dim time.
> Pause after pause that high old story drew
> our eyes together while we blushed and paled;
> but it was one soft passage overthrew
> our caution and our hearts. For when we read
> how her fond smile was kissed by such a lover,
> he who is one with me alive and dead
> breathed on my lips the tremor of his kiss.
> That book, and he who wrote it, was a pander.
> That day we read no further.

Lancelot evoked the imaginative possibility of love for each other in Paolo's and Francesca's hearts.

For the fortunate, desire is awakened in response to the characteristics of the other, and a pairing comes into existence without any direct reference to a third person. But for many, as for Paolo and Francesca, desire is mediated through the perception of oneself in relationship to a couple. In other words, we desire what another like us has, or what a couple appears to share. But envy and emulation may take another form—literally to want what another has rather than simply to crave something similar. Then our desire erupts as the impulse to cut through an envied couple and to replace one of the protagonists. At such times desire seems almost to have been created (or intensified) by the fact that its object is already spoken for, desired by someone else. The aim may be to capture the beloved, but a competitive element also appears to be at work. In such cases we may say that love's purpose is dual: erotic longing for possession of the beloved is coupled with the wish for triumph over a rival.

Many professional women have noticed that they seem to become sexually and romantically more appealing to their male colleagues after they marry. Part of the reason for this may be that some men feel protected by the new built-in limitations. But, just as important, the husband-rival is always in the background, and through him the desirability of the beloved is established. Women may appear more alluring in this light, though sometimes they are little more than prizes that establish the challenger male's priority in a "phallic narcissistic" competition.

Moreover, in such a situation any rebuff of the would-be lover can be rationalized away. In *Anna Karenina*, Vronsky, at the stage when he is still lovesick over Anna and not yet successful in his pursuit of her, reflects on his own rather disingenuous apologies to a friend for what must seem the ridiculousness of his passion for Anna:

> He was very well aware that he ran no risk of being ridiculous in the eyes of Betsy or of any other fashionable people. He was very well aware that in their eyes the position of an unsuccessful lover of a girl, or of any woman free to marry, might be ridiculous. But the position of a man pursuing a married woman, and, regardless of everything, staking his life on drawing her into adultery, has something fine and grand about it, and can never be ridiculous. . . .

The strength of the impulse to desire what is someone else's, and its competitive implications, are revealed in a common adolescent male taboo. Although young males may share sexual exploits, they usually respect one another's territorial rights and do not have sex with one another's girlfriends. However, some men appear to be fixated at the level of defying this taboo; for them, such competitive behavior continues throughout adulthood, the real goal in such cases being destruction of a rival male. Men who respect the taboo have replaced competition with identification; they have accepted the laws of rightful possession. For many of them, however, the sense of loyalty to their male friends transcends loyalty to their wives. Although horrified by the thought of sleeping with a good

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friend's wife, they may feel quite comfortable with the idea of sleeping with their own wife's best friend. Their moral code is fundamentally tied to male solidarity (a code I believe to be a resolution of fears engendered in the childhood Oedipal rivalry with Father).

Many professional women have noticed that they seem to become sexually and romantically more appealing to their male colleagues after they marry.

Alma Mahler, who was married to or had romantic liaisons with any number of famous men, including Gustav Mahler, Walter Gropius, Franz Werfel, and Oskar Kokoschka, may have been the beneficiary of male sexual rivalry. Either she was a great femme fatale or the passion she inspired in each of her lovers was mediated by the images of her previous lovers, which were reflected in her and thereby defined her worth as an object of desire (or perhaps both propositions are true). One is reminded of the husband of a woman who had been Lord Byron's mistress, who hung a portrait of Byron in his drawing room. The husband thus elevated himself through his indirect, triangular association with Byron.

Some people can fall in love *only* with someone already involved with another. Among single women the taste for married men seems to have reached almost epidemic proportions—that is, if the number of magazine articles dealing with this problem are any clue to its frequency. This appetite is sometimes misunderstood as simply the self-defeating wish for someone unattainable or inappropriate and is lumped together with such misguided penchants as those for alcoholics, failures, or men who fundamentally dislike or fear women. But this overneat formulation ignores the specific, natural, and very real preoccupation with triangles as such. Of course, the lover may be drawn to the beloved by her qualities, without any reference to a triangle, but the longing for her may be intensified by knowledge of a rival.

The rival may not even exist in the present; he may simply be fearfully anticipated in the future or vividly imagined from details gleaned about the beloved's past. In F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*, Dick Diver, burdened by his marriage, is romantically drawn to the young actress Rosemary. By chance, one of her suitors confides in Dick that she is not as innocent or as physically cold as he might think. In fact, she and a young man once locked themselves in a train compartment and drew the blinds, in order to engage in some furtive lovemaking, but they were interrupted by the conductor. Hearing of this incident causes a profound reaction in Diver:

> With every detail imagined, with even envy for the pair's community of misfortune in the vestibule, Dick felt a change taking place within him. Only the image of a third person, even a vanished one, entering into his relation with Rosemary was needed to throw him off his balance and send through him waves of pain, misery, desire, desperation. The vividly pictured hand on Rosemary's cheek, the quicker breath, the white excitement of the event viewed from outside, the inviolable secret warmth within.

From the moment he learns of Rosemary's interrupted tryst, Dick's romantic reveries about her begin with the conversation he imagines in that distant train compartment:

> "Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?"
> "Please do. It's too light in here."

Even in realized love, lovers may have attacks of jealousy in which they minutely scrutinize the past for evidence that an earlier love was grander, fresher, or deeper. Questions multiply: "Do you love me more than you've ever loved anyone else?" "Do you still think of her?" and so on. What is puzzling, if we fail to take account of the stimulating effect of triangles, is that the *wrong* answer, the answer that fails to reassure us, may intensify our love, our longing, and particularly our sexual arousal. The threat of triangulation is a jog to passion, whether it is past, present, or merely in the conjectural future. One must also accept that behind one's doubts about the beloved's reliability lurks one's own penchant for wandering. Frequently enough, the impetus to jealousy is not any observable threat on the part of the beloved but a subliminal self-knowledge. Put simply, jealousy is sometimes merely the response to the projection of our own prurient feelings onto the beloved.

The link between desire and envy becomes especially clear in the long-standing Western preoccupation with adultery. According to Tony Tanner, an English critic, Western literature begins with *The Iliad*, a tale of war precipitated by an adulterous act, and "it is the unstable triangularity of adultery, rather than the static symmetry of marriage, that is the generative form of Western literature as we know it." Indeed, adultery has remained a prominent theme in Western literature: it is a major theme, Tanner points out, in Shakespeare's last plays and in Restoration drama, and many of the great nineteenth-century novels touch on it. Among these, one thinks immediately of *Madame Bovary*, *The Red and the Black*, and *Anna Karenina*. In these novels the theme of adultery dramatizes issues of authority and transgression not only in individual psychology but in the social order as well. When the adulterous impulse is enacted, it violates the rules of possession in both the private and the public sphere, most often with unfortunate results.

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Triangles and the Oedipus Complex

THE INEXORABLE PULL OF THE TRIANGLE EXERTS constant pressure throughout the cycle of love. Triangles are often entered into defensively. Either lover may be tempted to introduce a third person to escape the intensity of love, to fend off the threat of self-obliteration implicit in a desire to surrender to the beloved. Some people, too frightened to risk a full-scale loving attachment to another person, restrict their romantic liaisons to a regular series of cameo appearances in triangles.

Triangulation may be used to punish a disappointing lover or to even the score. A husband may believe he has forgiven his wife after she has confessed an affair, only to feel himself drawn into a love involvement of his own shortly thereafter. Triangulation may also be used to reestablish a sense of gender adequacy when one's femininity or masculinity has been damaged by a defeat, erotic or otherwise. For example, a man who has received a shattering blow at work may be more than usually vulnerable to the ministrations of his adoring secretary. Alternatively, triangulation may be used to change one's image in a lover's eyes, by piquing one lover's interest with the existence of the other, in order to coax fading love back to full intensity through the agency of jealousy.

Triangulation may even be used as self-punishment. A lover who is radiantly happy in love may experience guilt at his great good fortune, and may embark on a triangular liaison as a means of destroying this happiness he does not think he deserves. (Embarking on a triangle is often felt to be a crime and, because of the anguish it brings, a punishment as well.)

Our culture is so saturated with Freud that when anyone mentions triangles our thoughts immediately go to the most basic of all triangles—the one that gives rise to the Oedipus complex. Because sexual longing first emerges in the early Oedipal period, we can appreciate why desire may be readily elicited by triangles and why the secondary triangle of husband-wife-lover is easily viewed as derivative of the primary triangle of mother-father-child. But love in the face of any taboo, whether of class, religion, race, or family relationship, is, at least in part, a reworking of the original Oedipal taboo. Indeed, all love bears some relationship to the Oedipal.

However, while all triangles may be Oedipal in some basic sense, we must distinguish between two fundamental perspectives. Depending on a person's position within the triangle, it may be either "rivalrous" or "split-object." The distinction reflects important psychological differences. In the rivalrous perspective, the protagonist is competing for the love of the beloved. In the split-object perspective, the protagonist has split his attention between two objects. Any person may find himself or herself in one or the other of these situations at some point in life, and may even be in both kinds of triangular arrangements simultaneously, as I will elaborate later.

Each of the protagonists in a triangle will, obviously, have distinct hopes, anxieties, and preoccupations. The meaning of the triangle in the psychological life of each will be different. While all these meanings can be related to the Oedipal complex, they represent variants of it. Consider, for example, one of the simplest triangles—a married couple and the lover of one of the spouses. Let's say that an unmarried woman is in love with the husband. From the perspective of the woman (and of the wife, if she knows of the triangle), the tension in the triangle revolves around a rivalry. This is a straightforward "rivalrous triangle," a reincarnation of the Oedipal triangle of early life, and the major emotions accompanying it are jealousy and, sometimes, anger.

From the husband's point of view, however, the triangle has an altogether different makeup. For him, the triangle is a split-object triangle and not a duplicate of the Oedipal triangle of early life. The main tension he experiences is the division in his emotional life between two women, and the principal emotion most often is guilt. The split-object triangle may have multiple purposes, one of the most frequent being to serve as an escape from intimacy. Sometimes triangulation is a late derivative of the child's propensity to play his parents off against each other; seen in this way, the split-object triangle is a power maneuver. And sometimes it is nothing more than the product of the lover's dissatisfaction with his lot and his insatiable quest for ever-elusive perfection.

But the husband's triangle may turn out to be what is best described as a reverse triangle, a specific subcategory of the split-object triangle which has a particular motive behind it. (The term "reverse triangle" was coined by Otto Kernberg, a psychoanalyst.) It is meant to undo the humiliation of having once engaged in (and lost) a rivalrous struggle (whether Oedipal or more recent). In other words, though the form of the split-object triangle and the reverse triangle are the same, the reverse triangle always has a very specific unconscious meaning. Whereas the split-object triangle is meant to be a solution to a current problem or conflict of some kind, the reverse triangle bespeaks lingering resentment at having been an Oedipal "loser" in the past and is an attempt to redress that injustice. The reverse triangle actually *reverses* the configuration of the Oedipal triangle: one is no longer in competition with a rival but is the object of a rivalry. The underlying dynamic motivation of the protagonist would determine which term—"split-object" or "reverse"—might best apply. In the case of a lover whose erotic career reveals a preponderance of split-object triangles, one must suspect that he had some underlying resentment at "losing" the Oedipal struggle and was prone to enacting scenarios of reversal and revenge.

The vagaries of love may lead to a constant movement from couple to triangle and back. Some people, owing to their psychology or psychopathology, have a tendency to seek out forbidden triangles or to regard any established pairing as incestuous. Others resist the constraints of one-on-one love and seek escape in triangles. Still others ar

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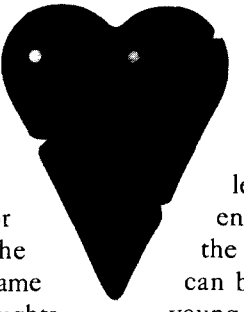
comfortable only in the illusory power position of the reverse triangle. Then, too, some people transfer (or project) their Oedipal fixations onto others, creating triangles with two members of another family. This is a special form of a reverse triangle and might well be regarded as a "displaced incestuous" triangle. Each of the major kinds of triangles generally has certain specific features attached to it. But, as we shall see, a lover may move out of a rivalrous triangle and into a split-object triangle, and vice versa.

A lover who is radiantly happy in love may experience guilt at his great good fortune, and may embark on a triangular liaison as a means of destroying this happiness.



Rivalrous Triangles

IN THE EARLY STAGES OF ROMANTIC LIAISONS in which the loved one is either married to or significantly involved with someone else, the lover's obsessive preoccupation is nonetheless the same as that of other lovers, consisting primarily of thoughts about the beloved. But in such rivalrous triangles (as these are by definition) an obsessive preoccupation with the rival may gradually come to compete with the erotic longing for the loved one. Both desire and competition play important roles in this erotic configuration, and the lover's relationship with his rival has its own significance.

In the beginning of adulterous relations the claims made on the beloved may be modest: "You may make love with him. I understand you have to. But please, do anything except the very special thing [whatever it may be] that we do together. That is ours." Even so, reveries of love may come to be replaced by jealous fantasies in which the beloved is pictured with the rival. As time passes, the lover becomes consumed with jealousy, visualizing the beloved in the rival's embrace, and he comes to resent the rival. The lover's obsession gradually shifts from the beloved to the rival: what the rival has, over and against what the lover can claim for himself, becomes the focus. That the beloved loves him (or says she does) is not enough, because the rival can claim endless time, holidays, material possessions, and social priority.

The lover's obsessiveness may also take the form of invidious comparisons between himself, or herself, and the rival. The female lover fears that she is not as pretty as the wife. The male lover doubts his ability to look after the beloved as well as her husband does. The lover has a dread of being compared with the rival. The lover may become consumed with self-depreciation and envy of the rival. The lover's unremitting suffering and self-doubt, his jealousy and envy, are sometimes so exaggerated as to suggest that he is masochistic. Indeed, simply to reach for what is someone else's may elicit the fear of retaliation, with ensuing guilt and self-punishing rumination.

If the betrayed spouse knows of the existence of the triangle, he or she, too, experiences jealousy and envy. The spouse may wish the disloyal spouse dead rather than contemplate losing her, or him, to the hated rival. Generally, however, the rival becomes the target for all hatred, so that positive feelings toward the beloved can be preserved. The mutual jealousy and hatred of lover and spouse can survive even the death of the beloved. For example, a betrayed wife may forbid the appearance of her husband's mistress at his funeral. Such, for example, was one of the unhappy events in her past life that Maggie confides to Quentin in Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*. Her liaison with a judge was ended by his death, and the family closed her out of the mourning process. And such vengeful feelings can be carried to extreme lengths. One beautiful young woman's rivalry with the other woman outlived her erotic longing for the lover. Preparing to attend a professional convention, where she anticipated seeing her former lover, she groomed herself with unusual attention in order to look particularly stunning. A year before, while passionately in love with him, she had discovered an infidelity, and after a heated confrontation they had split—he to move in with the other woman. Ever since, she had harbored a fantasy of revenge. She no longer wanted him back, but she wanted to do to the other woman what had been done to her. The other woman, not her former lover and betrayer, had become the object of her hatred. She went to the convention and engineered her triumph. She slept with her former lover in his hotel room and managed to pick up the phone when his girlfriend called. The girlfriend acted on cue: she broke off her relationship with her lover. The result the young woman had fantasized about for so long—the end of the detested bond between her old lover and her rival—was achieved. But she had no further ambitions with respect to her former lover, not wishing to resume their love affair or even to have a sexual relationship with him, and also having no conscious wish to hurt him. Her passionate commitment to revenge had outlived her love. However, she did damage her former lover. Though this was not her conscious intent, it may well have played a role in her unconscious motivation.

What generally happens in rivalrous triangles when the lover emerges victorious? If the lover has plucked the beloved from another pairing, he may feel all the expansiveness and exhilaration of an Oedipal victory, and often he lives happily ever after. Such a victory may be easier to enjoy when the love has not been evoked by the triangle per se—that is, when the triangular complication is incidental

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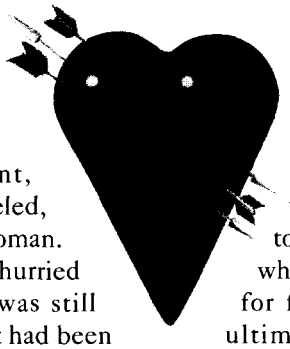
to the lover's motivation. But on occasion an Oedipal victory may precipitate self-defeating or even self-destructive behavior. This happens most often when the lover has a penchant for triangles, and thus, probably, some fixation on an Oedipal conflict. Such an unconscious fixation, when it is coupled with a tendency toward masochism, leads some people to construe love as triangular even when, objectively, it is not. The following quite typical vignette illustrates the link between love invariably construed as triangular and masochistic suffering and self-degradation.

She invented triangles where none existed, demanded all and promised all, yet pushed her lover away by the nakedness of her hatred of her "rivals," the depth of her need, and her rage at him.



A woman, drunk and almost incoherent, called her beloved, with whom she had quarreled, falsely accusing him of being with another woman. Fearing that she had taken an overdose, he hurried to her apartment. When he arrived, she was still drunk, but her speech was less slurred than it had been on the phone. Now, instead of being confused and incoherent, she became aggressively erotic, pleading with him to make love, begging him to do anything he wanted to her. She was ingratiating to the point of self-humiliation, resorting to crude language and gestures, wheedling and abject, but she was also coercive. Her behavior fell into the narrow range between utter self-degradation and emotional blackmail ("I cannot live without you!").

Similar episodes repeatedly punctuated their lives together. Always in the background was her sense of being threatened by other women—his former wives or his previous girlfriends. She was obsessed with comparisons. Was his previous girlfriend prettier, more accomplished in bed? She invented triangles where none existed, demeaned herself as she compared herself with past or imaginary rivals, demanded all and promised all, yet pushed her lover away by the nakedness of her hatred of her "rivals," the depth of her need, and her rage at him. In the end, having succeeded in destroying the relationship, she felt abandoned, rejected in favor of his old ties, and was completely unaware that it was she who had undermined the relationship.

In relatively stable triangular relationships, the lover appears to love the beloved without ambivalence, and his resentment and hatred are restricted to the rival. Nevertheless, such a balance is tenuous. What follows is a classic story of adultery triumphant, but embedded within it is a cautionary tale of sorts. This story is not apocryphal; it has been enacted with variations by any number of players.

An aspiring female executive had a long-term relationship with her married boss. They traveled the world together, while his wife was apparently oblivious of their affair. He was loath to get a divorce before his second son went off to college, and the mistress grudgingly accepted her lover's decision to continue a split life. He was sincere, however, and when his youngest child went off to college (some five years after the inception of the affair), he left his wife and immediately married the executive. She seemed extremely happy, especially when they had a child. But she was a proud woman, and a troubled one, and she never truly forgave him for the humiliation she had suffered as the other woman. Her underlying resentment and rage surfaced abruptly and took the form of berating him and finding fault. Her anger, which had previously been focused on her rival, was now directed at him. Her ultimate revenge took the form of starting an affair with a man for whom she eventually left her husband. (Her revenge for feeling humiliated in a rivalrous triangle was ultimately to punish her husband by putting him in the same situation. In other words, she moved from a rivalrous triangle to a split-object triangle.) And despite herself, she relished the idea of separating her husband from his new child, remembering how he had put his consideration for his other children ahead of any sympathy he might have felt for her plight as the other woman.

The abandoned husband was dispirited. It is unclear what path his love life would have taken subsequently, for he died within a few years. His first wife, whose hatred had been aimed not at her ex-husband, whom she saw as having been ensnared by an unscrupulous woman, but at the executive, appeared almost radiant at the funeral. She was reborn as the widow, and thereafter regarded herself as such, no doubt convinced that her ex-husband (with whom she had re-established a cordial relationship) would have returned to her had he lived.

Derivatives of Oedipal rivalry can be observed even where there is no overt erotic rivalry. In stepfamily rivalries the intensity of the resentment between stepmother and stepdaughter, or stepfather and stepson, may be so intense and corrosive as to alienate the affections of the husband, or the wife, or to destroy the lover's own feelings. I believe this form of Oedipal rivalry is a major source of conflict in second marriages (a conflict often played out in terms of the allocation of financial resources). In stepfamilies we can see the overt expression of tendencies more often kept covert in "natural" families. In general, people who experienced intense Oedipal struggles with their parents are apt to duplicate these struggles with their stepchildren—or their own children. Not just Oedipal rivalry but pre-Oedipal envy is commonly expressed in Oedipal terms. One woman I know ultimately divorced her hus-

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SURPRISE, MADE IN AMERICA!

INVESTING IN AMERICA'S FUTURE

Prepared in cooperation with the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, New York

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Surprise, Made in America!

The Story of Japanese Investment in the United States

In the past several years, Japanese investment has had a significant impact on the American economy. The experiences of these U.S. communities illustrate well the contributions of that investment.

• "In 1983 we had 23% unemployment," recalls Mayor Dan Theobald of Shelbyville, Ind. While this was partly a result of the 1980-1982 recession, his town had suffered seriously aggravating factors. Indiana was hard hit by shutdowns at steel plants and International Harvester. Shelbyville, Theobald remembers, was especially hurt by closings at Western Electric and other companies on the east side of Indianapolis. "There were a lot of layoffs," he observes.

Today, with an unemployment rate of 8½%, Shelbyville's turnaround has been remarkable.

While the transformation is, of course, largely due to the improvement in the U.S. economy overall, another important factor has played a big part. The town has actively – and successfully – courted investment by Japanese companies. One is operating already. Another is on the way. Next year, Mayor Theobald antici-

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pates, Shelbyville "will be down to half the national unemployment rate."

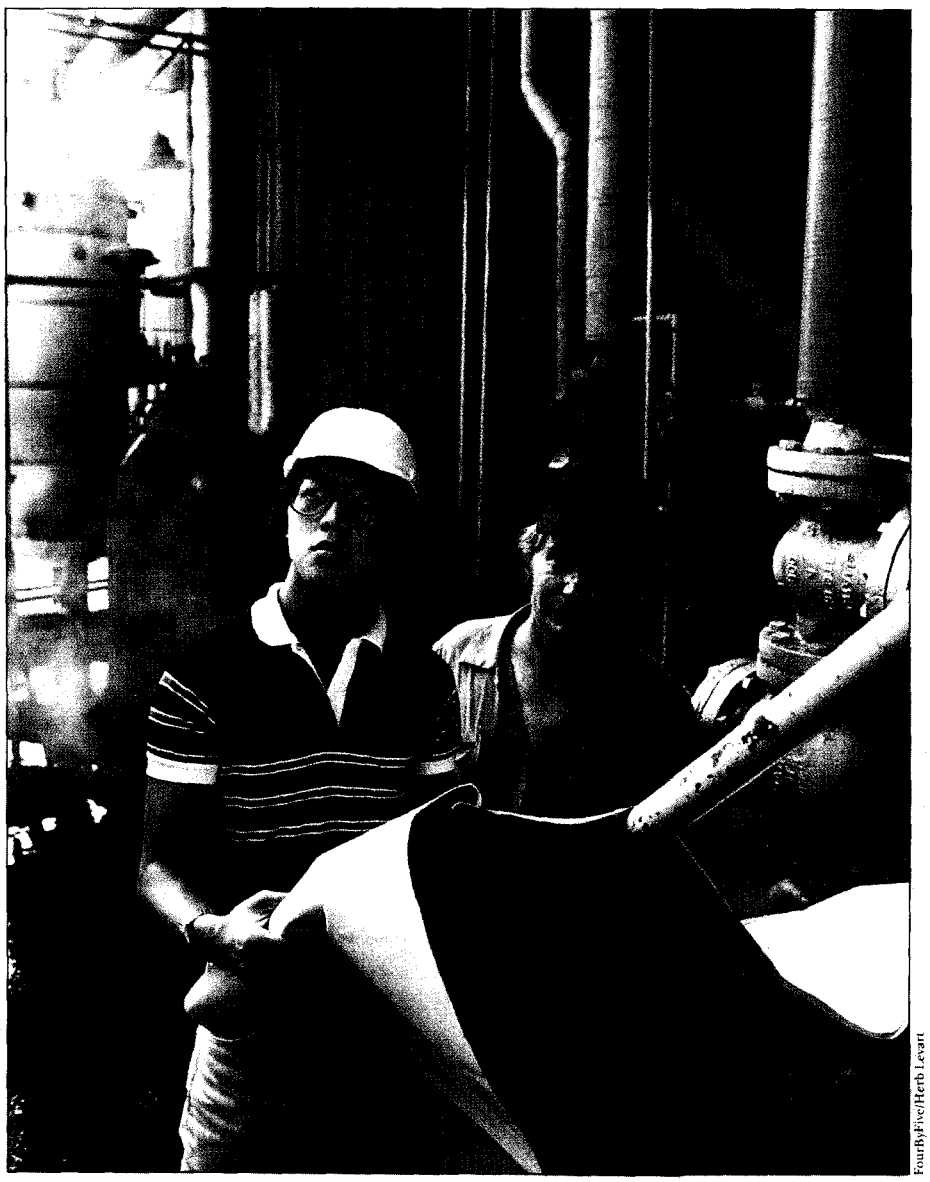
• La Vergne, Tenn. had lost 400 jobs –and was about to lose 200 more. Production of heavy duty radial tires at a major plant had slowed; the company was leaving the product line–and preparing to close the plant. The impact on the 6,600-population town had been hard. It was going to get a lot harder.

A Japanese tire company, however, was getting *into* the product line. It bought the facility, kept it open, and invested aggressively. "They've reemployed all the people that were unemployed, and they are now adding to their workforce," says Mayor Vester Waldron. "The effects of the Japanese company's arrival have all been positive."

• Numerous auto-manufacturing communities have benefited enormously from the installation of Japanese firms. Among them: Flat Rock, Mich., and Fremont, Calif. Flat Rock suffered a severe loss of employment when a major domestic auto casting operation closed earlier in the decade –and is now revitalized by the opening of a big new Japanese plant. Fremont suffered a still more severe loss when its huge American auto assembly plant closed in 1982. Today the plant is open again under Japanese direction–and more than 2,000 Americans are back at work.

• The Japanese companies bring with them not only new jobs but also the ripple effect of new jobs. Seymour, Ind., like neighboring Shelbyville, now has a Japanese plant operating–and, says Mayor William Bailey, "The real estate agents are selling more homes, and the restaurants are selling more hamburgers." As the *Christian Science Monitor* noted, there were 23 vacant storefronts in downtown Seymour in 1983. Today, says Mayor Bailey, there are only two.

These are just five examples of the scores of U.S. communities strengthened by the recent arrival of Japanese companies. To be sure, not all the Japanese arrivals have been auspicious. Some have caused resentment. Some, friction. In most instances, however, they have strongly and clearly benefited their communities. And in many instances, they've done more. To a senior official of one American community, the new Japanese presence has meant "the survival of our city."



FourByFive/Herb Levart

New Jobs,
New Investment

On the macroeconomic level, the benefits of the new Japanese presence appear less dramatic–but they are significant.

Employment is the most visible measure. While no precise figures are available, Tsutomu Karino, executive director of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce in New York, says, "I've heard figures for total employment [by Japanese companies in the U.S.] of 160,000-250,000." Most authorities would lean toward the higher number. The U.S. Department of Commerce, in its most recent estimate, set the number at 188,821 in *1984*–and since

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then there's no question that it has increased substantially. A plant such as Toyota's in Georgetown, Ky., which opens next year, adds around 1,800 jobs at start-up – and 3,000 at full production.

In addition, of course, there are all the ancillary jobs generated indirectly – in transportation, in the supply of parts and of every service from mail delivery to dry cleaning. Nobody can put a precise figure on these, but all authorities agree that each "direct" job generates a number of "indirects." In a study of the economic impact of the new Toyota plant, researchers from the University of Kentucky observed that "not only will the construction and operation of the Toyota plant directly generate employment opportunities in the manufacturing sector, but the new jobs created will produce indirect, induced, and derived effects throughout the [state] economy." They will do so, the researchers found, "through increased demand for other products

Ricoh's state-of-the-art portable facsimile machine

RICOH

Ricoh Committed to Local Investment

Ricoh admits it does not have as strong an image as many of its competitors. "For years," notes the company's annual report, "we put corporate innovation ahead of corporate identity." But Ricoh has, in fact, achieved a number of significant firsts in America.

- More than 10 years ago it began to produce copiers in the U.S. – the first foreign manufacturer to do so.
- In 1986 it became one of the first foreign companies to start U.S. production of digital facsimile products.
- It is the only company in the office products industry to manufacture all its "consumable" products, such as toner, in the U.S.

Ricoh believes that "multinationals must invest in the local marketplaces they serve." In the U.S., says Keiji Endoh, chairman of Ricoh Corporation and Ricoh Electronics, it already has assets of close to $350 million – and this will grow by over $100 million in the next three years. By the end of 1988, Ricoh plans to double the percentage of the U.S.-sold copiers and facsimile equipment which it manufactures here.

The policy of manufacturing close to markets, in combination with Ricoh's technological skills and its emphasis on research and development, has made the company an important factor in office equipment. In the intensely competitive copier market, it is #1 in Japan. In the newer, equally competitive facsimile market, it is #1 in the U.S. Among Ricoh's innovations, it is breaking ground with new "higher-intelligence" functions, and introduced image scanning and voice recognition peripherals with its new series of small business computers as long ago as 1985.

The transfer of such technology to the U.S., in Endoh's view, is one of the key benefits that companies such as Ricoh bring to America. Its recently opened semiconductor design center in San Jose, Calif. is expected to grow so rapidly in size and significance that it will employ as many as 300 in just a couple of years. Today, 95% of the company's 2,600 employes nationwide are Americans – and at all levels. In fact, Endoh notes, it's "very possible" that Ricoh's entire operation in the U.S. may be run by an American in the future.

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and services, increased wage and salary income in the state, and increased tax revenue." By 1990, the analysts concluded, "when the plant is operating at full capacity, a total of 35,520 jobs may be created."

A number of other major Japanese manufacturers are either starting large production facilities here, vigorously expanding their U.S. production, or planning to raise it considerably. Hitachi, one of the biggest – which already had plants in California, Georgia, Texas, and Michigan – recently added others in Oklahoma and Kentucky. Epson began manufacturing in Portland, Ore. Canon opened a large plant in Virginia, and Mitsubishi Electric – which also already had facilities in several states, particularly California – added more in Georgia, North Carolina, and Ohio. Minolta is beginning production in New York. Among those making the largest investments, the auto companies, of course, stand out. In addition to Toyota, these include

Brother Breaking New Ground in Tennessee

brother

Good luck toast by Gov. Ned McWherter of Tennessee at opening of Brother's Bartlett plant

When Japan's Brother Industries broke ground for its Tennessee plant last October, it did so with a clear objective: To bring its production closer to its market. "From here we can cover 80% of the U.S. market in 24 hours," says Kenzo Sugiura, president of Brother Industries (USA) and executive in charge of the new facility.

Sugiura reflects the corporate thinking of the big business and sewing machine company. "It is particularly important for Japanese businesses to be more sensitive to the realities of the areas in which we sell," says Katsuji Kawashima, president of the parent organization.

A firm believer in the need for correction of trade imbalances, "Brother believes it is impossible to place enough stress on the expansion of imports in the Japanese economy," notes Kawashima. Its project BIG LINK, for example, aims to increase imports into Japan.

To assist this expansion, Brother is vigorously seeking U.S.-made products that it can market through its retail network in Japan. "We've put one of our vice presidents, Victor Tazaki – a member of the executive committee – in charge of the project," says Hiromi Gunji, chairman of Brother International Corporation, the company's marketing arm in the U.S.

Whatever products are chosen, their manufacturers can be sure of substantial exposure. Patrick T. Gilmore, executive vice president of Brother International, says the firm has some 1,500 outlets – 500 company-owned, 1,000 franchised – in Japan. It is also a major catalog marketer.

At Brother's new plant at Bartlett, Tenn., production is already substituting for imports at a rate of $10 million a year. When it works up to full capacity, it will be producing 25,000 typewriters a month – with a retail value of more than $60 million annually. And as a significant testimonial to the excellence of its output, Brother was chosen to be the only official supplier of typewriters to the Los Angeles Olympics of 1984, and has been similarly honored for the Calgary and Seoul Olympics of 1988.

The plant also provides increasing employment – at the moment, in the area of 150, of which 120, including all floor supervisors, are American – and the number is expected to double within a year.

Meanwhile, Gilmore notes, the way the Japanese at the plant have adapted to American ways – and the eagerness of the American workforce to adapt to the Japanese working culture, particularly in terms of quality-consciousness – creates a "marvelous melding of the two cultures" of which Brother is particularly proud.

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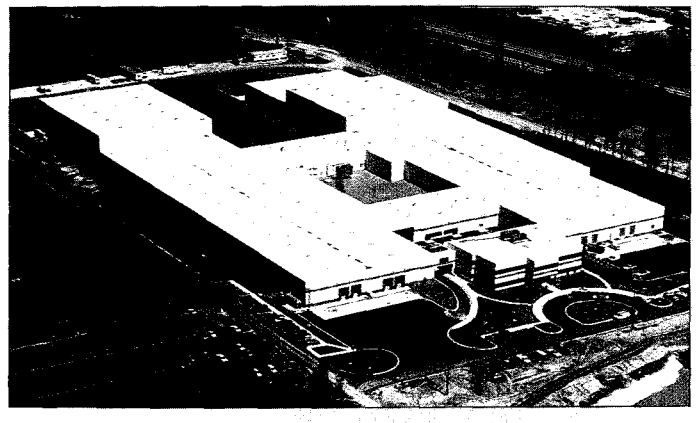
Honda – in a huge expansion – and Mitsubishi Motor, which, in a joint venture with Chrysler, will start production at a large new factory in Illinois next year.

The new Mitsubishi Motor venture provides a good example of a different kind of multiplier effect. Richard D. Recchia, executive vice president of Mitsubishi Motor Sales, makes the point that his company's 300 dealers each employ an average of 35 people – thus generating more than 10,000 jobs through just this division of Mitsubishi.

More Jobs for More Americans

Virtually all the indirect jobs go to Americans – as do a percentage of direct jobs that surprises some observers. Studies by the Japanese Chamber of Commerce show that, in 1983, only 11.6% of employes of member firms surveyed were Japanese. Moreover, this percentage was heading down – from 15% in 1977 – and it looks likely to be heading down further. Some

Canon Broadens U.S. Commitment with Virginia Plant



Recently opened Canon plant in Newport News, Va.

With its new 289,000 square foot plant at Newport News, Va., Canon U.S.A. is on its way to reaching one goal of President Fujio Mitarai: Local production of 30-40% of the value of Canon products sold in the U.S. – thus substituting American-made goods for some $1 billion of imports a year.

Mitarai also aims to export business machines made at Newport News to other countries – including Japan. Such contributions to the improvement of America's trade balance are among several Canon objectives including:

• Still greater employment, with special emphasis on employing Americans at the company's highest levels – Of 3,600 staff at Canon U.S.A., more than 90% are Americans, and at the company's plant in Costa Mesa, Calif., only eight out of 200 employes are Japanese.

Even in the company's management, "My policy is to develop local talent," Mitarai says. And out of 11 officers, five are American and six Japanese, including Mitarai himself, who has been here 22 years and feels "half American," he says with a smile.

• Transfer of Japanese technology – One of Canon's most exciting innovations, the laser beam printer, is now being marketed by Hewlett-Packard in the U.S. under the latter's name. And Canon has made several significant advances in image-sensing technology, including CCD components, in partnership with Texas Instruments.

These are just two of the Canon inventions whose technology has already been brought to the U.S. In fact, the company's deep reservoir of research and development. Canon placed sixth among *all* companies, American as well as foreign, in the number of U.S. patents registered in 1986; with 526 such patents, it was ahead of all American corporations except General Electric and IBM.

Moreover, despite the financial difficulties caused Canon and other Japanese companies by the strengthening of the yen, the company is increasing its R&D expenditures, and continuing to spread their results in the countries in which it operates. In fiscal 1986 Canon raised its research outlays by 11.9%, to $344 million, and restated its belief that the wealth generated by such activities "should be redistributed for the benefit of all."

Ideas like this have brought Canon a dramatic rise in total business, and made the company an important factor in the economies of all six continents. Globally, between 1976 and 1986, it rose from 412th to 98th among non-U.S. industrial corporations. In the U.S., sales doubled – to $1.8 billion – in the four years 1983-86.

With this growth and with its new plant, the company is making a continually increasing contribution to America's manufacturing skills and American well-being. Shin-ichiro Nagashima, president of Canon Virginia, says Canon's quality of production there is equal to its high standards in Japan. As Mitarai says, "Most people never realize many of the ways Canon enriches their lives" – and as Canon's U.S. investment grows from its present $60 million to $120 million in the next three years, its presence will enrich them further. "We want to manufacture our products in the markets in which we sell," says Mitarai. Canon's rising investment and its Newport News facility give concrete evidence of his determination.

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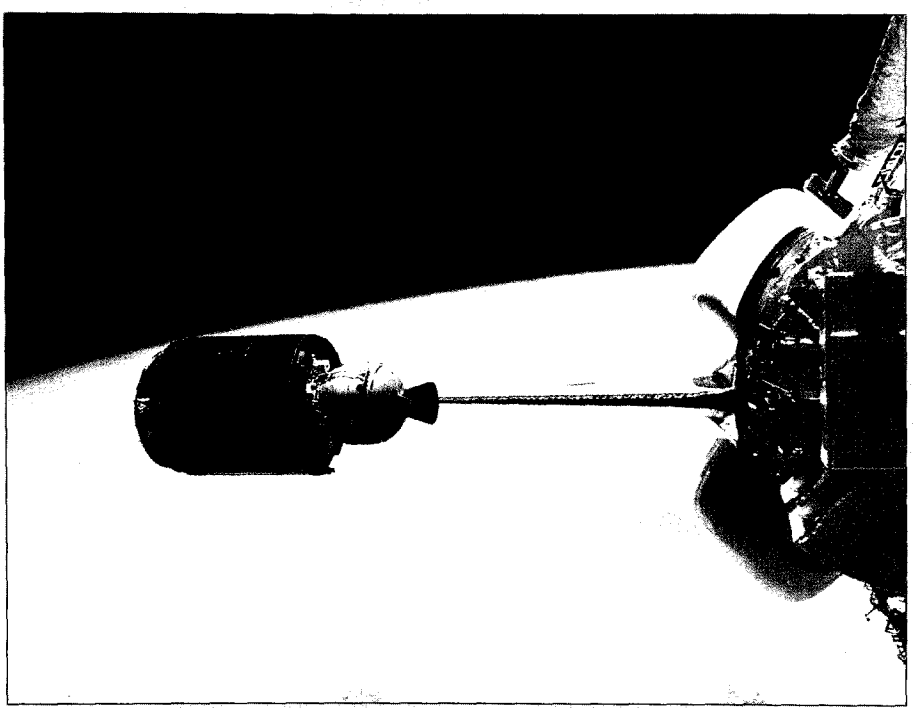
Japanese firms in the U.S., in fact, employ an astonishingly small number of their own nationals. While Japanese auto producers as a group stand out in this respect, Nissan stands out even among the auto companies: Of the 3,200 employes at its plant in Smyrna, Tenn., the Japanese number just 13.

After employment, the most important contribution of the Japanese corporate presence is to investment. "Direct investment is a very key factor in the real economy for growth," notes Koichi Suzuki, senior economist at the Daiwa Securities Research Institute, and he observes that such investment by Japanese companies in the U.S. "shot up" in 1986.

Indeed it did. Mitsuo Takii, executive director of JETRO, the Japan External Trade Organization, has figures that show it rose $10,165 billion last year – to a total of $35,455 billion. Moreover, the U.S. share of worldwide Japanese investment has been rising rapidly, at the same time as this invest-



Hughes-manufactured communications satellite

C. Itoh: Trading Giant

When the head of a large American corporation asked chief executive Minoru Murofushi about the trading company's transaction volume, he thought the latter was mistaking billions for millions. When Murofushi made it clear he was indeed talking about $10 *billion* a year, the American was astounded to realize that C. Itoh's business here was even larger than his own. And, while the American subsidiary is the flagship of the whole C. Itoh group, its transaction figures represent only 10% or so of the group's total volume.

As a leading trading company, C. Itoh is one of the world's major traders of such commodities as oil, lumber, and metals, and of cars, machinery, and textiles. But, as Murofushi observes, "We are not just in trading." The firm has great depth and capabilities in an astounding breadth of businesses.

Some examples:

• The rapidly growing barter business–In one instance, C. Itoh arranged the sale of U.S. commercial aircraft worth more than $1 billion to a Middle Eastern country in exchange for oil – which it sold to Japan and through its outlets in 87 countries around the globe.

• High-technology export to Japan–It sold the first U.S. supercomputer there – and it recently sold the eighth. It has formed a company that will place two Hughes communications satellites in the skies over Asia at a cost of some $300 million.

• China trade–The firm has five executives overseeing around $100 million of U.S.-China business a year, 90% of that in U.S. exports.

• Investment banking–Murofushi himself was a key figure in General Motors' purchase of a 34% interest in Isuzu Motors. And executive vice president J.W. Chai initiated the joint venture between GM and Toyota that brought about the reopening of the former's plant in Fremont, Calif. – and the reengagement of 2,000 American workers.

But these initiatives go only part of the way to illustrating what C. Itoh is and what it plans to become.

The group aims to become a "globally integrated corporation," and Murofushi says the U.S. part of it "is undergoing a major change" as it moves towards its own Americanization. One of his major targets is to bring about a "tremendous" increase of investment in America. As proof, the company plans to dramatically increase its investment here – doubling it in three to four years, and raising it to $1 billion within a decade.

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ment has been increasing absolutely. As a recent publication of the Japan Economic Foundation noted, "Since the start of the 1980s, [Japanese] manufacturing investment in Asia has slowed, while that in North America and Western Europe has gained momentum." Meanwhile, this worldwide investment, which had doubled from 1972 to 1978, doubled again from 1979 to 1984, and again just in 1985-1986 – to $22.32 billion last year.

Cutting the Trade Gap

The third key contribution of Japanese business here is to America's balance of trade. The most significant way, of course, is by reducing U.S. imports. While it's incorrect to suppose that every Japanese car made in America is one less Japanese car imported into America, there is a significant correlation. Daiwa's Suzuki, who estimates that production of cars by Japanese companies in the U.S. will be in the area of 1.5 million next year, figures that the export value of vehi-

Suzuki success story: The four-wheel drive Samurai

Suzuki: Unique Market Niche

The four-wheel drive Samurai, imported by Suzuki of America Automotive Corporation, might be stamped "Made in Japan" but it has it made in the U.S.A. With its beckoning "beep, beep, hi" greeting, $7,995 price tag and focus on fun, the Samurai is the fastest-selling import car or truck ever introduced to the U.S. market.

"Owners report that the Samurai fits a wide range of needs and uses," says Doug Mazza, vice president and general manager of the Brea, Calif.-based Suzuki of America Automotive Corp. "The Samurai is really in a category all its own."

Indeed, as the lowest-priced four-wheel drive vehicle in America, the Samurai is this year maintaining the status it earned in 1986 as the hottest-selling convertible available in the U.S.

"Suzuki of America has overcome tough odds," notes Mazza. "We succeeded as the latest entry in an already crowded automotive field—and with just one vehicle."

No stranger to the U.S. market, however, the Japan-based Suzuki Motor Co., which manufactures the Samurai, had established itself here long ago with its motorcycles, outboard motors, and generators.

"After careful analysis of the U.S. market," explains Mazza, "We determined that we could market a unique vehicle based on the four-wheel drive truck Suzuki had manufactured since 1970." Today, after just two years in business, there are 170 dealers in 30 states. That each of the American dealers is profitable is proof of U.S. consumer demand for the Samurai.

At its Brea, Calif. headquarters, 97 percent of Suzuki's employes are Americans. Notes Mazza, "Suzuki of America's growth in the U.S. means jobs and opportunities in both the wholesale and retail arenas. But introduction of the Samurai here has also spurred the American economy with the construction of new dealerships; the employment of port and dock workers in Los Angeles, Tacoma, Baltimore, and Jacksonville; contracts with trucking companies and rail lines; and the establishment of regional offices in Los Angeles, Atlanta and New York."

Additionally, Suzuki of America pays a hefty 25% import duty on each vehicle it brings into this country, totalling more than $60 million in the last year alone.

Made in the U.S.A.? No. But Suzuki of America has come a long way in just two years, bringing new jobs, new businesses and new investment dollars to the U.S. economy.

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cles from Japan to America could decrease by $15 to $20 billion by 1990. The manufacture and import of Japanese television sets has provided a still more dramatic example. According to Japan's Ministry of Trade and Industry (MITI), the U.S. imported three million Japanese sets in 1976, while Japanese firms here manufactured some 500,000; a few years later, imports were down to less than a million–and sets produced in the U.S. were approaching four million.

But it's not only by reducing imports that the Japanese plants here help the U.S. trade balance. Honda, for instance, exports motorcycles made in Ohio to more than 50 countries–including Japan–and is now getting into the export of cars as well. Mitsubishi Electric is among a number of electronics companies also exporting from the U.S. back to Japan, and Japanese trading companies here are exporting everywhere.

C. Itoh, which has become the largest trading company in Japan, has a

SUZUKI AUTOMOTIVE FOUNDATION FOR LIFE

Suzuki Foundation "Gives Something Back"

After barely a year in business, at a time when most companies are struggling with growing pains, Suzuki of America Automotive Corporation made a commitment to give something back to the country that had made its success possible.

Last year, the company established the Suzuki Automotive Foundation for Life to distribute funds to a variety of community service organizations working to improve the quality of life in America.

"It is very rewarding to be able to give something back to the country that has given so much to us," says Toshiyuki Arai, president of Suzuki of America of Brea, Calif. "We believe that you should start friendships from the beginning."

The friendships Arai wanted most to acknowledge and nurture in the Foundation for Life's first year were with children and Native American Indians because, notes Arai, "Those two groups represent the future as well as the historical beginnings of America," he said.

Funding provided by the Foundation for Life in 1987 has been used for medical care and services, specialized training for disadvantaged children, and the creation of a substance abuse program for American Indian youths. Among the Foundation's recipients in 1987 were:

- Pacific Crest Outward Bound, Portland, Ore.–Grants enabled disadvantaged children to participate in a unique wilderness leadership training program.
- Children's Hospital, Richmond, Va.–Funds will be used for renovation of a rehabilitation center for disabled children.
- Native Americans for Community Action, Inc., Flagstaff, Ariz.–Funds will be used to create an alcohol and drug abuse prevention and treatment program for youths.

Native Americans for Community Action, Flagstaff, Ariz.

According to Doug Mazza, vice president and general manager, Suzuki of America is donating money to the Foundation from the sale of every Samurai sold in the U.S. "In addition," he says, "many of our 170 Samurai dealers are contributing to the Foundation for Life on a voluntary basis. By 1990, we hope to distribute $1 million annually through the Foundation."

Though still in its infancy, the Foundation has already had a positive effect in various communities. The Foundation seeks to support programs that stimulate the development of local human resources and encourage active volunteerism from community members. Of special interest to the Foundation are innnovative projects that can be replicated in other communities.

"We want to help make America an even better place to live," said Mazza. "And we want to help our disadvantaged neighbors help themselves."

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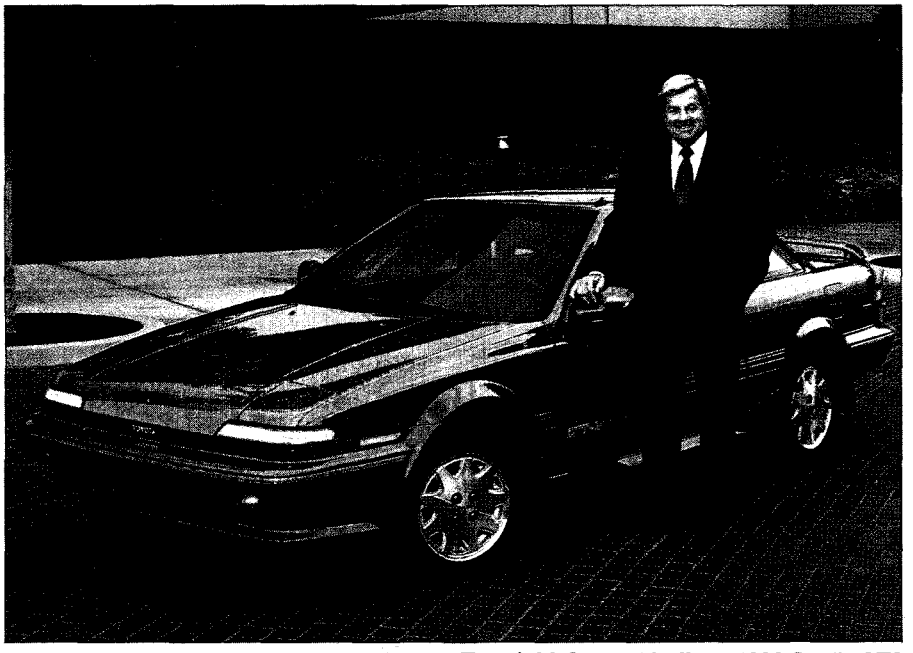
full-time China trade department here. Karino of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce points out: "Most Americans think [these] companies are almost entirely importing, [but in fact] they are doing more *exporting* from the U.S. than importing." A survey carried out by Arthur Young International for the Japanese Chamber of Commerce showed imports by the trading companies into the U.S. of $16 billion, and exports worth $21.4 billion. C. Itoh, for instance, sends around $2 billion of exports annually *from* the U.S. *to* Japan.

•

Foundations, Donations, and Quality Standards

Other contributions by the Japanese manufacturers here are also significant, but their effects are harder to quantify. Several of them – including Matsushita, Suzuki, and Toyota – have set up foundations, and the Shuwa Corporation has made a number of



Toyota's McCurry with all-new 1988 Corolla GTS

TOYOTA

U.S.-Grown Success for Toyota

Toyota is one international company which has grown its own business in the U.S. to $10 billion by selling an exceptionally high quality product. Robert B. McCurry, senior vice president of Toyota Motor Sales, notes that eight million Toyota cars and trucks are already registered to Americans; and when the big new Toyota plant in Georgetown, Ky. comes on stream next year, consumers will have more Toyotas to choose from.

This fall, despite the sluggishness of auto sales in the U.S., Toyota was down to a skimpy 23 days' supply. The reason for the company's popularity here is very simple: The quality of the product. McCurry points out that although Toyota has been marketing its top-selling Corolla here since 1968, no less than 80% of them are still on the American road. Toyota points with pride to the results of a study by the market research firm of J.D. Power & Associates, which reported that Toyota vehicles had fewer problems at or since delivery than any other make – and the fewest number of service problems while under warranty.

This quality shows up in just about everything Toyota touches. In a joint venture with General Motors, Toyota reopened GM's plant in Fremont, Calif. Under Toyota's management, the plant is approximately twice as productive and, observes McCurry, "Our dealers say the cars [Fremont] produces for Toyota are comparable to the product from Japan."

With 28 years at Chrysler before joining Toyota, McCurry speaks from a solid knowledge of the auto industry. The primary reason he gives for Toyota's leadership is the high integrity of the company. "Whatever they say they'll do, they do," he says with conviction. "They deliver."

Another major reason behind Toyota's reputation for high quality is its policy of reinvesting a high proportion of its profits. For example, 80% of the financing of its $800 million plant in Kentucky comes from profits generated here by Toyota Motor Sales.

With this and the 3,500 new jobs created by the Georgetown plant and another recently announced engine plant in Kentucky, Toyota continues to make significant contributions to America's economy. "Between us and our dealers and our associated companies, we provide employment to 55,000 Americans," says McCurry proudly.

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valuable donations. Most authorities maintain that the Japanese firms make an important contribution to U.S. technology and production standards through the new techniques they bring to manufacturing here, and through the training they give American employees. In this connection, it's worth noting that many Japanese companies, such as Toyota, Hitachi, and Brother, send substantial numbers of their U.S. personnel to observe their plants at home and to bring back ideas for improvement of their facilities in America. Many of the top Japanese firms, such as Mitsubishi Electric and Ricoh, already have important research and development facilities in the U.S. Many others, such as Hitachi and Canon, plan to do a great deal more such work here.

Few question that the Japanese insistence on quality has a beneficial effect on U.S. manufacturing generally. Keiji Endoh, chairman of Ricoh, makes the point that "Healthy competition produces better technology." As

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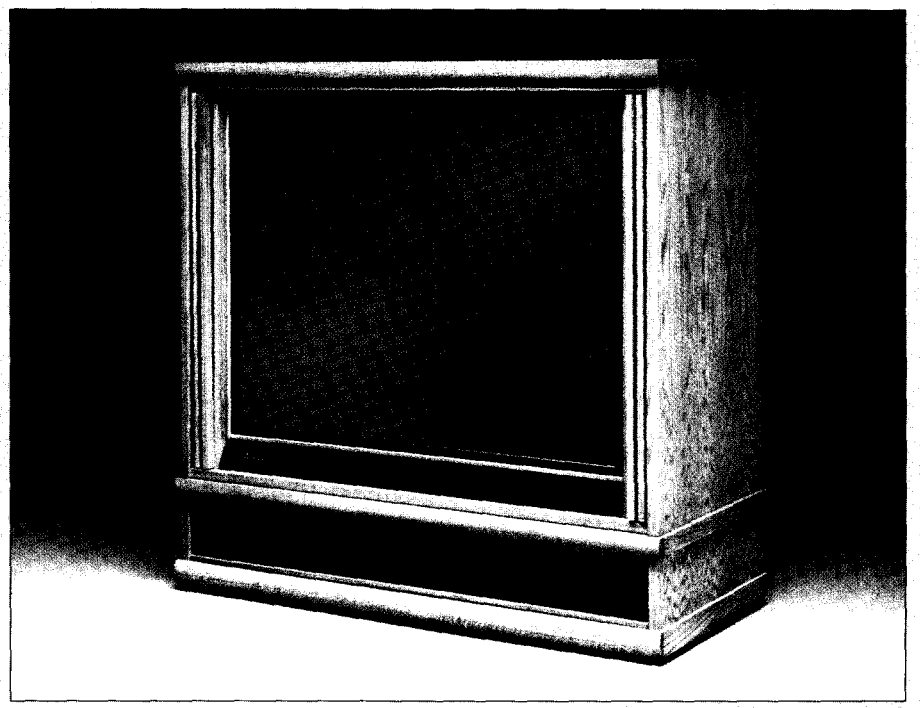

The big screen at home: Mitsubishi's 60" stereo monitor/receiver

Mitsubishi: High Tech Leader

Ever think of putting a really big TV screen in your home? Really big—like *two hundred* inches? A number of Americans are doing so–and getting excellent reception–thanks to Mitsubishi Electric.

Mitsubishi Electric is, in fact, by far the leading manufacturer of large video products. For the home, it pioneered the world's first 35" direct-view picture tube and for outdoors, the 846 square foot screens at Dodger Stadium, Yankee Stadium, and 40 other major U.S. sports facilities.

But if Mitsubishi Electric's innovation is most visible in video, it's also evident in a remarkable variety of other useful and valuable products, among them:

- The world's first spiral escalator.
- The Luma Video Phone–Until its introduction by Mitsubishi Electric, only the largest corporations could afford the machines and hookups required for a visual telephone. Today, however, the Luma Video Phone, which uses a standard phone line, and the Visitel, a visual telephone adaptor that retails for under $400, put these innovations within family reach.
- Home Automation System–A pushbutton control panel that allows homeowners to control their security, energy consumption, communications, and entertainment centrally.

With U.S. sales of $1.5 billion–and doubling every two years, according to Mitsubishi Electric president Kenji "Ken" Kitamura–this sales growth means growth in other areas important to the U.S. economy. The company is employing 2,500 here–of whom only 6% are Japanese–and that number is increasing rapidly as Mitsubishi Electric increases both its investment in the U.S. and the proportion of its product that is manufactured here. Two plants in Santa Ana, Calif. annually produce 580,000 color television and projection units, while a new factory in Norcross, Ga. produces TVs and cellular phone systems. Mitsubishi Electric is also constructing a new plant in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Kitamura estimates that its U.S. investment will be $100 million by the end of this decade.

In addition, other notable Mitsubishi Electric contributions to the U.S. economy include major investment in research, technology transfer, and the company's growing exports, already $200 million per year, of materials and products from the U.S. to Japan.

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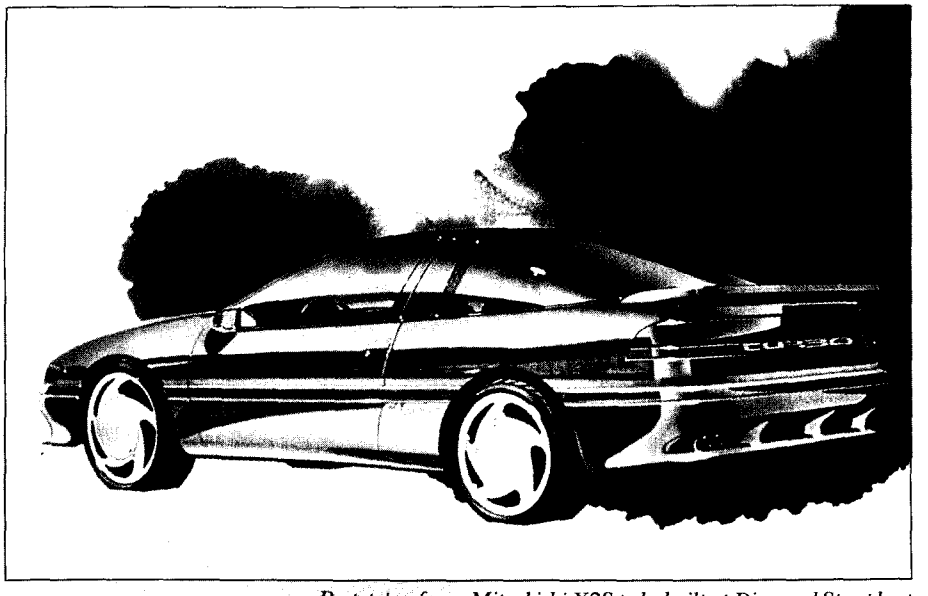
a major business magazine recently recounted, Globe Industries, a supplier of sound control and acoustical equipment to automotive companies, found an important difference when it started selling in 1980 to a Japanese manufacturer. "Where American customers used to settle for a tolerance of as much as 10 millimeters, the Japanese insisted that [the parts] be within 3 millimeters," they noted.

"Good places to work"

The Japanese have also shown many U.S. firms the way to better labor-management relations. At home, their time lost to work stoppages is considerably less than that of U.S. companies. The latest figures available, those for 1985, show that American business lost approximately one day that year for each 18 workers; Japanese business lost approximately one day for each 225 workers.

While it's impossible to make generic comparisons between Japa-



Prototype of new Mitsubishi X2S to be built at Diamond-Star plant

Mitsubishi: Keeping Pace with Demand

While many Japanese companies in the United States have grown fast, few major companies from any country can match Mitsubishi Motor Sales of America, Inc. (MMSA) in recent years. Sales of MMSA products have soared from fewer than 10,000 cars and trucks in 1982 to more than 100,000 in 1987, making it the fastest-growing Japanese import. While industry-wide vehicle sales have been flat this year, MMSA's have been booming – up 49% in the first half. And, they're expected to shoot up even faster – to around a quarter million in 1990 – following the launch of the company's first U.S.-built car.

MMSA's extraordinary performance is due principally to four factors, according to MMSA executive vice president Richard D. Recchia:

• Quality dealer network – The strategy of MMSA's parent organization – Tokyo-based Mitsubishi Motors Corp., one of the world's leading manufacturers of motor vehicles – to distribute through a small number of exclusive dealerships only in key import markets has kept their standards high and distribution network very efficient. Over the past three years, Mitsubishi dealerships have enjoyed the highest sales-per-dealer ratio of any Japanese, European, or American new-car dealer network.

MITSUBISHI MOTOR SALES OF AMERICA, Inc.

• Quality product from Japan – MMSA markets a broad spectrum of products, ranging from the sporty, turbocharged and intercooled Mitsubishi Starion ESI-R and the 3.0 liter V-6 powered Galant Sigma luxury sedan, to the company's two subcompact models and a line of two- and four-wheel drive trucks, a sport/utility vehicle and a seven-passenger minivan.

• Quality products from Korea – Mitsubishi technology is also the key to the success of its Korean-made Precis – a comfortable, well-equipped small car retailing for around $5,000, of which MMSA expects to sell 30,000 in 1987.

• U.S. production starting soon – Because Mitsubishi sales have grown so rapidly, Mitsubishi Motors Corp. entered into a 50/50 joint-venture partnership with Chrysler Motors to create Diamond-Star Motors Corp. With a brand new state-of-the-art facility in Normal, Ill. slated for opening in late 1988, Diamond-Star Motors will provide 120,000 cars annually for MMSA, including the new X2S Sports Coupe.

Employment at Diamond-Star is expected to reach approximately 2,900 people with a multiplier effect that, economists say, may well generate several times that number. And nearly all employes, including most management, will be Americans just as they are at MMSA.

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nese-owned plants in the U.S. and their domestically-owned counterparts here, one can generalize about many of the Japanese operations. Those at such companies as Honda, Nissan, and Bridgestone – all of which operate in sectors of traditional labor friction – have had no stoppages at all. It is also possible to make significant comparisons between individual operations:

• When a major American auto maker was running the plant in Fremont, there were reportedly 5,000 or so grievances outstanding, and the absentee rate was around 20%. With Toyota running it, there are closer to 50 grievances outstanding at any given time, and the absentee rate is 3-4%. Moreover, in terms of production per worker, the present figure is approximately double that of the past.

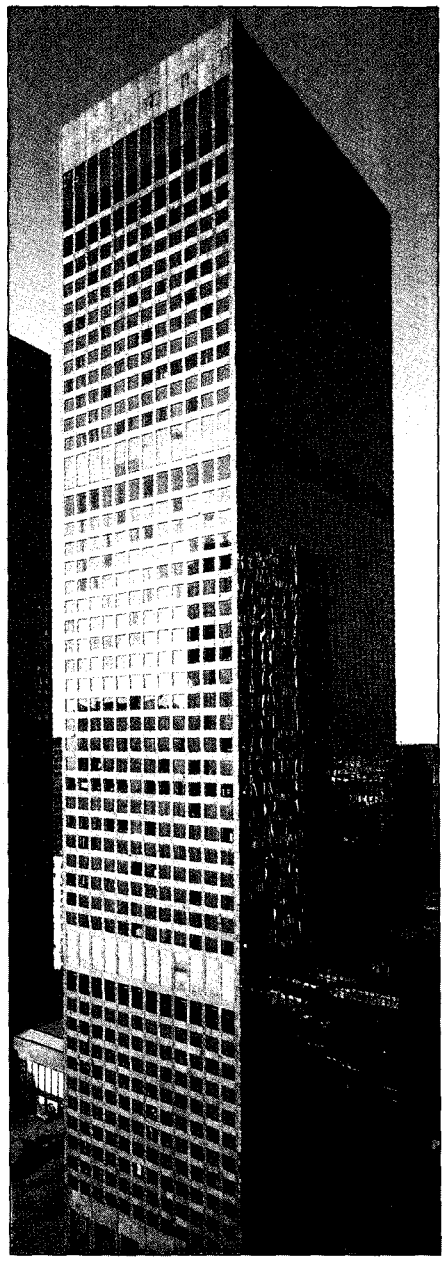
• A leading business magazine compared the situations at a Japanese-run auto plant in Ohio and a U.S.-run plant in the same state just

Shuwa: Investing in Opportunity

Shigeru Kobayashi, president of Shuwa Corporation, makes no secret of his feelings about the U.S. "I love America," says his company's brochure in large capital letters. And in demonstration of the strength of his convictions, Kobayashi has invested $2 billion in U.S. real estate.

In the past two years, Shuwa has acquired several of the most prestigious buildings in America: Atlantic Richfield Plaza in Los Angeles, the ABC building in New York, the Paine Webber building in Boston. Already the largest landlord in Southern California, as well as owner of a number of other significant buildings in Manhattan and San Francisco, Shuwa may well become one of the largest commercial landlords in America.

Shigeru Kobayashi's son Takaji, president of Shuwa's U.S. subsidiary, notes that among the properties Shuwa is particularly proud of are the low-income Alameda Apartments near San Francisco which are subsidized by the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Shuwa, in fact, was the first foreign corporation to be granted a contract by HUD – and the resulting apartments "are both handsome and good for the community," Takaji observes.



ARCO Tower, one of the twin buildings at Atlantic Richfield Plaza, Los Angeles

Community relations are extremely important to Shuwa. Buildings "change the skyline," notes Takaji Kobayashi, and therefore "in the real estate business there is a high level of responsibility to local communities." That's one reason, he says, why Shuwa makes substantial donations to several of the communities in which it is prominent. In Los Angeles, for example, the company gave $100,000 to the city – and $500,000 to its Museum of Contemporary Art.

Ideas like these should make Shuwa welcome as it spreads into other areas of the U.S., both in terms of business sectors and geography. Takaji observes that Shuwa has bought 250,000 square feet for development in Los Angeles, is negotiating for a 200,000 square foot project in Orange County, Calif., and has another 200,000 square feet under development in New Jersey.

The drive that has made Shuwa the fourth largest corporation in Japan within a very short time is evident in the way it does business in the U.S. The elder Kobayashi has reportedly said that he wants to own a building in all 50 states of the U.S., and his son is equally ebullient about Shuwa's intentions here. "We've only made half of our investment [in America]," he says. "In the next two or three years, we may do more than we have already. [And] it is very important that we have no intention of going back to Japan," says the younger Kobayashi. "The money we have invested here stays here."

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100 miles away. One Friday afternoon, the magazine reported, while the absentee rate at the first plant was about 2%, the rate at the second was 15%–forcing management to close the plant. Overall, they found, the Japanese plant is "almost twice as efficient."

The magazine also observed that, at the Japanese plant, the United Auto Workers union "hasn't been able to get a foot in the factory door"–and at many Japanese-run companies here employees seem so satisfied that unions are having a tough time getting in. "This is a good place to work," sums up an assembly-line worker at a Brother Industries plant in Tennessee.

A spokesman for Honda says labor relations are so good there that there really isn't a concept of labor and management, let alone labor *versus* management. Emphasizing this, he makes the point that everyone in the plant, including the president, wears a white uniform, that everyone eats in one of the company's cafeterias, and that everyone takes his or her chances with parking spaces. Nothing is reserved, he says, so if an executive arrives at 7:15 am–fifteen minutes before the office officially opens–he may have to park as much as half a mile away. Sam Kusumoto, president of Minolta Corporation, makes a revealing comparison between management practices: "If a Japanese company is in financial trouble, the first thing the management does is cut their own bonus; but here the first thing the management does is cut the workers' employment."

No Utopia

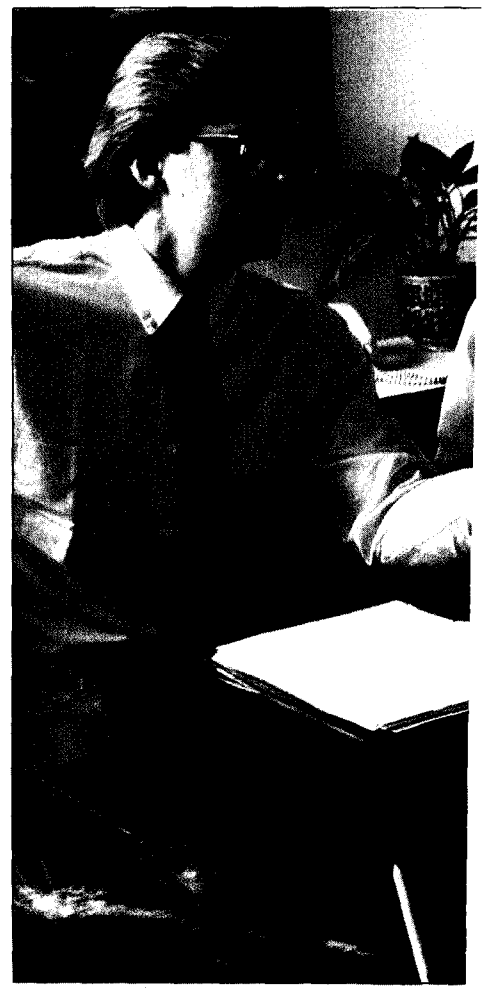
Be that as it may, nobody pretends there is a state of blissful harmony at all Japanese-owned operations. At the Sanyo plant in Forrest City, Ark., where the Japanese company rescued the town by taking over a faltering Whirlpool operation, there was sweetness, light, and gratitude for some years–but there have been two serious strikes. In general, however, there is a dramatic difference between the way Western and Japanese managers regard their workforces.

Japanese managements, experts say, treat their employes like people rather than as elements in the production process–and this shows up in employe comments. "They treat you with respect," says Renée Washington, an inspector on the production line at the new Brother plant in Bartlett, Tenn. "I feel good about coming to work," says Denise Jordan, a packer at the same plant. "The pay is good and they give you a chance to advance."

The opportunities at Japanese-owned companies run to all levels. "It is generally perceived," notes an Arthur Young study for the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, "that [these] companies are managed by Japanese nationals." The study revealed, however, that "60% of the people employed by Japanese companies in top executive positions are Americans." Nissan, as it is in hiring generally, is a standout in this regard. The president of Nissan Motor Manufacturing Corp. is an American, as are 11 of his 12 top managers. The only exception, according to a spokesperson, was made at the president's own request, to facilitate communications with Japan on financial questions. Almost similarly, at the new Toyota plant in Kentucky, two of the three top men are American, says vice president Alex Warren Jr., and "at the next level so are the general manager of the plant and all his managers."

A Technology Transfer That Favors America

The employment of Americans at the top level of Japanese companies reinforces another benefit of these companies' presence here: The transfer of technology. This transfer also brings benefits to the consumer, in price and in quality. Epson, whose strength in delivering both in personal computers has put it in the top five of U.S. computer manufacturers in retail sales, says that, "Every ten seconds of every hour of every business day"



someone in America puts a new computer or printer to work.

Similarly unquantifiable advantages accrue to the U.S. from other Japanese activities. One example: The way investors such as Shuwa Corporation provide liquidity to the real estate market. Takaji Kobayashi, president of Shuwa Investments, notes that, "Money invested [by us] in properties goes to developers who use it for their new development business–and to create new jobs. We think our investments of $2 billion may be [stimulating an investment of] as much as $5 or $10 billion."

When such unquantifiable advantages are added to the measurable advantages of employment, investment, reduction of the trade deficit–and to other intangibles such as

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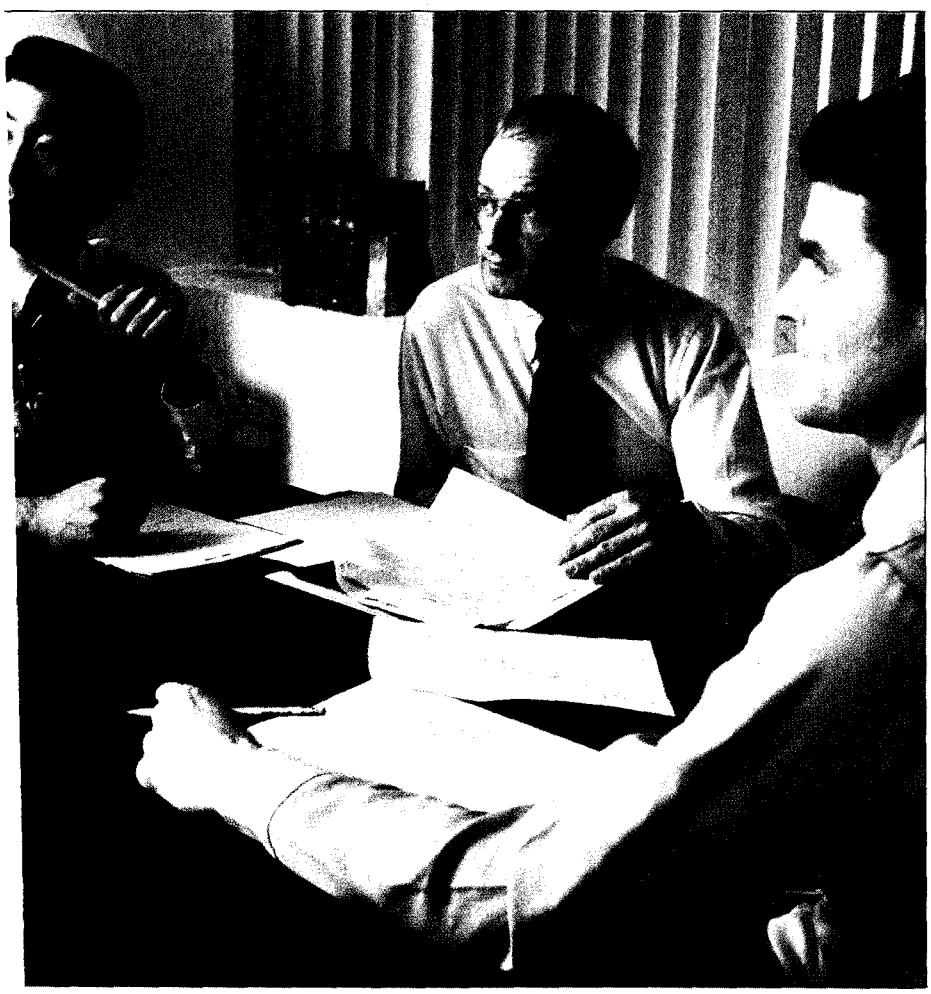

FourByFive

higher production standards – it is clear that in purely economic terms the Japanese presence here is extremely beneficial.

Groundless Fears

Some Americans, however, are worried that the Japanese presence may become so strong that it leads to economic *domination*. They evince a concern similar to that expressed by many Europeans in the late 1960s and the 1970s and typified by the well-known book of Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, *Le Défi Américain*: That the U.S. presence would lead to American domination of Europe.

To counter this concern, there are three firm assurances:

- First, although direct investment from Japan is substantial, it is not nearly as great as direct investment from other areas. Commerce Department figures up to 1985 – the latest available at this time – showed Japanese direct investment here as *one sixth* that of Europe.
- Second, although Japanese investment overseas has increased rapidly, it has increased considerably less rapidly, in real terms, than U.S. investment overseas increased a decade or so ago. Between 1970 and 1980, Commerce Department figures show, U.S. direct investment abroad rose from $75 billion to $215 billion. In 1985, U.S. direct investment in Britain alone was significantly larger than Japanese investment in the entire United States – and neither in Britain nor in the rest of Europe has U.S. investment led to domination.
- Third, even if Japanese direct investment in the U.S. grows as fast as authoritative estimates suggest, the economic impact will continue to be marginal rather than mainstream. Official projections suggest that Japanese-owned companies could be directly employing close to one million Americans in the next decade. A huge number, to be sure, and a very agreeable situation for most of those concerned – but they will be considerably fewer than 1% of the U.S. labor force.

As the *Washington Post* observed earlier this year, "Some Americans who took it as a matter of course (or, maybe, divine right) when the United States was buying up European properties, are disturbed when the shoe is on the other foot." The disturbance demonstrated itself in Congressional hearings and table-pounding in the early 1980s when Canadians bought a number of U.S. companies, but the alarm over the possibility of "Canadian economic domination" proved, as might have been expected, groundless.

Alarm about the possibility of Japanese economic domination should prove equally without foundation. N. Douglas Mazza, vice president and general manager of Suzuki of America Automotive Corporation, says, "The fear I'd have, as an American, is that our country would not be in the kind of shape that *would* attract foreign investment, because it's an integral part of America's success." Better topics for discussion, given the benefits brought by Japanese investment, would be ways to ensure that the U.S. gets its share – or more than its share – of this investment generally.

A New Competition

In this sense, the U.S. is competing with other nations for Japanese investment. Until a few years ago, our major competitors would have been the newly industrialized and less developed countries. But the major competition is now with Europe, as

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Keith Iceberg

Japanese companies find themselves confronting increasingly high protectionist barriers.

The U.S., with some 450 Japanese plants, is well ahead, but Europe is not doing badly. At the end of 1985, it was home to 218 Japanese plants – 122 in Britain, France, and Germany.

In terms of such vital variables as return on investment, quality of production, and labor relationships, Japanese officials say there isn't much difference between the U.S. and Europe. And whereas Europe did offer an important advantage in terms of labor costs when the dollar was high, the current decline of the dollar against other currencies has changed that. Experts say that U.S. labor costs in manufacturing this year are around $14 per hour, against $16 per hour in West Germany, and $11 to $12 per hour in France and Italy – and, incidentally, Japan.

Where the U.S. does offer key advantages are in its hospitality, and in the size and integration of its market. Minolta's Kusumoto notes that, "Even the teachers here are very patient with pupils who don't understand English." He believes the U.S. is the only country in the world which provides this kind of welcoming attitude in its public schools – and he notes with approval that, "In New York and New Jersey you can take your driving test in Japanese."

As for the market's size, it's worth noting that although the European Community is now larger in population, with some 325 million against the United States' 245 million, America is still substantially larger in per capita purchasing power. And, despite all the Europeans' efforts to break down their internal barriers to intra-Community trade, these barriers remain considerable – particularly in comparison with the freedoms of interstate commerce in America.

The U.S. scores low in two areas: The difficulty Japanese firms experience in obtaining visas for key personnel, and in litigiousness. On the first point, it's probably no better and no worse than most European countries, though the problem is a source of considerable irritation to potential investors here. As one Japanese official puts it, "The U.S. authorities want the Japanese plants, the states want them, the communities want them, but even when the investment is huge, they won't give us the visas for engineers who are used to setting up such equipment."

The second point, fear of liability litigation, is even more of a potential deterrent. Says Karino of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce: "When our members get together, protecting themselves against liability is at the top of the list [of subjects they discuss]. How many cars," he asks, "does a manufacturer have to sell to offset a $10 million liability award?" And one Japanese authority, addressing a business group in Tokyo, put the matter this way: "As you know, the United States is a litigious society; lawsuits develop over even minor problems. Of course, insurance is taken out, but, even in a society with so much insurance, it is now difficult to even obtain [liability] insurance in the first place." Other Japanese authorities make the point that the number of civil cases filed there is approximately one-fiftieth of the number filed in the U.S. – perhaps in some part a reflection of the fact that the U.S. has 45 times as many lawyers as Japan.

Anything the U.S. can do to alleviate such concerns has to be beneficial. Just as American investment overseas has been an important force in the growth of overseas markets for American goods, as well as a major source of profit for American business, Japanese investment here is an important source of employment, growth, and general economic well-being. If any American has any doubts, he should ask Mayor Dan Theobald of Shelbyville, Ind. ■

"Made in America" was prepared in cooperation with the Japanese Chamber of Commerce. The editorial for this advertising supplement was produced by John Carson-Parker, former senior editor of *Business Week*, and now a freelance writer specializing in financial, economic, and geopolitical commentary. He, and not the editors of this magazine, is solely responsible for the editorial material in this supplement.

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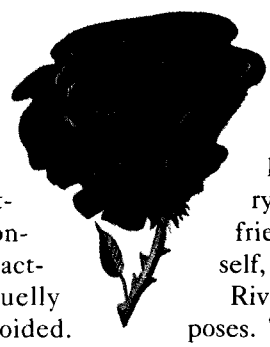
band because of her conviction that he favored his sons (her stepsons) over her. The quarrel was centered on the allocation of money and time, not eroticism.

Now, as I have already said, many people will find themselves in rivalrous triangles at some time in their lives, either through longing for someone who is committed elsewhere or as the hapless spouse or lover of someone who, while still manifestly committed, embarks on a love affair. But for most people these rivalrous entanglements, painful as they are, are transient episodes—though sometimes crucial ones—in their erotic histories. Even where triangular involvements are the enactment of unresolved Oedipal conflicts, these conflicts may be worked through in their very enactment or, alternatively, experienced as so cruelly painful that they are henceforth assiduously avoided.

Triangles allow the lover to yield enough to fall in love, but they simultaneously guard against the loss of the self, because complete union with the beloved is averted by circumstance.



In contrast are those people whose entire erotic careers, or, at least, long parts of them, consist of triangles. Such was the case with Ivan Turgenev. Paramount in his personal life, the triangle also found its way into his fiction, where it appeared as a major theme—a parallel eloquently demonstrated by the scholar Leonard Schapiro, in a critical essay about *Spring Torrents*. In 1843, when he was twenty-five and not yet an acclaimed writer, Turgenev met Pauline Viardot, twenty-two, already famous, married, and making her operatic debut in Russia. Despite all that was to happen between them, Schapiro wrote, Turgenev "loved her deeply and all-absorbingly for forty years, literally until his death." In the beginning all was well. He fell in love with her at first sight, and she responded; they loved each other for some seven years. But then she broke away and effected a reconciliation with her husband. Apparently Turgenev and Viardot never resumed their relationship at the same level of intensity, but except for two years (1857–1859) he was always in touch with her. In 1863 he took up residence in Baden-Baden to be near her, her husband, and their children, and from then on the Viardot household was his main emotional preoccupation. Viardot is thought to have been the dominant force in their relationship; she seems to have possessed the will to command that he so admired (apparently first in his father) but that he lacked. Despite Turgenev's apparent happiness, Schapiro notes, Turgenev constantly made remarks to the effect "that he had failed to 'weave himself a nest' in life and had been forced to perch on the edge of strange nests."

In *Spring Torrents*, Sanin (the Turgenev figure) betrays his betrothed, Gemma, for the femme fatale Maria Nikolaevna. Turgenev described Maria as "cast in the image of a young female creature who simply radiated that destructive, tormenting, quietly inflammatory temptation with which Slav natures alone . . . know how to drive us poor men, us sinful, weak men, out of our minds." But Maria is married. Ultimately she humiliates and then banishes him, but his triangular preoccupation is not exhausted. Years later, alone and feeling depressed and depleted, he finds a garnet cross of Gemma's and begins to reminisce about the pure love he and Gemma once shared. He sets out to find her, learns that she has married and gone to America, and at the story's end sets sail, no doubt to install himself as friend and family intimate—like Turgenev himself, to perch on the edge of a strange nest.

Rivalrous triangles may serve some secondary purposes. They may afford the lover a safeguard against forbidden impulses. If derived from an incestuous desire, for example, they may guard against the prohibited impulse, by deflecting it onto someone largely unavailable. Triangles may also protect the lover from his fears of falling in love, particularly from a fear of engulfment. They allow the lover to yield enough to fall in love, but they simultaneously guard against the loss of the self which is feared, because complete union with (or commitment to) the beloved is averted by circumstance.

One middle-aged man, judged by his professional peers a force to be reckoned with, felt quite differently about himself. He experienced his public persona merely as a protection against long-standing, deep feelings of an altogether different nature. As a child, though doted on by his mother, he had been intimidated by his rigidly authoritarian father—typically Teutonic, as the son described him. Next to him, the boy had felt helpless, inferior, and unmanned—feelings that were intensified by growing up Jewish in a virulently anti-Semitic country. He remembers with amusement that, as a boy, he felt elevated when by chance he had a casual conversation at a box office with one of the local aristocrats. He married quite conventionally and lovelessly. As his success in the world increased, he ventured more and more away from home, indulging in sexual affairs, though they were essentially casual. His position, and the fact that he often traveled, assured him of easy access to women.

Almost by accident he stumbled into an affair that evolved into the great love of his life. The woman thought about and judged the world much as he did, and she seemed to him both exotic and imperious. On their first meeting he told her that he found her interesting; instead of thanking him, she accepted this homage as her due. His

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interest was piqued—all the more so when she said that she could not see him, since he was already married and she was looking for a younger man to marry and have children with. Nonetheless, she deigned to be courted, and he promised a good many things he may or may not have meant, the promises interspersed with flowers and gifts and trips. Their affair provided him with what he needed, and he probably would have remained satisfied in a split-object triangle, gradually losing interest in his newfound love, except that she asserted her power. What tipped the balance was her precipitate marriage to someone else—which came as a shock to him. Only then did his love reach the boiling point, and he suddenly felt that life would not be worth living without her. After much Sturm und Drang, she essentially took her lover into the marriage with her (for reasons I will return to, in the discussion of the split-object triangle). Over time he separated from his wife but could never move out of the sphere of influence of his beloved, where he remains to this day, having renounced his lifelong propensity for split-object triangles in favor of participation in a rivalrous one, paradoxically achieving the first intense and enduring love affair of his life.

Perhaps a metamorphosis like his cannot be fully understood, for it draws on too many complexities of character. In part, though, I believe the shift in his adaptation to the world was facilitated by his success: this strengthened his sense of self and thereby allowed him to acknowledge his deep longing for passivity and his fatal attraction to someone of strong will. At the same time, the triangular configuration he finally entered into afforded him some protection against total submission and both gratified and checked the passivity that was so fundamental to his nature.

Split-Object Triangles

A MARRIED WOMAN OR MAN WHO TAKES A LOVER MAY be only indulging in a dalliance, in which case he or she may view it as irrelevant to the marriage. But when an adulterous affair becomes a passion rather than a diversion, a split-object triangle develops, with a split in valuation between the spouse and the lover, the marriage and the affair. The spouse, if not actually loathed, comes to be seen as limited, at the very least. The marriage, if not bad, is experienced as stultifying. The lover comes to equate the unsatisfactory spouse with an impoverished marriage, and the new beloved with a rich affair. This split in the lover's evaluation is commonly simplified to a "bad" situation on the one hand, and a "good" one on the other. Even so, the lover is often consumed by guilt for what he experiences as a betrayal of his obligations.

One should not, however, be too quick to assume that one has understood the true motivation for any given split-object triangle. The impulse for a spouse to fall in love with someone other than the marriage partner may be eminently sensible. Some marriages are dead and others are dreadful. But sometimes the impulse to run away from home, so to speak, reflects an inability on the part of the spouse to stay in love or to sustain ambivalence within the context of a loving relationship. Some lovers are simply incapable of risking a one-on-one commitment. In a formally committed relationship like marriage, they experience a threat to their autonomy or feel consumed by anger.

When love flowers in an adulterous situation, what normally occurs in falling in love is, often, exaggerated. The lover's obsession with the beloved must now extend also to an obsession with the logistics of the affair. The lover is simultaneously rearranging time and concocting explanations of his absence for his spouse—delays, longer working hours, unavailability. The attempt to conceal an affair from one's spouse takes on gargantuan—and sometimes ludicrous—proportions. To some extent, the lover's obsession with arrangements becomes the expression of his love; it serves as a release from the monotony of life away from the beloved, because it appears to serve the purpose of love—to bring them together. (It may also become a source of discontent. So much arranging, when not sufficiently appreciated by the beloved, can itself become just another duty or obligation.)

The lover often feels the anguish of needing to make a choice. He may be torn between the guilt he feels toward his wife and children and the guilt he feels for failing to cement his tie to his beloved. He is consumed with longing for her. Uncertainties as to whether he is really in love and doubts about whether the beloved really loves him are intense, especially when the lovers are separated. The lover reproaches himself, worrying about his children and his wife. Sometimes he will still desire his wife, and sometimes he will resent his children: they stand between him and his new love. Perhaps, if he is introspective, he may also intuit that earlier they might have come between him and their mother, causing the first breach in his marriage. He wants to spare the children and yet he wishes them out of the way. He also worries about the beloved, fearing that he may be harming her by using up her best years.

Thus far, a split love object appears to be the problematic dynamic. However, the lover may find that his concerns shift abruptly, such that he obsesses about whether or not his beloved is abandoning hope and considering an affair with someone else. The guilty, despairing lover will now be transformed into the jealous lover, the triangle converted into a rivalrous one.

Just as the protagonist in a rivalrous triangle may use anger to counteract unbearable jealousy and anxiety, so, too, the protagonist in a split-object triangle may try to evoke anger in the betrayed spouse in order to feel legitimately angry in return and thereby surmount the sometimes overwhelming sense of guilt. One betrayed husband declared that had he, rather than his wife, been having an affair, he would have been unusually nice to her, rather than mean, as she was being to him. But he failed to understand the dynamics of guilt. (His wife always held that his psychological naiveté was at the heart of the failure of their marriage.)

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One man who was involved in a passionate affair stopped sleeping with his wife. Curiously enough, she never suspected any infidelity but thought he was depressed. He began to find fault with her, and she retaliated in kind. Their marriage deteriorated into little more than continual bickering. Feeling misused, she demanded more and more material things. By this time the husband felt quite justified in his affair: he was, after all, married to a shrew. He divorced his wife, married his mistress, and blamed his wife for the demise of the marriage. According to his interpretation of past events, had she been good-hearted and patient, he would never have made a final break. As is often said, short memories preserve good consciences.

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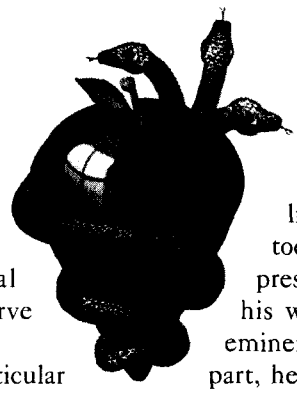

In general, it is hard to predict what any particular adulterous lover will do—stay in his marriage or leave. Even if he loves his mistress, the strength of his attachment to his wife may preclude his leaving her. Then, too, in some triangles the real love affair exists between the married couple. Their love may be submerged in routine, disguised for the time being as mere attachment, but when threatened it can be reawakened. In the movie *The Women*, based on the play by Clare Boothe Luce, the mother of the betrayed wife explains to her daughter that her husband still loves her and is not tired of *her* but tired of *himself*, and therefore in need of seeing himself reflected in another woman's eyes. Women, she explains, when they feel tired of themselves, renew themselves by buying new clothes or changing their hair, but men don't have enough imagination to do that, so they look for another mirror in which to view themselves, rather than changing the image in the mirror.

Frequently the mistress hopes against hope that her lover will eventually free himself, while the wife consoles herself with the belief that her husband will eventually tire of his mistress. Apparently, one or the other must ultimately be proved correct. But the split-object triangle may last, unresolved, a very long time—sometimes until one of the participants dies (as was the case, for example, with Victor Hugo, Adele Hugo, and Juliette Drouet). In such long-term situations the split-object triangle is likely to seem important to the lover in and of itself. In fact, it serves the psychological function of a reverse triangle and protects him from fears of abandonment or humiliation.

And sometimes, to the absolute horror of mistress and wife, the lover breaks with both, only to take up with still another woman, whom he eventually marries. One man, apparently exasperated by his wife's utter lack of interest in his work, began a long romantic liaison with his assistant. He experienced the resulting split in his life as increasingly debilitating and managed to bring it to resolution by arranging (unconsciously) for his wife to come upon an incontrovertible piece of evidence pointing to his long-standing infidelity. Unable to deny the situation any longer, she asked him to leave, and he did. But strangely enough, he did not move in with his assistant—perhaps, he now thinks, looking back, because he did not want to merge both his personal and his professional life with one person. Or perhaps he was already too angry at his lover-assistant for the relentless pressure she had brought to bear on him to leave his wife, or perhaps her increasing professional eminence posed a competitive threat. Perhaps, in part, he felt she had used him to further her own career. Whatever the reason, within a year he was utterly enraptured by still another woman, whom he had met on a business trip and whom he subsequently married.

It is not only men who engage in split-object triangles. A colleague asked me to read her paper on the subject of the professional woman, prior to its publication. In it she commented that all her professional women patients had had at least one significant extramarital affair. I advised her against publishing the paper, because it could cause considerable trouble in her patients' lives should they or their husbands ever read it (not to mention the possible legal ramifications). And so it happened that a very interesting paper was never published. Despite her data and my own clinical experience, which verifies the frequency of adulterous affairs among married women, nonetheless it still appears that men are more likely to form *reverse* triangles, not because women are either more timid or more moral but for developmental reasons.

Some people engage in what I would consider imaginative split-object triangles. They lead conventional monogamous lives but hold to the belief (sometimes articulated, sometimes not) that they are still deeply in love with someone with whom they once shared a great love. One elderly gentleman, in a marriage that most of his friends regard as exemplary, will occasionally confide that he loved someone else early in his marriage but that because he was an honorable man, he stayed the course and gave up his one true love. Of course, he regards his wife as a most remarkable woman, but his true feelings, he assures his listener, are on a different plane. One sometimes senses a twofold purpose in such confidences. Often the feelings articulated are deeply authentic ones and serve the same goals (in a safer way) that enacted split-object triangles do. But sometimes they are tentative feelers to explore new

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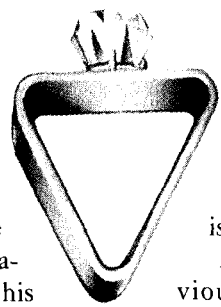
imaginative possibilities—depending, of course, on the response of the confidant.

One important variant of the split-object triangle brings many people (men more often than women) into therapy. In these triangles the spouse is gradually but invariably transformed from the beloved into an ogre. The wife is not overtly regarded with guilt; she is hated and feared. She is perceived ambivalently as hostile and potentially threatening, yet also as the embodiment of stability—providing safety through constraints. She serves the role of the jailer, the woman assigned to protect the husband from himself. In contrast, the beloved is perceived as a paragon of freedom and spontaneity, though perhaps not someone sturdy or mature enough to be relied upon. Freud spoke of the madonna-whore complex, in which a man might love his wife and yet, in order to spare her his sordid sexual urges, transfer his sexual longings to the "whore." The triangles I am describing here are quite different. The spouse is not metamorphosed into an asexual madonna; on the contrary, she is viewed as an overcontrolling, intense, all-powerful mother figure. She comes to be experienced as menacing, and is resented because of her right to make demands and place strictures on her husband. The more dependent he is on her, the more he will resent her.

It will dawn on him that the women he has loved did not undergo malevolent transformations as a consequence of marriage but were transformed by his withdrawal and hostility.



The protagonist in these triangles may gradually become aware that history repeats itself, and he will find this alarming. He will discover that as soon as he achieves his freedom from his tyrannical wife and commits himself to his mistress, she will be transformed into a locus of duty and hostility and he will have duplicated his marriage. Then he will once more be drawn to a younger, simpler, and apparently less demanding woman. To his dismay—if he has any self-awareness—it will gradually dawn on him that the succession of women he has loved did not undergo malevolent transformations of their personalities as a consequence of marriage but rather were transformed by his withdrawal and hostility or, even worse, were transformed only in his imagination. In another variation on the theme of history repeating itself, the mistress may fear that her adulterous lover, having betrayed his wife, will betray her in turn. Francoise Gilot, contemplating her predecessors with Picasso, observed that neither independence nor compliance spared them his disenchantment, and so she was better prepared for the inevitable transformation of his perception of her, too.

Sometimes a lover appears to have an underlying psychological need to depreciate and ultimately betray his beloved. But most of us are loath to come to such a conclusion about ourselves. We prefer to rationalize the causes of those rejections we initiate and those we witness and benefit from in the role of the newly beloved: "I had to leave him before his dullness destroyed me" or "He couldn't stand her because she had become a prattling, bourgeois housewife," and so forth. Yet whether we acknowledge it or not, some people are psychologically predisposed to betray those who love them. Usually, such a person has felt betrayed himself (whether the betrayal actually occurred or was merely a fantasy, recently or in early life), identifies with the aggressor, and is prepared to disrupt the lives of successive lovers in the search for reparation for past wrongs. (The original betrayer from whom the person learns betrayal is most often a figure from childhood.)

A typical example is the young woman, previously mentioned, who took her distinguished older lover into her marriage. As a child, she had been morbidly ashamed of her ungainly mother and inordinately proud of her charming, virtuoso father. But her relationship with him was marred by her perception that he preferred her older and less gifted sister. Nonetheless, she looked for validation and for succor from a series of nurturant men. Her first serious love affair proved disappointing, and she sought something more intense in the affair with the married man for whom she worked. That adulterous affair awakened her to the profound joys of truly passionate love, though it failed to become a permanent relationship. Her latent anger toward her father (he had dared prefer her sister!) now found expression in the disappointed and angry feelings aroused by her lover's failure to marry her, and caused her to be on her guard with all men. She solved this problem—the conflict between her need for male nurturance and her basic distrust of men—by entering into a series of split-object (reverse) triangles. Consequently, it seemed natural to her to continue her affair with the older, caretaking lover even after she married—and she did indeed seem to thrive on the emotional largesse of two devoted men. Though she, as the dominant force in the split-object triangle, might appear to have been in the power position, she (like others in similar situations) clearly suffered from a fundamental weakness—the inability to risk all and to love full out.

While the suffering lover in a rivalrous triangle may envy the apparent invulnerability of the lover in a split-object triangle, the latter has plenty of woes of his own, some of them profoundly debilitating. The guilt generated in the split-object triangle is itself corrosive and antagonistic to the goodness the lover feels (and aspires to) in happy love. Complications abound, and the fragmented lover may

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come to feel depleted, longing not for love but for solitude. At this point the lover may abandon both relationships and enact one or another of the standard fantasies of escape into splendid isolation (for example, retreating to a secluded cabin or to some contemporary equivalent of the French Foreign Legion). Such was the fate of the protagonist in the Isaac Bashevis Singer novel *Enemies, A Love Story*. This man, a survivor of the Holocaust, marries the Christian woman who, at great risk to herself, saved him. He acquires a mistress and is suddenly brought up short by the appearance of his first wife, whom he had believed dead. With his life split into too many pieces, he has little choice but to disappear. For some of us, life is an endless process of shuttling back and forth between the solitary state and pairings, pairings and triangles, triangles and the solitary state, never finding our preferred place of rest.

Displaced-Incestuous Triangles

DISPLACED-INCESTUOUS TRIANGLES DO NOT involve love (or sex) between members of one family; rather, two family members share a lover, either simultaneously or sequentially. Woody Allen's movie *Hannah and Her Sisters* is a virtual celebration of interlocking triangles and emotions. Two of the key triangles in the film involve Hannah (Mia Farrow), who is portrayed as happy and mature, and is envied by her two sisters. Hannah's husband (Michael Caine) lusts after her beautiful and sexy sister Lee (Barbara Hershey), who succumbs to his advances. (In the end he reveals that he really loved Hannah all along, and he stays with her.) Hannah had once fixed up her previous husband (Woody Allen) with her coked-up, discombobulated sister Holly (Dianne Wiest), with disastrous results. This misadventure is redeemed when Holly and Hannah's ex-husband accidently meet again, fall in love, and decide to marry. Each of Hannah's sisters, then, sleeps with one of her husbands. (There are still other triangles in this film. One involves the request by Hannah and her first husband, who is apparently infertile, that a good friend of theirs donate sperm so that she might get pregnant.)

The strength of the film lies in its portrayal of the rich emotional mix characteristic of real life: the sisters are competitive and erotically rivalrous, but they are also affectionate, helpful, and compassionate toward one another. By passing on a discarded husband to her sister, Hannah is denying feelings of sibling rivalry (and Oedipal competition, from which sibling rivalry in part derives). Sometimes such an act may conceal—and covertly reveal—a homosexual urge, which is being symbolically mediated through a shared man.

But what of the triangles from the point of view of Hannah's husbands? What is the impulse that leads some people to involve themselves emotionally and erotically with more than one member of a family? In a general way, the desire reflects a taste or tendency for complexity and density. Such complexities may be necessary to a piquant emotional life. More particularly, the urge is a variant of the one that results in a split-object triangle in which the lover displaces unresolved incestuous fixations onto the objects of his affection. When displaced-incestuous triangles form a large part of a person's erotic preoccupation, they derive from Oedipal fixations and longings that may present themselves in other ways as well. Clinically one often observes a predilection for the exotic and forbidden (as an alternate form of displacement of Oedipal desire) along with the displaced-incestuous preoccupation. For example, a woman I know, a proper Anglo-Saxon Protestant, was never attracted to men of her own background but always to Asian men. (Her father had been stationed in the Orient during the Second World War, when she was a child, and apparently Asian men were both a protection against her fantasies about him and a symbolic stand-in for him.) The single exception to this predilection was an instance in which she was simultaneously attracted to two Caucasian brothers.

Part of the appeal of the movie *The Graduate* may have been that it was one of the first films to deal with the fairly common male fantasy of being involved with both a mother and her daughter (an intense reverse triangle of the first order, in which the man is not competing with his father for his mother but the mother and daughter are competing for him). The incestuous preoccupation has been externalized, and the protagonist "plays" with it at some remove. Sometimes mothers and daughters have love affairs with the same man, just as fathers and sons may love the same woman. I have known two men who married the daughters of former mistresses—or, to put it the other way around, two daughters who married their mothers' former lovers. In Judith Krantz's novel *Mistral's Daughter*, Maggy, who is the painter Julian Mistral's model-mistress and the inspiration for some of his best work, loses him to another woman. Later her own daughter, Teddy, has a love affair with Mistral (for Teddy, a thinly disguised case of re-finding the rivalrous Oedipal triangle) and has a child by him.

The Erotic Appeal of the Rival and the Attraction to Couples

OCCASIONALLY, PARTICIPANTS IN TRIANGULAR LOVE relationships discover something shocking within themselves: a deep sexual attraction to their rivals. This may be manifested only in apparently inexplicable dream fragments or flashes of fantasy. The negative Oedipal complex—which is founded on sexual desire for one's parent of the same sex—and a homosexual longing for the rival often come into play in love triangles.

A masterly account of the complexities of triangular love can be found in Milan Kundera's *Unbearable Lightness of Being*. In that novel Tereza reads the mail of her lover, Tomas, and discovers his ongoing infidelity with Sabina. She then has a nightmare in which the three of them are in a room together and Tomas orders her to watch him make love to Sabina on a raised platform bed. She awakens and

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tells Tomas of her nightmare. The next day Tomas goes to his desk and finds this passage in one of Sabina's letters to him: "I want to make love to you in my studio. It will be like a stage surrounded by people," whereupon he realizes that Tereza has read his mail. He forgives Tereza for this, but she is unable and unwilling to forgive him for his transgression, though she is equally unable to give him up. She remains tormented by his infidelity. Later she incorporates the image of the raised bed and Sabina into her lovemaking with Tomas. "As time passed, the image lost some of its original cruelty and began to excite Tereza. She would whisper the details to him while they made love." Still later Tereza and Sabina have an encounter, in Sabina's studio, with distinctly sexual overtones. It excites them both, though both ultimately draw back from it. More interesting still, Tereza ultimately models her professional identity on what she has learned from Sabina.

While the knowledge of betrayal by one's lover causes pain, it may also generate considerable sexual excitement. This fact, as well as the occasional manifestation of a deeply buried sexual longing for one's rival, point to the contamination of a love affair by unresolved Oedipal material. In particular, homosexual longing for one's rival suggests the ongoing influence of a highly developed negative Oedipus complex, along with the positive one. (This is a manifestation of bisexuality, a universal propensity.) In this case the lover is simultaneously attracted to and jealous of both partners in the couple, just as he once was with his parents.

Some lovers do manage affectionate relationships with their rivals, and treasure ongoing relationships with them. While some wives use the occasion of a spouse's death to exact revenge on a rival, others initiate closer ties with the mistress. Together they share memories of their lost love.

There are also those who attach themselves amorously or half-amorously—sometimes even asexually—to both partners in a couple. An example, it seems, would be David Diamond's intense friendships with both Carson McCullers and her husband, Reeves McCullers. Diamond, a composer, was drawn to both of them from their first meeting, and his diary entries—excerpted by Carson's biographer Virginia Spencer Carr—are explicit about his dual inclinations: "Now I have met *this* love—this lovable child-woman—whose loneliness hit me the moment I entered Muriel Rukeyser's apartment. . . . I met her husband, whom I know I love." "What has happened to me since meeting Carson and now Reeves, her husband. Carson, whose magnetism and strange sickly beauty stifles me, gnaws at me, and I know it is that I love these two human beings. It is a great love I feel. It will nourish me or destroy me." At first the McCullerses drew him into their marriage. But the marriage was disintegrating, and Diamond, pulled into the maelstrom, yearned for a passionate attachment first with one, then with the other, and did live for a time with Reeves. Carson, who previously had championed the legitimacy of homosexual relationships, was nonetheless devastated by this turn of events and the sense of exclusion she felt. Carr believes that Carson's triangular relationship with Reeves and Diamond figured heavily in her fascination with the "we of me" that became the central motif in her novel *The Member of the Wedding*. The triangle that haunted her fictional character Frankie haunted the author in reality. According to Carr, Carson found the idea of an exclusive permanent relationship between these two men distasteful. Carr goes on to say: "A we of me relationship was good only as long as it suited Carson—and included her—but it was devastating if it left her out." Ten years later, after Carson and Reeves were back together, Diamond saw them again, but with trepidation and hesitation: ". . . I feel they may still be able to *force* me to accept *their* helplessness and loneliness as a part of my own." Diamond did not, however, become hopelessly stuck in his role as an adjunct to a couple. He eventually found a meaningful and lasting liaison one-on-one.

Sometimes it is altogether unclear whom the lover regards as the object of desire and whom as the rival. One encounters men (and some women) whose preferred masturbation fantasy is the image of a couple making love. In this fantasy the protagonist is present merely as a voyeur. Now, clearly, the same fantasy does not always have the same meaning for everyone, but in some cases this fantasy represents a fixation on the parental couple, in which it is the very exclusion from the parental bedroom and the fantasized primal scene that has itself been eroticized.

NO LOVE PAIRING IS IMMUNE FROM TRIADIC components. Most often, these can be incorporated into the couple's relationship and need not be corrosive. Particularly when they take form only as fleeting fantasies, such triangles may even be enriching to love.

To the degree that triangular preoccupations are actualized in extramarital love affairs (or merely sexual ones, for that matter), they are likely to be destructive, containing, as they do, inherent fault lines and dangers. The intrinsic problems of such triangles derive from their instability, their hidden agendas, their connection with power plays, and the inevitable frustrations and insecurities they engender in each of the three principals. This is not to say that a couple that cleaves to form a triangle may not ultimately survive as a couple, but their love may be fractured. The lovers' sense of mutual priority and trust will have been violated in such a fundamental way that it may not be entirely reparable.

Yet in some instances triangles prove adaptive or adulterous love proves life-sustaining. Then, too, the original pairing may be dissolved and replaced by a new one.

But while for some people triangles are merely temporary arrangements in response to circumstances or dissatisfactions, for others they are the primary focus. To the extent that a person is fixated on triangular relationships (for example, when a woman falls in love only with married men), that person is engaged in self-defeating behavior and is eroding the pleasures of love. □

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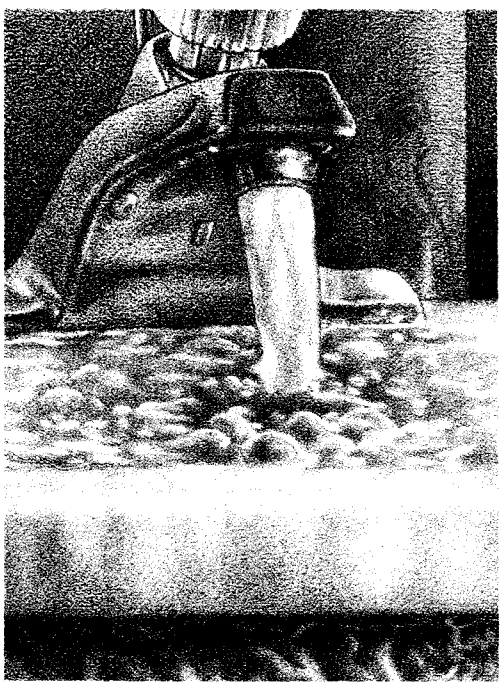
A Short Story

SINKING HOUSE

BY T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE



AFTER MONTY'S LAST BREATH caught somewhere in the back of his throat, with a sound like the tired wheeze of an old screen door, the first thing she did was turn on the water. She leaned over him a minute to make sure, and then she wiped her hands on her dress and shuffled into the kitchen. Her fingers trembled as she jerked at the lever and felt the water surge against the porcelain. Steam rose in her face; a glitter of liquid leapt for the drain. Croak, that's what they called it. Now she knew why. She left the faucet running in the kitchen and crossed the living room, swung down the hallway to the guest bedroom, and turned on both taps in the bathroom there. Almost as an afterthought she decided to fill the tub, too.

For a long while she sat in the leather armchair in the living room. The sound of running water—pure, baptismal, as uncomplicated as the murmur of a brook in Vermont or a toilet at the Waldorf—soothed her. It trickled and trilled, burbling from either side of the house and driving down the terrible silence that crouched in the bedroom over the lifeless form of her husband.

The afternoon was gone and the sun was plunging into the canopy of the big eucalyptus behind the Finkelsteins' when she finally pushed herself up from the chair. Head down, arms moving stiffly at her sides, she scuffed out the back door, crossed the patio, and bent to turn on the sprinklers. They sputtered and spat—not enough pressure, that much she understood—but finally came to life in half-hearted umbrellas of mist. She left the hose trickling in the rose garden and went back into the house, passed through the living room, the kitchen, the master bedroom—not even a glance for Monty, no: she wouldn't look at him, not yet—and on into the master bath. The taps were weak, produced barely a trickle, but she left them on anyway, and then flushed the toilet and pinned down the float with the brick Monty had used as a doorstop. And then, finally, so weary she could barely lift her arms, she leaned into the stall and flipped on the shower.

TWO WEEKS AFTER THE AMbulance came for the old man next door, Meg Terwilliger was doing her stretching exercises on the prayer rug in the sunroom, a menthol cigarette glowing in the ashtray on the floor beside her, the new CD by Sandee and the Sharks thumping out of the big speakers in the corners. Meg was twenty-three, with the fine bones and haunted eyes of a poster child. She wore her black hair cut close at the temples, long in front, and she used a sheeny black eye shadow to bring out the hunger in her eyes. In half an hour she'd have to pick up Tiffany at nursery school; drop off the dog at the veterinarian's; take Sonny's shirts to the cleaner's; buy cilantro, flour tortillas, and a pound and a half of thresher shark at the market; and start the burritos for supper. But for now she was stretching.

She took a deep drag on the cigarette, tugged at her right foot, and brought it up snug against her buttocks. After a moment she released it and drew back her left foot. One palm flat on the floor, her head bobbing vaguely to the beat of the music, she did half a dozen repetitions and then paused to relight her cigarette. Not until she turned over to do her straight-leg lifts did she notice the dampness in the rug.

Puzzled, she rose to her knees and reached behind her to rub at the twin wet spots on the seat of her sweats. She lifted the corner of the rug, suspecting the dog, but detected no odor of urine. Looking closer, she saw that the concrete floor was a shade darker beneath the rug, as if bleeding moisture, as it sometimes did in winter. But this wasn't winter; this was high summer in Los Angeles, and it hadn't rained for months. Cursing Sonny—he'd promised her ceramic tile, and though she'd run all over town to get the best price on a nice Italian floral pattern, he still hadn't found the time to go look at it—she shot back the sliding door and stepped into the yard to investigate.

Immediately she felt the Bermuda grass squelch beneath the soles of her aerobic shoes. Before she'd taken

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three strides—the sun in her face, Queenie yapping frantically from the fenced-in pool area—her feet were wet. Had Sonny left the hose running? Tiffany? She slogged across the lawn, the pastel Reeboks spattered with wet, and checked the hose. It was innocently coiled on its tender, the tap firmly shut. Queenie's yapping went up an octave. The heat—it must have been ninety-five, a hundred—made her feel faint. She gazed up into the cloudless sky and then bent to check each of the sprinklers in succession.

She was poking around in the welter of bushes along the fence, looking for an errant sprinkler, when she thought of the old lady next door—Muriel, wasn't that her name? What with her husband dying and all, maybe she'd left the hose running and had forgotten all about it. Meg rose on her tiptoes to peer over the redwood fence that separated her yard from the neighbors' and found herself looking into a glistening, sunstruck garden with banks of impatiens, bird-of-paradise, oleander, loquat, and roses in half a dozen shades. The sprinklers were on and the hose was running. For a long moment Meg stood there, mesmerized by the play of light through the drifting fans of water; she was wondering what it would be like to be old, thinking of how it would be if Sonny died and Tiffany were grown up and gone. She'd probably forget to turn off the sprinklers too.

The moment passed. The heat was deadening, the dog hysterical. Meg knew she would have to do something about the sodden yard and the wet floor in the sun-room, but she dreaded facing the old woman. What would she say—I'm sorry your husband died, but could you turn off the sprinklers? She was thinking maybe she'd phone—or wait till Sonny got home and let him handle it—when she stepped back from the fence and sank to her ankles in mud.

WHEN THE DOORBELL RANG, MURIEL WAS STARING absently at the cover of an old *National Geographic* that lay beneath a patina of dust on the coffee table. The cover photo showed the beige and yellow sands of some distant desert, rippled to the horizon with corrugations that might have been waves on a barren sea. Monty was dead and buried. She wasn't eating much. Or sleeping much either. The sympathy cards sat unopened on the table in the kitchen, where the tap overflowed the sink and water plunged to the floor with a pertinacity that was like redemption. When it was quiet—in the early morning or late at night—she could distinguish the separate taps, each with its own voice and rhythm, as they dripped and trickled from the far corners of the house. In those suspended hours she could make out the comforting gurgle of the toilet in the guest room, the musical wash of the tub as it cascaded over the lip of its porcelain dam, the quickening rush of the stream in the hallway as it shot like a miniature Niagara down the chasm of the floor vent. She could hear the drip in the master bathroom, the distant hiss of a shower, and the sweet eternal sizzle of the sprinklers on the back lawn.

But now she heard the doorbell.

Wearily, gritting her teeth against the pain in her lower legs and the damp, lingering ache of her feet, she pushed herself up from the chair and sloshed her way to the door. The carpet was black with water, soaked through like a sponge—and in a tidy corner of her mind she regretted it—but most of the runoff was finding its way to the heating vents and the gaps in the corners where Monty had miscalculated the angle of the baseboard. She heard it dripping somewhere beneath the house and for a moment pictured the water lying dark and still in a shadowy lagoon that held a leaking ship poised on its trembling surface. The doorbell sounded again. "All right, all right," she muttered. "I'm coming."

A girl with dark circles around her eyes stood on the doorstep. She looked vaguely familiar, and for a moment Muriel thought she recognized her from a TV program about a streetwalker who rises up to kill her pimp and liberate all the other leather-clad, black-eyed streetwalkers of the neighborhood. But then the girl spoke and Muriel realized her mistake. "Hi," the girl said, and Muriel saw that her shoes were black with mud. "I'm your neighbor? Meg Terwilliger?" The girl looked down at her muddy shoes. "I, uh, just wanted to tell you that we're, uh—Sonny and I, I mean; he's my husband?—we're sorry about your trouble and all, but I wondered if you knew your sprinklers were on out back?"

Muriel attempted a smile—surely a smile was appropriate at this juncture—but managed only to lift her upper lip back from her teeth in a sort of wince or grimace.

The girl was noticing the rug now, and Muriel's sodden slippers. She looked baffled, perhaps even a little frightened. And young. So young. Muriel had had a young friend once, a girl from the community college who used to come to the house before Monty got sick. She had a tape recorder, and she would ask them questions about their childhood, about the days when the San Fernando Valley was dirt roads and orange groves. Oral history, she called it. "It's all right," Muriel said, trying to reassure her.

"I just—is it a plumbing problem?" the girl said, backing away from the door. "Sonny. . . ," she said, but didn't finish the thought. She ducked her head and retreated down the steps, but when she reached the walk, she wheeled around. "I mean you really ought to see about the sprinklers," she said. "The whole place is soaked, my sunroom and everything—"

"It's all right," Muriel repeated, and then the girl was gone and she shut the door.

"SHE'S NUTS, SHE IS. REALLY. I MEAN SHE'S OUT OF her gourd." Meg was searing chunks of thresher shark in a pan with green chiles, sweet red pepper, onion, and cilantro. Sonny, who was twenty-eight and so intoxicated by real estate that he had to forgo the morn-

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ing paper till he got home at night, was slumped in the breakfast nook with a vodka tonic and the sports pages. His white-blond hair was cut fashionably, in what might once have been called a flat-top, though it was thinning, and his open, appealing face, with its boyish look, had begun to show signs of wear, particularly around the eyes, where years of escrow had taken their toll. Tiffany was in her room, playing quietly with a pair of six-inch dolls that had cost sixty-five dollars each.

"Who?" Sonny murmured, tugging unconsciously at the gold chain he wore around his neck.

"Muriel. The old lady next door. Haven't you heard a thing I've been saying?" With an angry snap of her wrist, Meg cut the heat beneath the saucepan, and she clapped a lid over it. "The floor in the sun-room is flooded, for God's sake," she said, stalking across the kitchen in her bare feet till she stood poised over him. "The rug is ruined. Or almost is. And the yard—"

Sonny slapped the paper down on the table. "All right! Just let me relax a minute, will you?"

She put on her pleading look. It was a look compounded of pouty lips, tousled hair, and those inevitable eyes, and it always had its effect on him. "One minute," she murmured. "That's all it'll take. I just want you to see the back yard."

She took him by the hand and led him through the living room to the sun-room, where he stood a moment contemplating the damp spot on the concrete floor. She was surprised herself at how the spot had grown—it was three times what it had been that afternoon, and it seemed to have sprouted wings and legs like an enormous Rorschach blot. She pictured a butterfly. Or, no, a hovering crow or bat. She wondered what Muriel would have made of it.

Outside she let out a little yelp of disgust—all the earthworms in the yard had crawled up on the step to die. And the lawn wasn't merely spongy now, it was soaked through, puddled like a swamp. "Jesus Christ," Sonny muttered, sinking in his wingtips. He cakewalked across the yard to where the fence had begun to sag, the post leaning drunkenly, the slats bowed. "Will you look at this?" he shouted over his shoulder. Squeamish about the worms, Meg stood at the door to the sun-room. "The God-damn fence is falling down!"

He stood there a moment, water seeping into his shoes, a look of stupefaction on his face. Meg recognized the look. It stole over his features in moments of extremity, as when he tore open the phone bill to discover mysterious twenty-dollar calls to Billings, Montana, and Greenleaf, Mississippi, or when his buyer called on the day escrow was to close to tell him he'd assaulted the seller and wondered if Sonny had five hundred dollars for bail. These occasions always took him by surprise. He was shocked anew each time the crisply surveyed, neatly kept world he so cherished rose up to confront him with all its essential sloppiness, irrationality, and bad business sense. Meg watched the look of disbelief turn to one of injured rage. She followed him through the house, up the walk, and into Muriel's yard, where he stalked up to the front door and pounded like the Gestapo.

No one responded.

"Son of a bitch," he said, turning to glare over his shoulder at Meg as if it were her fault or something. From inside they could hear the drama of running water, a drip and gurgle, a sough and hiss. Sonny turned back to the door, hammering his fist against it till Meg was sure she could see the panels jump.

It frightened her, this sudden rage. Sure, they had a problem here, and she was glad he was taking care of it, but did he have to get violent, did he have to get crazy? "You don't have to beat her door down," she said, focusing on the swell of his shoulder and the hammer of his fist as it rose and fell in savage rhythm. "Sonny, come on. It's only water, for God's sake."

"Only?" he said, spinning round to face her. "You saw the fence—next thing you know the foundation'll shift on us. The whole damn house—" He never finished. The look on Meg's face told him that Muriel had opened the door.

Muriel was wearing the same faded blue housecoat she'd had on earlier, and the same wet slippers. Short, heavyset, so big in front she seemed about to topple over, she clung to the doorframe and peered up at Sonny out of a stony face. Sonny jerked round to confront her and then stopped cold when he got a look at the interior of the house. The plaster walls were stained now, drinking up the wet in long jagged fingers that clawed toward the ceiling, and a dribble of coffee-colored liquid began to seep across the doorstep and puddle at Sonny's feet. The sound of rushing water was unmistakable, even from where Meg was standing. "Yes?" Muriel said, the voice withered in her throat. "Can I help you?"

It took Sonny a minute—Meg could see it in his eyes: this was more than he could handle, willful destruction of a domicile, every tap in the place on full, the floors warped, plaster ruined—but then he recovered himself. "The water," he said. "You—our fence—I mean, you can't, you've got to stop this—"

The old woman drew herself up, clutching the belt of her dress till her knuckles bulged with the tension. She looked first at Meg, still planted in the corner of the yard, and then turned to Sonny. "Water?" she said. "What water?"

THE YOUNG MAN AT THE DOOR REMINDED HER, IN A way, of Monty. Something about the eyes or the set of the ears—or maybe the crisp, high cut of the sideburns . . . Of course, most young men reminded her of Monty. The Monty of fifty years ago, that is. The Monty who'd opened up the world to her over the shift lever of his Model A Ford, not the crabbed and abrasive old man who'd called her "bonehead" and "dildo" and cuffed her like a dog. Monty. When the stroke brought him down, she was almost glad. She saw him pinned beneath his

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tubes in the hospital and something stirred in her; she brought him home and changed his bedpan, peered into the vaults of his eyes, fed him Gerber's like the baby she'd never had, and she knew it was over. Fifty years. No more drunken rages, no more pans flung against the wall, never again his sour flesh pressed to hers. She was on top now.

The second young man—he was a Mexican, short, stocky, with a moustache so thin it could have been penciled on, and wicked little red-flecked eyes—also reminded her of Monty. Not so much in the way he looked as in the way he held himself, the way he swaggered and puffed out his chest. And the uniform, too, of course. Monty had worn a uniform during the war.

"Mrs. Burgess?" the Mexican asked.

Muriel stood at the open door. It was dusk, the heat cut as if there were a thermostat in the sky. She'd been sitting in the dark. The electricity had gone out on her—something to do with the water and the wires. She nodded her head in response to the policeman's question.

"We've had a complaint," he said.

Little piggy eyes. A complaint. *We've had a complaint.* He wasn't fooling her, not for a minute. She knew what they wanted, the police, the girl next door and the boy she was married to—they wanted to bring Monty back. Prop him up against the bed frame, stick his legs back under him, put the bellow back in his voice. Oh, no, they weren't fooling her.

She followed the policeman around the darkened house as he went from faucet to faucet, sink to tub to shower. He firmly twisted each of the taps closed and drained the basins, and then crossed the patio to kill the sprinklers and the hose, too. "Are you all right?" he kept asking. "Are you all right?"

She had to hold her chin in her palm to keep her lips from trembling. "If you mean am I in possession of my faculties, yes, I am, thank you. I am all right."

They were back at the front door now. He leaned nonchalantly against the doorframe and dropped his voice to a confidential whisper. "So what's this with the water, then?"

She wouldn't answer him. She knew her rights. What business was it of his, or anybody's, what she did with her own taps and her own sprinklers? She could pay the water bill. Had paid it, in fact. Eleven hundred dollars' worth. She watched his eyes and shrugged.

"Next of kin?" he asked. "Daughter? Son? Anybody we can call?"

Now her lips held. She shook her head.

He gave it a moment and then let out a sigh. "Okay," he said, speaking slowly and with exaggerated emphasis, as if he were talking to a child. "I'm going now. You leave the water alone—wash your face, brush your teeth, do the dishes. But no more of this." He swaggered back from her, fingering his belt, his holster, the dead weight of his nightstick. "One more complaint and we'll have to take you into custody for your own good. You're endangering yourself and the neighbors, too. Understand?"

Smile, she told herself. Smile. "Oh, yes," she said softly. "Yes, I understand."

He held her eyes a moment, threatening her—just like Monty used to do, *just like Monty*—and then he was gone.

She stood there on the doorstep a long while, the night deepening around her. She listened to the cowbirds, the wild parakeets that nested in the Murtaughs' palm, the whoosh of traffic from the distant freeway. After a while she sat on the step. Behind her the house was silent: no faucet dripped, no sprinkler hissed, no toilet gurgled. It was horrible. Insupportable. In the pit of that dry silence she could hear him, Monty, treading the buckled floors, pouring himself another vodka, cursing her in a voice like sandpaper.

She couldn't go back in there. Not tonight. The place was deadly, contaminated, sick as the grave—after all was said and done, it just wasn't clean enough. If the rest of it was a mystery—oral history, fifty years of Monty, the girl with the blackened eyes—that much she understood.

MEG WAS WATERING THE CANE PLANT IN THE LIVing room when the police cruiser came for the old lady next door. The police had been there the night before, and Sonny had stood out front with his arms folded while the officer shut down Muriel's taps and sprinklers. "I guess that's that," he said, coming up the walk in the oversized Hawaiian shirt she'd given him for Father's

CITY BLIZZARD

From Morningside Heights down,
up, wherever you look, the gray
sky settles like martial law,
its syntax
falling on stalled
cars, pedestrians, children's
ready tongues.
Broadway buses, slow and non-
partisan, nose through
under my window, heavy
with pleated snow.
Our city,
no longer gridded
or vertical, flattens
and stretches sideways
like the candid palm of a mitten:
its murderous
codicils erased by snow's
clean, impartial verdict.

—*Evan Zimroth*

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Day. But in the morning the sprinklers were on again, and Sonny called the local substation three times before he left for work. She's crazy, he'd hollered into the phone, irresponsible, a threat to herself and the community. He had a four-year-old daughter to worry about, for Christ's sake. A dog. A wife. His fence was falling down. Did they have any idea what that amount of water was going to do to the substrata beneath the house?

Now the police were back. The patrol car stretched across the window and slid silently into the driveway next door. Meg set down the watering can. She was wearing her Fila sweats and a new pair of Nikes and her hair was tied back in a red scarf. She'd dropped Tiffany off at nursery school, but she had the watering and her stretching exercises to do and a pasta salad to make before she picked up Queenie at the vet's. Still, she went directly to the front door and then out onto the walk.

The police officers—she didn't realize for a minute that the shorter of the two was a woman—were on Muriel's front porch, looking stiff and uncertain in their razor-creased uniforms. The man knocked first—once, twice, three times. Nothing happened. Then the woman knocked. Still nothing. Meg folded her arms and waited. After a minute the man went around to the side gate and let himself into the yard. Meg heard the sprinklers die with a wheeze, and then the officer was back, his shoes heavy with mud.

Again he thumped at the door, much more violently now, and Meg thought of Sonny. "Open up," the woman called in a breathy contralto that she tried unsuccessfully to deepen. "Police."

Then Meg saw her, Muriel, at the bay window on the near side of the door. "Look!" she shouted before she knew what she was saying. "She's there, there in the window!"

The male officer—he had a moustache and pale, fine hair like Sonny's—leaned out over the railing and gestured impatiently at the figure behind the window. "Police," he said. "Open the door." Muriel never moved. "All right," he said, cursing under his breath, "all right," and he put his shoulder to the door. The frame splintered easily, water dribbled out, and both officers disappeared into the house.

Meg waited. She had things to do, yes, but she waited anyway, bending to pull the odd dandelion the gardener had missed, trying to look busy. The police were in there an awful long time—twenty minutes, half an hour—and then the woman appeared in the doorway with Muriel.

Muriel appeared heavier than ever, her face pouchy, arms swollen. She was wearing white sandals on her old splayed feet, a shapeless print dress, and a white straw hat that looked as if it had been dug out of a box in the attic. The woman had her by the arm; the man loomed behind her with a suitcase. Down the steps and up the walk, she never turned her head. But then, just as the policewoman was helping her into the back seat of the patrol car, Muriel swung round as if to take one last look at her house. But she wasn't looking at the house; she was looking at Meg.

THE MORNING GAVE WAY TO THE HEAT OF AFTERNOON. Meg finished the watering, made the pasta salad—bow-tie twists, fresh salmon, black olives, and pine nuts—ran her errands, picked up Tiffany and put her down for a nap. Somehow, though, she just couldn't get Muriel out of her head. The old lady had stared at her for five seconds, maybe, and then the policewoman was coaxing her into the car. Meg had felt like sinking into the ground. But then she realized that Muriel's look wasn't vengeful at all—it was just sad. It was a look that said, This is what it comes to. Fifty years, and this is what it comes to.

The back yard was an inferno, the sun poised directly overhead. Queenie, cleansed of fleas, shampooed, and with her toenails clipped, was stretched out asleep in the shade beside the pool. It was quiet. Even the birds were still. Meg took off her Nikes and walked barefoot through the sopping grass to the fence, or what was left of it. The post had buckled overnight, canting the whole business into Muriel's yard. Meg never hesitated. She sprang up onto the plane of the slats and dropped to the grass on the other side.

Her feet sank in the mud, the earth like pudding, like chocolate pudding, and as she lifted her feet to move toward the house the tracks she left behind her slowly filled with water. The patio was an island. She crossed it, dodging potted plants and wicker furniture, and tried the back door. Finding it locked, she moved to the window, shaded her face with her hands, and peered in. The sight made her catch her breath. The plaster was crumbling, wallpaper peeling, the rug and floors ruined: she knew it was bad, but this was crazy, this was suicide.

Grief, that's what it was. Or was it? And then she was thinking of Sonny again—what if he were dead and she were old like Muriel? She wouldn't be so fat, of course, but maybe like one of those thin and elegant old ladies in Palm Springs, the ones who'd done their stretching all their lives. Or what if she wasn't an old lady at all—the thought swooped down on her like a bird out of the sky—what if Sonny was in a car wreck or something? It could happen.

She stood there gazing in on the mess through her own wavering reflection. One moment she saw the wreckage of the old lady's life, the next the fine mouth and expressive eyes everyone commented on. After a while she turned away from the window and looked out on the yard as Muriel must have seen it. She saw the roses, gorged with water and flowering madly, the impatiens, rigid as sticks, oleander drowning in their own yellowed leaves—and there, poking innocuously from the bushes at the far corner of the patio, was the steel wand that controlled the sprinklers. Handle, neck, prongs: it was just like theirs.

And then the idea came to her. She'd turn them on—the sprinklers—just for a minute, just to see what it felt like. She wouldn't leave them on long—the water could threaten the whole foundation of her house.

That much she understood. □

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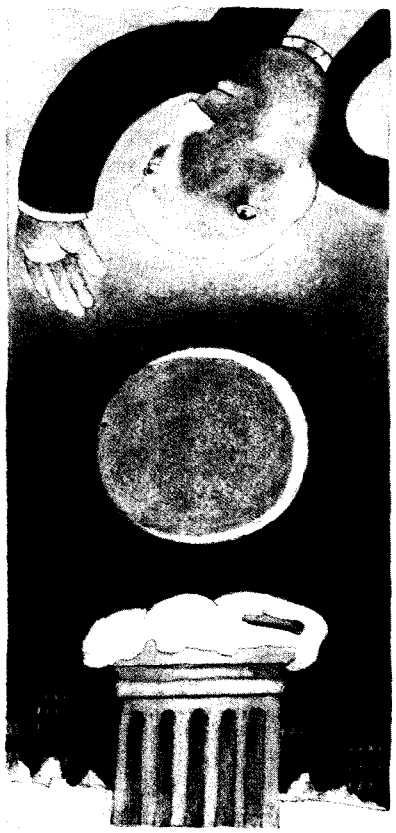
PORTRAITS

An Anthology



STRANGE AND WONDERFUL

Woke and day was so moist the air held light
like glass covered with breath.

Slept outside on the steps of the art museum,
loafed in aisles of rosebushes,

in the powerful fat red smells
of dying roses. Then I suddenly faltered.

Low on the skyline, high on the path,
something strange and wonderful

was turning its back on me.
The moon the size of a fingernail

was falling away, I was getting old,
I was sliding into the night

like a card blown off the top of the deck
spinning into tomorrow face down

in mud mixed with snow and night wine
while the moon hung around like a lost relation

over ground that smelled like she'd slept there—
and low on the skyline that something so beautiful

turned and was gone, and still is.

—J. T. Barbarese

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THE CREEP

his compass has no needle
he is everywhere at once
arriving at the wrong moment
dragging an embarrassed shadow

if he does not come by he will call
if he does not call he will come by
if he comes by he will not leave
and if he leaves he will return
too soon it takes several weeks
to spend an hour with him

he is the one subject of all
his conversations but his life
is garbled like a bad translation
his mind is a series of interruptions
his voice an insult to silence

he is needy he wants
to tell you about himself
wants to hang himself on your wall
like a coat somebody forgot
just hanging there you can't
wear it can't throw it away
and each time he returns for it
he will forget it again

at parties he violates your space
when you step back he steps forward
when you look down you feel guilty
his shoes are ashamed of his feet

ambition's blue vein twitches
in his eyelid he wants
to be famous for something
for anything to sign autographs
to be recognized wherever he goes
and eventually he is

—Richard Shelton

CHARLOTTE WAITING BEFORE DYING

In her large room
the smell of vomit and lilac
white lilac coming in the open
window.

Her large bruised
yellow face on the pillow
almost amused as she sees me
arranging

my features to face her.
Because she knows I cannot stand
even the dog-piss smell of spring

so how the wet-rot of a wife
returning to her source?
That placid almost-smiling face

doesn't change, the steadfast jaw,
no, no change yet, not in bony structure,
underpinnings. She keeps her face intact
a little while longer to prepare me for
white slime, green mold, the
gray slug humping across the forehead

slow-nosing into sockets, ears, eyes, for
she must teach me to fight disgust,
horror,
enemies of flower,

teach me to listen for
the promises in
the music of rain
picking its song
on the white
resounding ramparts
of the skull.

—Leonard Wallace Robinson

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MOTHER AND CHILD

The mother's hand uplifted testifies:
all the witnesses to her own suffering have been called—
the blue contusion on the thumb, the broken lifeline
floating her palm, the nails bitten and split.
She stands before me at the grocery check-out
sow-eyed, sow-bellied, none too clean around the neck,
no more than nineteen, food stamps in her fist
before she releases them to hit the child.

MULE

Here is the horse from a bad family, hating his burden and snaffle,
not patient
So much as resigned to his towpath around the sorghum mill,
but pawing the grist,
Laying back his missile ears to balk, so the single spoke of his wheel
freezes, the gears lock.
Not sad, but stubborn, his temperament is tolerance,
though his voice,
Old door aching on a rusty hinge, blasts the martens from their gourd
and he would let
Nothing go behind him: the speckled hen, the green world
his blinders magnify.
With the heel of one ecclesiastical hoof, he would stun goats or gods.

Half ass, garrulous priest, his religion's a hybrid appetite that feasts
on contradictions.
In him Jefferson dreamed the end of slavery and endless fields,
but the labor goes on
In prefabricated barns, by stalled regiments of canopied tractors,
in offices
Where the harvest is computed to the least decimal point,
to the last brown bowl of wheat.
Not with him, the soil yields and futures swell into the radio.
His place, finally, is to be loved as a curiosity, as an art
almost dead, like this sulphurous creek
Of molasses he brings oozing down from the bundles of cane.

Sometimes in the library I pause suddenly and think of the mule,
desiring, perhaps, some lost sweetness,
Some fitful husk or buttercup that blooms wildly beyond the margin:
Such a peace comes over the even rows, the bound volumes
where the unicorn

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And now I'm retrieving one book from the floor,
one from the counter, righting milk and day-old rolls.
And on the edge a boy, three maybe, swinging from the ledge,
who cries because he's hit because he cries.
He is a child. He loves his mother like himself.
It is against the laws of nature, the laws of state, to interfere.

—*Peter Cooley*

Bows his unearthly head, where the horned gods of fecundity rear
in the pages of the sun.
All afternoon I will think of the mule's dignity, of his shrunken lot—
While the statistics slip the tattered net of my attention,
While the lullabies erect their precise nests in the footnotes.

I like to think of the silver one of my childhood and the dark red one, Red.
Avuncular, puritanical, he stands on hooves as blue as quarries,
And I think his is the bray I have held back all of my life, in churches
Where the offering passed discreetly from one laborer to the next,
in the factories of sleep,
Plunging a greased hand into the vat of mineral spirits.
And I think I have understood nothing better than the mule's cruelty
and petty meanness:
How, subjugated, he will honk his incomparable impudence;
stop, precipitately, for no reason;
Or, pastured with inferiors, stomp a newborn calf on a whim.

This is the mule's privilege: not to be governed badly by lashes,
nor to be turned
Easily by praise; but, sovereign of his own spirit, to take his own time,
To meditate in the hardening compost under the rotting collars.
To sleep in wet straw. To stand for nothing but himself.
In August he will stand up to his withers in the reeking pond.
In the paradise of mules,
He will stand with the old cows, contemplative, but brooding a little
over the sores in his shoulders,
Remembering the dull shoes of the cultivator and the jet heads
of the mowing machine.
Being impotent and beautiful, he will dream of his useless romances.

—*Rodney Jones*

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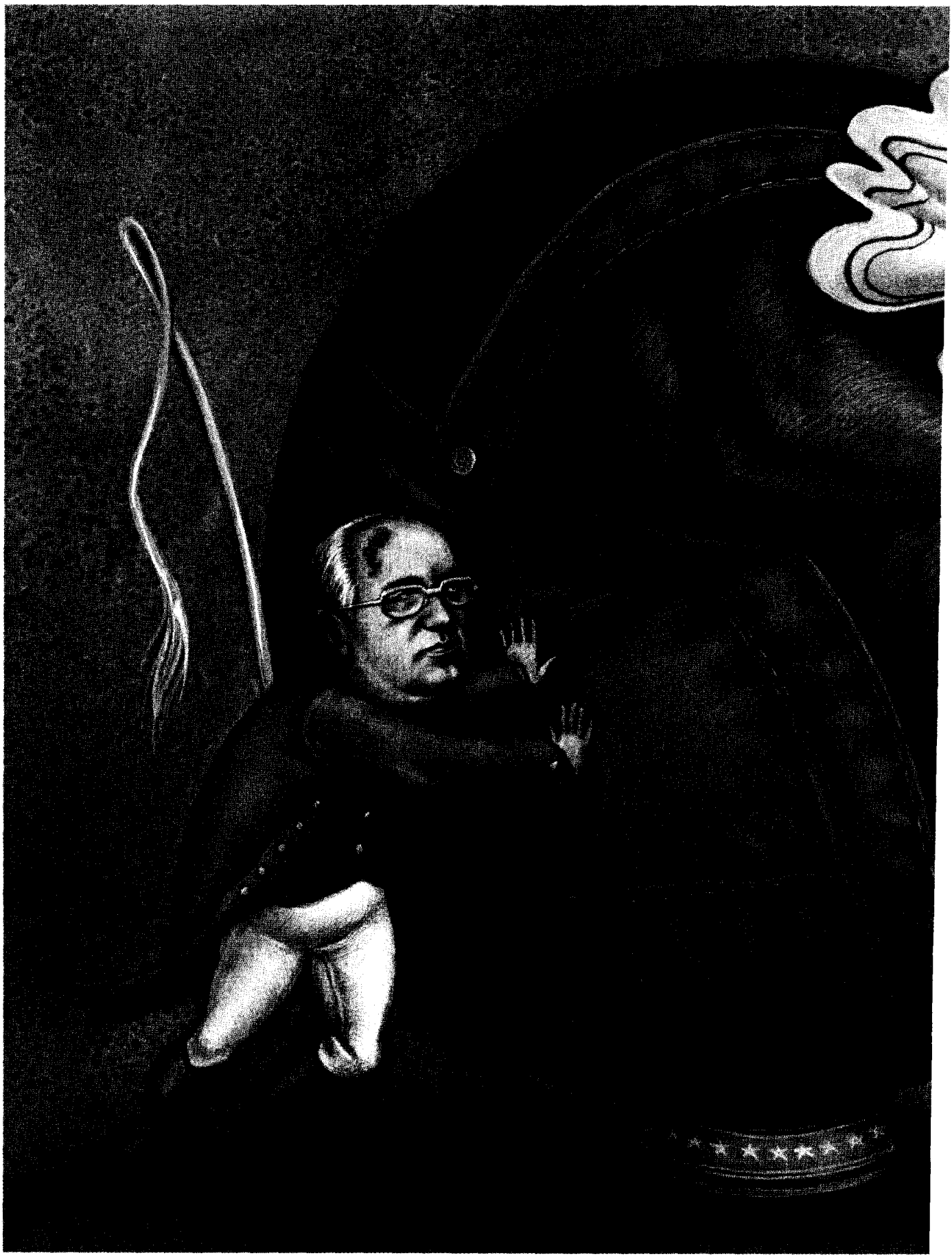

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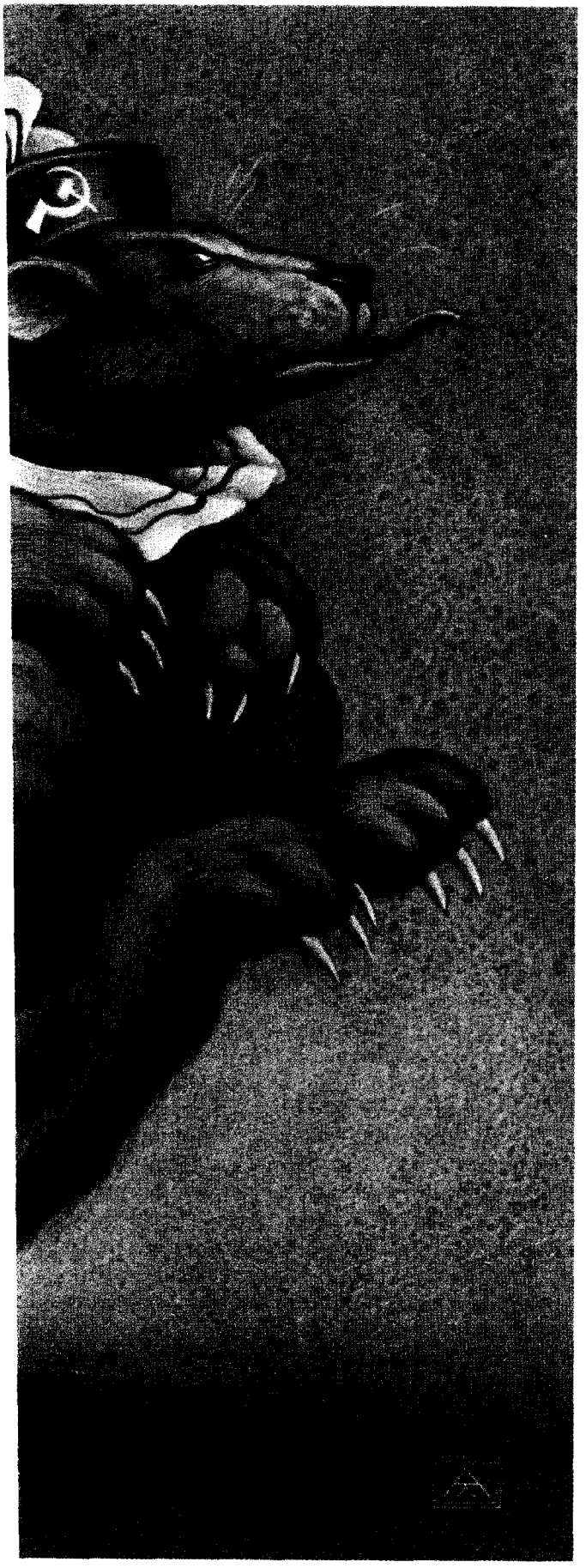

Shame at Russia's backwardness is Gorbachev's secret ally; the new Soviet elite see his program as their country's last hope for greatness

INSIDE GLASNOST

BY SEWERYN BIALER

Revolution From Above

THE SOVIET UNION HAS BECOME THE MOST INTERESTING country in the world. What is happening there today is a gigantic experiment touching virtually all fields of endeavor. This experiment is only in its earliest stages, and the society and political system within which it is taking place still remain deeply Soviet, with all the negative connotations of that term. The important question is whether the experiment will deeply penetrate Soviet society and change Soviet ways of thinking. To get that far into Soviet life, the experiment initiated by General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev must last for at least a decade.

Gorbachev hopes that his most significant breakthrough will be in the economy. Yet the most startling developments of his three years in office have been in the political, social, and cultural realms. Unless Gorbachev is forced to reverse them, these developments—the new emphasis on the first word of the guiding principle of Party life, *democratic* centralism; the loosening of censorship; the new stress on individuality and innovation; and the increased candor about the Stalinist past—will profoundly transform the nature of the system he inherited, in the direction of modernity.

What yardstick should we use to measure the scope of the experiment to date? It's easier to suggest what yardsticks should not be used, and what domestic changes are not likely to take place.

Politically, the Soviet Union is not becoming a Western democracy. The Soviet leadership wants to introduce democratic procedures in small political units but has no intention of transforming the major national institutions.

Economically, the Soviet Union is not becoming a capitalist country. One should not confuse a growing role for the market, or the use of economic, as opposed to admin-

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istrative, instruments of management, with full-scale capitalism. There will be more economic rationality in small-scale decisions, but overall economic policy will remain under the administrative control of the political authorities.

Socially, the Soviet Union is not becoming an open society. Freedom of religious belief and practice are not being restored—or, rather, created—in the Soviet Union. The freedoms to abstain from participation, to find legal forms of employment free of state control, and to develop private sources of income are, thus far, only marginally enhanced by the reforms. Nor is the dominance of the Russians and, to a lesser extent, other Slavs over other groups in almost all fields being abandoned in the Soviet Union.

The best scale on which to evaluate change in the Soviet Union is that of Russian and Soviet historical experience. Gorbachev's reforms fit into a recurring pattern: the attempt to modernize backward Russia, the tradition of revolution from above, whose lineage stretches back to the Bolshevik Revolution. The Soviet Union has gone through four basic cycles of change, each associated with the person and program of a particular leader.

The first cycle, with Lenin in power, consisted of a *political* revolution and its consolidation in the victorious civil war.

The second cycle, under Stalin, in the decade 1928–1939, brought a social, cultural, and economic transformation attained through the use of political power. This cycle ran its course when the political system that Stalin had inherited was itself transformed into a personal dictatorship based on mass terror. Whether it was a betrayal, as Trotsky charged, or a faithful execution of Lenin's intention, Stalin's revolution decisively shaped the Soviet system.

Then came a transitional period, which ended with the Khrushchev era. This new era was clearly a separate, third cycle in the pattern of transformation of the Soviet Union—one that dismantled the core institutions of the Stalinist political system while leaving the Stalinist model of the economy unchanged. Now Gorbachev's rule, the fourth cycle in the pattern of transformation, seeks above all to dismantle the Stalinist economy, though the logic of economic reform has led Gorbachev to political, social, cultural, and ideological innovations.

Taming the gargantuan bureaucracies is the key political problem Gorbachev faces in implementing his program of transition to modernity. Gorbachev wants to break down the bureaucracies, to bring them closer to the production process, and to change their political orientation.

The major Soviet bureaucracies are currently overwhelmingly corporatist in nature: what they care most about is their own preservation and proliferation. They endanger Gorbachev's reforms, which endanger their authority. Gorbachev wants to suppress the corporatist spirit of the Soviet bureaucracies—to make them responsive both to his leadership and to the Soviet citizenry.

His most obvious tactic is a wide-ranging replacement of personnel. Yet he can go only so far in this direction before confronting the problem of every major reformer—that he must use most of the people who broke the machine to repair it. The existing bureaucracies are indispensable to his efforts to implement far-reaching reforms. The Party apparatus is particularly necessary for mobilizing the Party activists behind his program. Paradoxically, he wants the bureaucracies to work against the privileges to which they are accustomed.

Gorbachev's solution to this quandary, aside from purges of personnel, is *glasnost* and democratization. The relative autonomy of the media, and particularly of investigative journalists, which is another of the major cultural changes introduced in the past three years, serves Gorbachev's anti-corporatist orientation, as does the growing freedom of the creative intelligentsia. Meanwhile, grass-roots democratization—which is to take the form of increased participation by working people in the political affairs of their factories and offices, and a greater attention to complaints about the abuse of the power and privileges of the local leaders—is intended to restrain the bureaucracies.

IN THE ECONOMIC SPHERE GORBACHEV WANTS TO ELIMINATE some of the central characteristics of the Stalinist model and to replace administrative decrees with market forces and economic instruments.

Reversing the trend of Soviet history, Gorbachev's economic reforms move in the direction of an eclectic model of "market socialism." In two decisive respects these reforms even surpass Lenin's New Economic Policy, the other exception to the Soviet pattern. The NEP permitted individuals to engage in private farming and small-scale private enterprise in industry, the crafts, and services, while heavy industry, construction, mining, transportation, finance, and foreign trade remained under state control. Today these sectors are all being decentralized to varying degrees and gradually exposed to market forces. Moreover, even before Lenin died, and with increasing speed after his death, the NEP moved in the direction of stricter limits on and higher taxation of private economic activity. Gorbachev's reforms do the opposite.

The decisions of the Central Committee Plenum in June of 1987 and the state decrees that followed it are Gorbachev's most far-reaching steps toward economic reform. Yet in major respects they do not cross the line separating the Stalinist "command economy" from market socialism. With respect to crucial aspects of economic activity, such as price formation, quality control, and competition, the decisive role will be played not by market forces but by administrative structures—new and old. Still, the reforms announced at the plenum can only be understood as the first stages of a process that will inevitably give freer rein to market forces. Further movement toward market socialism, which may come as soon as the Party conference this June, will impose rules of conduct, standards of success and patterns of economic reward that will run counter to the entire Soviet tradition.

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CHANGES IN THE SOCIAL SPHERE ARE OF IMMENSE importance to Gorbachev's aim of modernizing the Soviet Union. The new leadership wants to cultivate a less hostile relationship between the regime and society and to create conditions under which the modernizing impulse will penetrate the society. These aims do not always go hand in hand.

In the post-Stalin era the Soviet Union developed a welfare state of enormous scope, although not of high quality. At present this welfare state is facing a twofold crisis. On the one hand, it is underfinanced and inefficient; on the other, it is bloated and expensive, and it provides many services that should not be its responsibility. The first is a crisis of underdevelopment, the second of overdevelopment. The most serious and tragic example of the first crisis is the level of medical care. Being a physician in the Soviet Union is a particularly low-paying job and one that, therefore, falls primarily to women. The level of training provided by medical schools is far below world standards. Pharmaceuticals are substandard in terms of variety, quality, and quantity. The hospital equipment is of another era altogether.

The underdevelopment crisis is serious, but the crisis of the overdevelopment of the Soviet welfare state is equally grave and also more difficult for the new leadership to tackle. In essence, this second crisis is the result of a conscious decision by past Soviet leaders, starting with Khrushchev, to shelter under the welfare umbrella areas of life that would be better regulated by other means. The welfare state prescribes ridiculously low apartment rents and prices for basic foods, transportation, telephones, and many other goods and services. The total job security of Soviet workers, irrespective of their performance, should also be seen as a social-welfare item. Those Soviet welfare benefits are financed by enormous state subsidies: the agricultural subsidies, for example, amount to more than double the retail price of agricultural products in state stores.

The immense subsidies for housing, food, and transportation drain resources from the state investment fund. There is a direct connection between the low apartment rents and the deterioration of the housing stock from lack of maintenance. There is also a direct connection between the low basic food prices and both the constant shortages of foods other than bread) and the long lines in front of state retail stores.

The working class has become psychologically dependent on the broad range of services provided by the Soviet welfare system. Its standard of living is so low that major price increases would likely be politically dangerous and will have to be implemented very gradually. Workers are convinced, partly by the words and actions of previous leaders, that there is a "free lunch" under socialism.

Gorbachev is clearly against the psychology of the free lunch. His market reforms require a sharp decline in most state subsidies, and perhaps eventually their elimination. He will probably have to demonstrate some visible improvements in people's lives in the short run before he can risk a wholesale cut in subsidies. This complicates his program. He must simultaneously preach the need for austerity and the need for raising living standards. Without doing both, without resolving the welfare crisis, the USSR will not attain the modernity that Gorbachev seeks.

One of the most disquieting phenomena for the Soviet leaders is the alienation of a large part of the society from the regime. Government promises are met with skepticism, and cynicism about the system itself is widespread. Apathy toward "high politics" coexists with indifference toward reforms. People take no pride in their work, and they neglect state property. This alienation cuts across the generations, but some Western studies of recent emigrants from the Soviet Union to the United States conclude that it is more common among young people.

The alienation is fed by a deep sense of injustice shared by large segments of the population. History shows that a collective sense of injustice may be more important in causing unrest than unsatisfactory material living conditions per se. This was certainly the case in Poland in 1980. I do not wish to suggest that the Soviet peoples' sense of injustice threatens the survival of the Soviet regime, merely that it endangers Gorbachev's reforms.

The deepest source of the widespread sense of injustice is the way lower-level bureaucrats treat the average citizen—with an indifference and negligence punctuated by brutality. The average citizen now hears everywhere that everything is changing for the better. But his daily experience has not changed at all. Frustrated by the disparity between promise and performance, he becomes angry and expresses his anger more openly, because it is safer to do so now than it was under the previous regime.

The typical traits of the "new Soviet man" are unconducive to the modernization of his country. Entrepreneurship, initiative, spontaneous creativity, and social discipline are essential to modern societies, but they are in short supply in the Soviet Union. To change the Soviet man, changes must be made in the processes of socialization and schooling and in the system of social stratification.

This system has the worst possible combination of features. Economic rewards that go to the politically powerful are guaranteed to alienate the powerless. At the same time, the system is distinctly egalitarian, in that it does not reward workers for the quality and complexity of their efforts. This is a deadly combination, particularly for a country that has modernization as its goal.

Yet to change to a more rational pattern of stratification is difficult. To provide material incentives and rewards for good work, the Soviet government must make a variety of food and consumer goods and services more widely available. This is possible, however, only if the labor force, spurred by material incentives, becomes more productive. Gorbachev will have to rely on the expansion of the private sector and calls to patriotism to escape this Catch-22.

In the post-Stalin era, and particularly under Brezhnev, the Soviet government did not press the labor force for

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greater social discipline or productivity. It tolerated shoddy production, absenteeism, make-believe work, drinking on the job. It provided total job security. It did not pay the workers very much, but neither did it expect much from them. The Soviet workers and managers became accustomed to this kind of social contract. The contract became somewhat suspect when, beginning in the mid-1970s, the economy stagnated while the quality of the benefits from the welfare state declined.

Gorbachev is ready to break this social contract, and indeed must break it if he wants modernization to become more than a slogan. Breaking it will threaten social stability. The threat is greatest in the transition from the old contract to a new one, whose benefits can be promised but not immediately delivered. Any new social contract Gorbachev may wish to forge will seek to adjust social behavior to the imperatives of modernization and modernity.

THE CHANGES THAT HAVE ALREADY OCCURRED, OR are intended, in the cultural sphere are the most surprising of Gorbachev's actions. *Glasnost* and the entire range of freedom of expression that is evolving in the Soviet Union constitute the beginning of the political and professional emancipation of the Soviet creative intelligentsia. The significance of this may be compared to the emancipation of the Russian peasants from serfdom in the 1860s (and it has some of the same limitations). This process of emancipation does more than serve Gorbachev's needs of the moment, which are to use *glasnost* to fight bureaucratic inertia and the opponents of reform and to mobilize support for his program. It also recognizes that the intelligentsia is indispensable and that it must have greater political autonomy if the modernization of the Soviet Union is to succeed.

This process may, of course, be reversed—a circumstance most likely if the performance of the economy does not match Gorbachev's promises. The longer *glasnost* lasts, however, and the greater its scope becomes, the more difficult will be even its partial reversal. The part of the creative intelligentsia that has committed itself, in growing numbers and with increasing intensity, to Gorbachev's reforms will not return with docility to its former role as, in Stalin's phrase, "engineers of human souls" in the service of the leaders' court.

The Limits of Modernization

FROM THE INCEPTION OF THE SOVIET STATE, MODernization has been the goal of every leader. Yet Gorbachev's understanding of modernity differs significantly from the traditional Soviet interpretation, being more in line with the meaning modernity has in developed contemporary capitalist societies. For Stalin, Khrushchev, and Brezhnev, modernity meant new factories, new construction, a larger labor force, improved technology, and, above all else, an increasing output of raw materials and manufactured goods. They saw modernity primarily in quantitative terms and with a stress on the production of tangible "things" rather than on the modernizing *process*.

The meaning of modernity for Gorbachev and many now in the political elite, not to mention those in the scientific and economic elite, is quite different. In conversation with this new elite, the Western observer comes away with the impression that to them, modernization centers not on things but on people, their attitudes and skills, and on the conditions necessary for their commitment and creativity. Gorbachev, it is clear from his speeches and from what this new elite says about him, understands modernity primarily as a cultural phenomenon.

Gorbachev wants to redefine Soviet socialism to make it more attractive at home and abroad. When Gorbachev visited Prague last year, his official spokesman, Genadii Gerasimov, was asked at a press conference, "What is the difference between Gorbachev and Dubcek?" Gerasimov's answer was "Nineteen years." In fact, Gorbachev's thinking is starting to resemble the views of those reformers in Eastern Europe who wanted not to abandon Marxism but rather to reinterpret it and adapt it to contemporary needs.

Gorbachev's power base within the various bureaucratic hierarchies is not solid, but the alliance he is trying to build around his program of "reconstruction" is broad. The alliance includes purist Marxists or Leninists who think that the original goals of the Revolution, which they idealize, were perverted by Lenin's successors, and who hope for a return at last to what they consider to be the original humanistic nature of the Revolution. It also includes individuals and groups who consider themselves far from Marxism-Leninism and who adhere to democratic and liberal principles, following the tradition of the democratic, non-revolutionary intelligentsia of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. It attracts Russian patriots who deplore the domestic and international decline of their country and believe that Gorbachev is Russia's last chance at greatness. It attracts those within the military and the industrial-military sector who fear for the security of the Soviet Union if its relative technological decline continues. It attracts scores of young careerists who believe in Gorbachev's survival and want to hitch their wagons to his star.

Gorbachev's alliance appeals to the instincts and interests of the professional groups, who see his new course as providing a larger and more exciting scope for their activities and as offering them far greater professional autonomy. It appeals to those who are the most skilled and are now beginning to believe that Gorbachev's policies will really reward hard work and skill. And it appeals to those in the non-Russian republics who hope that the program of modernization and democratization will put their nations in a relatively stronger position. In fact, Gorbachev's reforms and the alliance that is evolving to support and implement them, constitute an attempt to create a new social contract between the regime and various elements of Soviet soc

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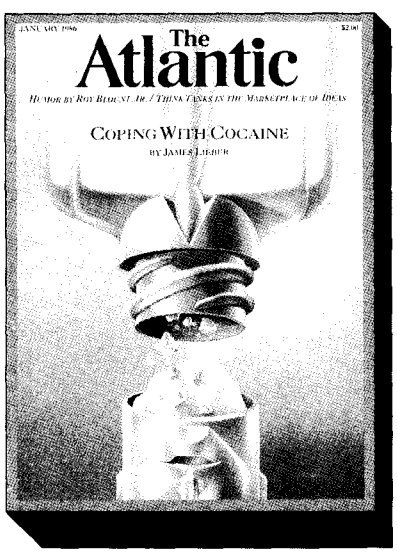

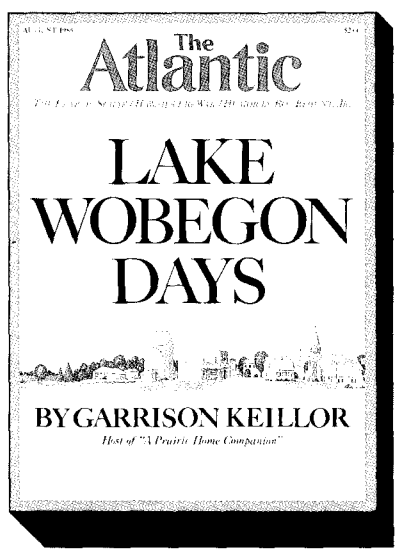

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ety. The groups in the upper political class and in the subordinate strata that have committed themselves to the new contract still constitute a clear minority. This is not unusual: throughout history major revolutionary and reform movements in Russia, as in many other countries, were in almost all cases promoted initially, and even for a long time, by minorities whose activism attained broad legitimacy only much later.

WHAT IS LIKELY TO BE THE OUTCOME OF THE sweeping changes in the Soviet Union? Gorbachev's central goal is the modernization of the Soviet Union. The dismantling of the Stalinist system and the redefinition of socialism is less an intrinsic goal than the means by which Gorbachev seeks to achieve that goal.

The country has already developed many of the material prerequisites of modernity: a skilled labor force, an educated urban population, advanced science, a very large professional class, and pockets of high technology. It is rich in natural resources. Its economy is gigantic, with a high rate of capital formation. It has, in other words, the bootstraps by which to pull itself up. But the success of the Soviet Union's transition to modernity will depend on how effectively those resources are developed and used.

Gorbachev's timetable for Soviet modernization is clear. Again and again he refers to the turn of the century, the year 2000. Yet Soviet officials and economists invariably discount that deadline. During a recent visit to the Soviet Union, I asked a high Soviet official whether he would consider it a major victory of Gorbachev's program if by the year 2000 the country has not fallen further *behind* the advanced capitalist countries. His answer was an unqualified yes.

To sum up: Gorbachev's revolution, if it continues, may well achieve enough in ten or fifteen years to improve the Soviet standard of living significantly. It will decrease the rate of Soviet technological decline relative to the West or, much less likely, even halt the decline. It will not achieve enough to fulfill Gorbachev's program of modernizing Russia.

The ancillary goal is a thorough de-Stalinization and liberalization of the system. The difficulty of carrying out such a cycle of reform in widely diverse spheres of Soviet life is complex beyond imagination. As Samuel Huntington has observed, reforms are more difficult than revolutions.

A revolution like that of 1917 occurs in a political system and social order in a state of disintegration. Major reforms that grow out of crises are functional substitutes for revolution: they are meant to prevent developments that could lead to a new revolution. The system within which the Soviet reforms have taken place is very far from the brink of revolution. The Soviet institutions are still solid; there is no power vacuum. Revolutions develop from crises of survival, whereas major reforms are intended to counteract crises of effectiveness. Revolutions tend to devour their children, expel from leadership and even annihilate their originators, and abandon their goals. In reforms, the great danger is that the innovators and innovations will be absorbed and neutralized by a system that still displays a powerful inertia. New structures and processes created by major reforms may still shelter old behavior.

Gorbachev's drive for reform is facing major obstacles. They can be divided into three categories: socio-political, structural, and international.

Gorbachev's position as General Secretary now and in the near future (two to three years) is safe. A coup against him is improbable. A challenge similar to the one that Khrushchev faced, and defeated in 1957, from the "anti-Party group," is highly unlikely. Yet, aside from the central Party apparatus, the power base for Gorbachev is difficult to identify. His most loyal allies are in the ranks of the creative intelligentsia. But they hardly constitute a power base, especially in traditional Soviet terms. The symbolic value and prestige of his office are a key asset. But for the foreseeable future his greatest source of strength probably lies in skillful and persuasive public relations and the exploitation of his persona of dynamism and intelligence. If he does not expand his power base, however, he could be hurt by a crisis of the type that Khrushchev faced in 1956, with the Hungarian Revolution, by a major defeat abroad, or by a domestic crisis growing out of unintended consequences of his program, such as large-scale student demonstrations like those that occurred in China late in 1986 in which the students called for the introduction of Western-type political institutions.

The greatest obstacle to Gorbachev's program is not organized opposition, either within or outside the Party, but rather the passive resistance of the bureaucratic colossus and the paralysis of mass social inertia. When Gorbachev took power, he thought that he would be facing a brick wall of conservatism, which his hammer blows could destroy. He has encountered instead a spongelike resistance and indifference, which absorbs the blows and bounces back. Inertia and indifference predominate even among the educated strata and the creative intelligentsia. The most common reaction to Gorbachev's "new course" is probably neither opposition nor resistance but simply confusion over what he seeks to achieve.

Of the many structural obstacles to the implementation of Gorbachev's program, one should be singled out: the multinational character of the Soviet state. Gorbachev's policy toward the non-Russian republics contains two elements that illustrate the complexity of the issues involved. The first is his intention to root out the tightly knit Mafias of Party-affiliated state officials who have ruled their republics as fiefdoms during the Brezhnev period and the interregnum. The second is a measure of *glasnost* and democratization. *Glasnost* promises frank discussions of relations among the nationalities of the Soviet Union. It may lead to a greater cultural autonomy for the intelligentsia and the populations of the non-Russian republics, and perhaps even a somewhat greater tolerance of their religions. It is probably clear to the Soviet leaders that exporting *glasnost*

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and democratization to the non-Russian republics carries with it a danger of negative consequences greater than the gains achieved within Russia itself. The glue of Russian patriotism does not bind those republics. There the new course could well reinforce native nationalism and spur demands for greater autonomy.

Knowing well that reforms may encourage centrifugal tendencies in the non-Russian republics, Gorbachev may be reluctant to implement them. Multi-ethnicity may thus act as a powerful brake on reform. How Gorbachev proposes to reconcile greater freedom and autonomy, and increased *glasnost*, with greater cohesion among the multiplicity of nations that he rules is not at all clear.

A large international obstacle to the implementation of Gorbachev's program is the cost of being a global power "equal" to the United States and the burden of an arms race that, despite some progress in arms-control negotiations, has not yet abated. (See "What Gorbachev Is Up Against," by Paul Kennedy, in the June, 1987, *Atlantic*.) Never in their history have the Russians been as secure from external danger as they are now, and they will remain secure for the foreseeable future. Potential dangers to the regime are either internal or imperial. With domestic progress, the Soviet insecurity that has contributed so significantly to the arms race since the achievement of parity may diminish. The arms race has not, of course, been the primary source of the Soviet-American, or East-West, conflict, but it has contributed mightily to the virulence of the conflict. A Soviet Union that *understands* it is externally secure may be less hostile to the West.

The most important international obstacle to Gorbachev's program, however, is the existence of the Soviet Eastern European empire. Gorbachev is committed to maintaining Soviet domination in this empire not only for the sake of Soviet security but also, and primarily, for the sake of preserving and enhancing the Party's legitimacy within the Soviet Union itself. His policy toward Eastern Europe, though still not fully formulated, is marked by his characteristic pragmatism.

When he took power, Gorbachev moved swiftly to reestablish effective control over the Eastern European Communist elites, which had weakened in the last years of the Brezhnev regime and during the interregnum following Brezhnev's death. Gorbachev is neither for nor against political and economic reforms, as a generality, in Eastern Europe. He has spoken in Romania about the need for more democracy in this most oppressive European country. Before the far more liberal Hungarians he has talked up greater discipline. In East Germany he has pressed for greater dedication to the common cause and warned of the necessary limitations on flirtation with West Germany. In the approaching successions to the top leadership in Eastern Europe he probably desires the conservative Czechoslovak leader, Gustav Husak, to be replaced by someone more liberal, and the liberal Hungarian leader, Janos Kadar, by a more conservative figure.

The potential impact of events in the Soviet Union on Eastern Europe, and of events in Eastern Europe on the Soviet Union, are crucial to the fate of Gorbachev's reforms. The risks and dangers of Gorbachev's policies at home pale in comparison with the risks and dangers inherent in their transplantation to Eastern Europe. There is no way to prevent the Soviet example from encouraging the democratic and nationalist aspirations of the elites, the liberal intelligentsia, and dissatisfied workers in Eastern Europe. ("Gorbachev is translated into Czechoslovak by the word *hope*," said a prominent Czech actor at a recent cultural conference.) The danger that the Soviet new course poses to the stability of Eastern Europe and the cohesiveness of the empire is understood in Moscow, and this danger may well affect the fate of Gorbachev's domestic reforms in two ways.

First, it may restrain the scope of change. A very strange situation has developed, in which the conservative regimes in Eastern Europe, primarily in Czechoslovakia and East Germany (and Castro's regime in Cuba as well), are deeply unhappy about Gorbachev's reforms, particularly in the political and cultural areas. The latest Eastern European joke has the East German and Czechoslovak armies preparing to invade the Soviet Union in defense of the Brezhnev Doctrine.

Second, the spark in Moscow may create a fire in Eastern Europe that the Soviets will feel constrained to put out with an internal invasion, such as the one in Poland in 1981, or a direct military intervention, as in Czechoslovakia in 1968. It is at least possible that a course like Dubcek's in 1968 would be acceptable to Gorbachev, but those of the Poland of 1980–1981 and the Hungary of 1956 certainly would not be. It is well to remember that reforms in post-Khrushchev Russia were for all practical purposes cut off for some fifteen years by the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

Shame—Gorbachev's Secret Ally

MAJOR REFORMS IN COMMUNIST COUNTRIES ARE OF two basic types: the incremental and the comprehensive. The Soviet Union and Poland in the 1960s gave examples of the first; Hungary and the People's Republic of China today give examples of the second. The incremental pattern is characterized by experimentation. But experiments are antithetical to major reforms. Far-reaching reforms must be carried out across the board without hesitation, rather than in piecemeal fashion. However, until such reforms are tested and recognized as effective, the determination necessary for bold action will be lacking. Soviet experience teaches that the response to this contradiction tends to be largely self-defeating. From the range of possible reforms the leaders usually select ones that will cause the least disturbance and require the least cost and effort. The leaders usually introduce them as a limited experiment, virtually ensuring that the results will be inconclusive and, indeed, often disappointing. This outcome in turn fuels the arguments of the reforms'

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opponents, who block any further implementation. The leadership soon reverts to the traditional way of doing business, merely tinkering with the system and thereby allowing it to absorb and nullify the well-intentioned piecemeal reforms. This pattern accounts for the inherent stability of the traditional Soviet economic system and for the failure of recurrent attempts at reform.

A variation on this pattern, the "hothouse phenomenon," is equally counterproductive. Here the leadership initiates reform on a carefully restricted scale amid conditions that have been designed to encourage success. When the leadership attempts to expand the reform to different geographic areas or to other economic units, however, these conditions cannot be duplicated.

At the beginning of Gorbachev's rule it appeared that the incremental pattern of reform would be repeated. By now it is clear, however, that the General Secretary is engaged in the early stages of a comprehensive reform. The political danger to a Soviet leader who initiates such comprehensive changes is much greater than the danger to one who initiates incremental reforms. But the chances that comprehensive reform will succeed are also significantly greater.

All the elements mentioned above that favor Gorbachev's program are important. But the most important factors in his favor are psychological: there is a sense in Russia that no real alternative to Gorbachev exists. This feeling concerns not only Gorbachev as a person and a leader but also his program and the direction in which it is moving. That program may be imperfect, but it is the only one available. The alternatives—tyranny, stagnation, social miasma, and hopelessness—are worse. The question "Are you for or against Gorbachev?" requires the answer "Compared with what?" In this respect the mood of the country supports change. Most of those who do not actively support Gorbachev do not trust him yet, and are skeptical that he will bring change. But they are not committed opponents. Stalinism and Brezhnevism have few supporters.

Activists may not constitute the majority of Soviet society, but active minorities are always the harbingers of change and the decisive forces in effecting it. This is especially true in the generation that will decide the political fate of Gorbachev—his own generation. Most of them entered politics during Khrushchev's anti-Stalinist campaign with great hopes of renewal and then saw their hopes disappointed. They are now being given a second chance. Their mood is a major factor in Gorbachev's progress.

Another aspect of the mood among activists in Moscow is apocalyptic. "This is our last chance," many say. For some, it is a last chance to express patriotic feeling and to seek to make Russia great. For others, it is a moral, existential last chance to break the dominant pattern of Russian and Soviet history, to dismantle the "new Soviet man." For still others, it involves the conviction that the Soviet people have suffered too long and too much for the sake of a glorious future that has never arrived, and that they now have a last chance to live better during their own lifetimes. Many believe that the most likely alternative to reform is a new tyranny.

Still another sentiment was best expressed to me last summer by a middle-ranking member of the Soviet elite. When presented with the irrefutable evidence of the dramatic obstacles to radical change in Russia he responded, "This may all be true, but psychologically I cannot even consider the possibility that Gorbachev will fail, will be defeated."

There can be little doubt that for the leadership, segments of the Party, and the educated class, the major source of the commitment to change is patriotism—or, if one prefers, Russian nationalism. It is by now a cliché that the Russians are insecure and that their relations with the West are influenced by this insecurity. But the strongest feeling one now encounters in Russia is shame: shame at Russia's backwardness, at the brutality and ugliness of Soviet life, and at the drunkenness and social pathology that are everywhere. This shame exists not only among the elite and the intelligentsia but also among ordinary people. Sometimes in discussions with Westerners it is disguised by artificial arrogance or bitter humor, yet it is in fact an angry, deep, and uncompromising shame that inspires a longing for respectability by the standards of civilized countries. The Soviet shame is most fully expressed in typically Russian heart-to-heart talks with friends that last long into the night. Deep, almost desperate, this shame is a powerful weapon in Gorbachev's arsenal.

It is probably futile for the Soviet Union to attempt to become another Japan or Germany. But it does not have to remain so backward. The progress it makes will depend on will and faith, trust and cynicism, divisiveness and justice self-interest and compassion, routine and innovation, and above all else the most creative and destructive element in human affairs: leadership.

If Gorbachev's leadership does not succeed in injecting dynamism into the Soviet economy within a reasonable period of time, he may be ousted and his regime replaced Depending on the domestic and international circumstances, which are impossible to predict, a successor regime could represent one of three orientations: it could be more radical in its program for change in the Soviet Union it could return to the equilibrium of the Brezhnev era and settle for slow decay and declining international relevance or it could revert to strict authoritarianism, or even some form of despotism. The first outcome is most likely at relatively early stage of Gorbachev's reforms—let us say within five or six years. The second is most likely to evolve if an international catalyst is introduced, such as a major revolt in Eastern Europe. The third outcome, strict authoritarianism with elements of despotism, is most likely to occur if Gorbachev visibly fails. There is a warning for Gorbachev in the words of the nineteenth-century writer Charles Caleb Colton: "Attempts at reform, when they fail, strengthen despotism, as he that struggles tighter those cords he does not succeed in breaking." □

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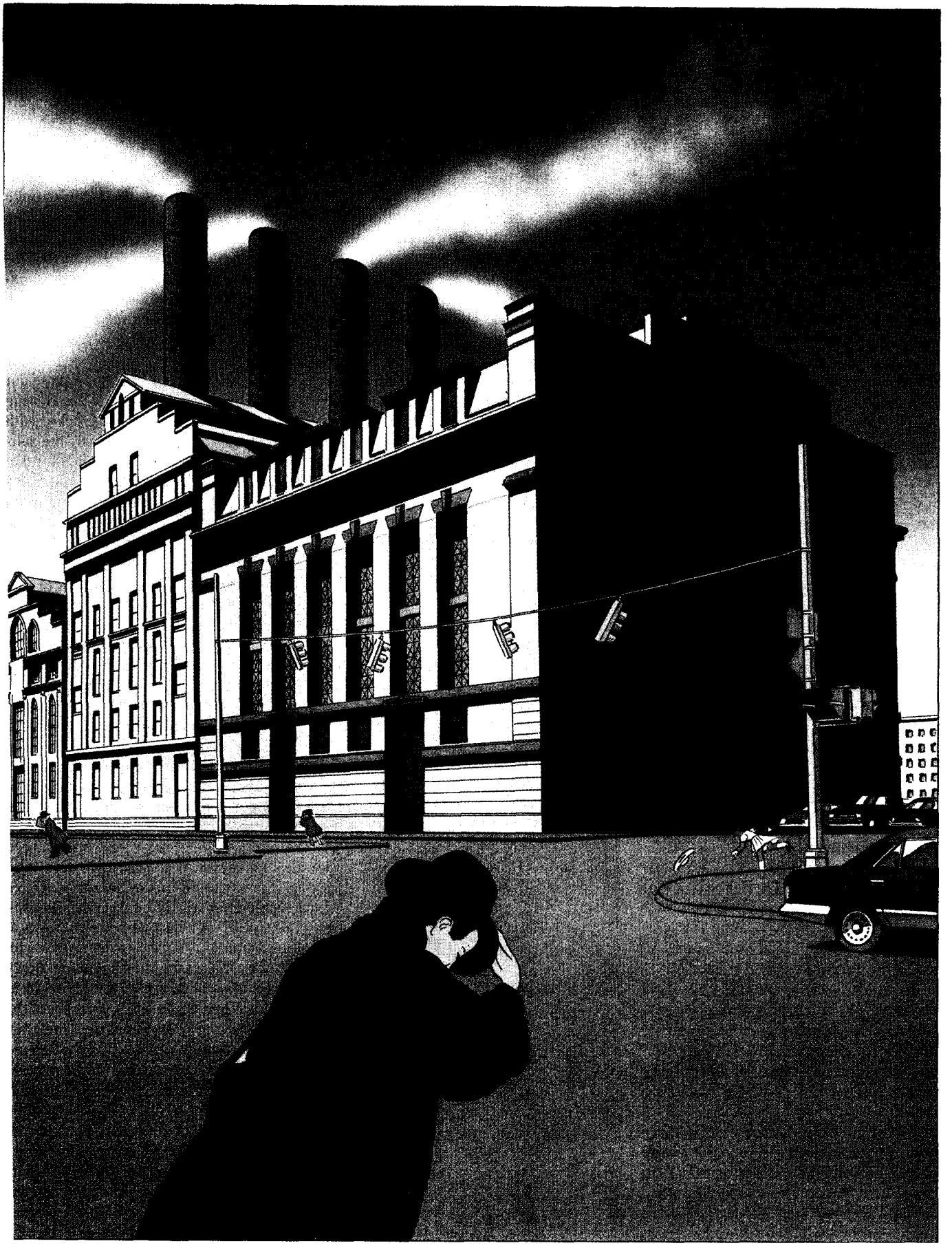
BOREAS, NOTUS, EURUS, AND ZEPHYRUS

BY GUY BILLOUT



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SPORTS

A STONE'S THROW

An introduction to an ancient game and the newest Olympic event

BY CULLEN MURPHY

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS that when Americans from one of the coasts venture inland, they begin to wonder whether they grew up in the United States at all. I had that feeling a few years ago when visiting my friends Bill and Martha McMahon, who live in Chicago. Bill and Martha are the sort of sane, smart, sensible people you would unreservedly pick to be the guardians of your children or the executors of your estate, and so I was surprised to hear them tell me over dinner one night not only that they had taken up the sport of curling but also that during the winter months it claimed a considerable portion of their lives. At the time, I knew precisely the following about curling: it is a game played on ice but not on skates, in which one player slides a heavy, polished, flat-bottomed rock with a gooseneck handle on top toward a distant objective; some other players, with brooms, sweep in front of it, looking faintly ridiculous; and a bomb in the shape of a curling rock nearly kills one of the Beatles in the movie *Help!* I had no idea that in a vast, chilly ellipse of North America, stretching roughly from Edmonton, Alberta, to Bowling Green, Ohio, curling is played by more than a million people; that league play is intense among many hundreds of local curling clubs in the United States and Canada; or that curling will be a demonstration sport at the 1988 Winter Olympic Games (which begin on February 13 in Calgary) and has a good chance of becoming a medal sport in 1992. The American Broadcasting Company has spent $309 million for broadcast rights to the Winter Olympics and will have production teams on hand to film curling for several hours a day on seven successive days.

"It might help," I remember Bill's saying in that weary explanatory tone you sometimes hear from doctors, "to think of curling as a kind of shuffleboard on ice." He launched into a description of the game which contained a lot of words whose meanings I knew from other contexts but that turned out also to be technical terms in curling. A "rink," for example, is not only the 14-by-138-foot piece of ice the game is played on—better known as the sheet—but also denotes a four-person team, composed of a "skip" (captain), "lead," "second," and "third." A match consists of eight or ten "ends," which in baseball would be called innings, and in each end the competing rinks take turns sending sixteen 42-pound rocks, usually referred to as stones, all hewn from dense, fault-free granite obtained in a single quarry in Wales, down the sheet to the "house," which is a target area in the ice, twelve feet in diameter and made up of concentric circles that are usually white, blue, and red. The center of the house is 126 feet from a starting point that in golf would be called the tee but in curling is the "hack," the "tee" being a line that runs through the center of the white circle, or "button," in the middle of the house—what in archery you would call the bull's-eye. There is a lot of other terminology, to describe such things as ice conditions ("keen" means fast, "heavy" means slow), the behavior of a moving stone (it will "curl" to the left or right depending on whether it has been given an "in-turn" or an "out-turn" during delivery by a twist of the handle, which for some reason is known as a handle), strategy (for example, whether to "guard," "take out," or "bury" a stone), and the type of contest that curling rinks compete in (a "bonspiel," unless prize money is being awarded, in which case it's a "cashspiel"). Negotiating a successful conversation with a curler inspires that same heady feeling of unexpected forward motion combined with utter concentration that I remember from my first solo outing in a car with a stick shift.

The object of curling is to get your stones inside the house, and the scoring is done as in horseshoes: the team with the stone, or stones, closest to the button gets one point for each of those stones. There is something seductively deliberate and graceful about a curling match in progress. Shortly after visiting the McMahons, I was invited with my family to attend the 1986 U.S. Women's National Bonspiel, which was held that year at The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts. (Martha was a competitor, representing Winnetka's Indian Hill Country Club.) There were four sheets in play at The Country Club, side by side in a vast, heated lodge where drinks and hors d'oeuvres were being served and on each of them contending rinks performed a tense pavane. First the skip, standing in the house at one end of the sheet, surveyed the lay of the stones and patted the ice with her broom in a certain way to show where she wanted the next stone delivered and what kind of shot it should be—a "draw," say, to a specific spot in the house, or perhaps a "take out," in which a player attempts to knock one of the other team's stones off the ice. The skip then signaled down the length of the ice to a teammate at the other end of the sheet to indicate the appropriate turn on the stone, and then stood her broom on its end at the desired spot to serve as a target. The teammate stepped into the hack, which is fixed in the ice as a foothold, and drew a stone back and forth on the sheet several times, judging the ice and finally letting go, her body following the stone some little way on its long journey down the sheet. The skip now barked instructions as the stone slid toward her, and the other

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er two teammates, wearing special shoes that grip the ice, came forward with brooms, sweeping vigorously to abrade and polish the surface of the sheet in the stone's path, thereby altering the speed and direction of the stone itself (which must not be touched by anyone or anything once it has been set into play) and urging it to the proper destination. When the stone finally came to rest, the whole stylized ritual was enacted again, and then again and again—five or six hundred times all told on the four sheets during the couple of hours that I watched. The players were serious and alert in colorful uniforms that did homage variously to the sweatsuit, the Scottish Highlands, and the Tyrolean Alps. Their caps and lapels glittered with cloisonne pins that are awarded to or traded among participants at every bonspiel.

My children were engrossed in this spectacle, as was I. An elderly woman curler and member of The Country Club, which is famously exclusive and lacks a conventional proper name because it was the first such club in America, seemed delighted by our reaction. "Oh, I think everyone ought to curl. And of course it's best if you start young." The woman beamed at my children, and I waited hopefully. "Now, let me think," she went on. "There must be a public sheet around here someplace."

CURLING IS IN FACT not an elitist sport. To be sure, there are places like north suburban Chicago or west suburban Boston where one can find a game mainly at country clubs. In towns like Regina, Saskatchewan, and Wausau, Wisconsin, and in rural areas throughout the curling belt, the games take place not at country clubs but at community centers or other facilities that are open to the public, and there is likely to be a curling program in the local schools. The demographic composition of a typical bonspiel is as diverse as, say, that of the group of people who enjoy gardening. The beefy man in the kilt may be a mechanic or an investment banker.

One reason curling is relatively egalitarian could be that the origins of the sport, unlike those of court tennis or racketball, are not associated with any one social class. Admittedly, they are not at issue in part because the origins of curling remain obscure. Some argue for the game's invention by Flemings in the sixteenth century, and vignettes in certain paintings by Brueghel seem to support this view. In terms of rules and equipment, curling evolved into something approaching its present form in Scotland (where it was never, however, the exclusive preserve of the lairds). Today the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, in Edinburgh, is recognized by curlers around the world as the sport's "mother" institution. It was the Scots, apparently, who introduced the practice of sweeping, originally to clear the ice of snow. It turned out that sweeping could also straighten a curl and add as much as ten feet to the distance a stone traveled. Today a curler in a typical game sweeps one or two miles of ice, most of it while moving sideways. Scottish soldiers brought curling to Canada during the French and Indian War, and the sport subsequently migrated south, to the United States.

After the Scots the Canadians have had the greatest impact on the nature of the game. Canadians pioneered the widespread use of indoor sheets (as opposed to frozen outdoor ponds), which made the surface of the ice more regular and the behavior of a stone more predictable. They also introduced the practice of "pebbling" the surface—sprinkling it with water and allowing the drops to freeze—which makes the ice relatively heavy at the outset of a game but keener and keener as the rough pebble wears off. In the 1930s Ken Watson, the Babe Ruth of Canadian curling, popularized the sliding delivery, in which the curler slides with his stone for a few yards out of the hack before sending it on its way, and the Canadians as a result came to enjoy far better stone control than did the Scots, who continued to use a standing release from the "crampit," a rectangular plate affixed to the ice. And the Canadians were aggressive. Whereas the Scots played a genteel sort of curling, in which both teams simply vied to get as many stones into the house as possible, the Canadians adopted a lethal form of play that called not merely for bettering an opponent's shots but for physically ridding the ice of the opponent's stones by throwing shots of superior accuracy and unusual power. As early as 1903, when a Royal Caledonian rink toured North America, the Scots realized that cis-Atlantic curling had evolved into a different phylum. By 1959, when Canada met Scotland in the Scotch Cup, the first world championship curling match, the Scottish style of curling seemed like football without the

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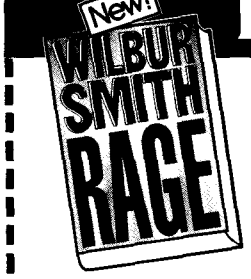

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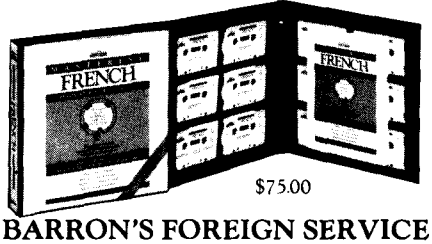

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forward pass. Willie Young, the Scottish skip, said of the Canadians after his rink lost every game of the series, "We were just dumfoonert when we saw them. They played the straight takeout game. It was completely new to us."

Not surprisingly, everyone started playing a lot more like the Canadians. The world championship was eventually renamed The Silver Broom and is now called The International Olympic Committee President's Cup—the strategy behind the recent change of name should be obvious—and though it is still dominated by Canada, it has been won with increasing frequency by other countries: once by Scotland, twice by Norway, twice by Sweden, twice by Switzerland, and four times by the United States. Raymond H. ("Bud") Somerville, the best-known American curler and the only member so far of the U.S. Curling Hall of Fame, led the United States to its one victory in the Scotch Cup, in 1965, and to the first of its victories in the Silver Broom, in 1974, and he will be the skip of the men's U.S. Olympic curling rink at Calgary. The women will be led by Lisa Schoeneberg, who skipped a newly formed rink to an upset victory over the reigning U.S. national women's champions at the Olympic trials, in St. Paul last April. The position of third on Schoeneberg's rink—the player who sends her team's fifth and sixth stones down the ice, and who serves as vice skip when the skip is in the hack—is held by Erika Brown. She is fourteen years old and will probably be the youngest Olympic athlete at Calgary not wearing tights.

ERIKA BROWN LIVES in Madison, Wisconsin, and comes from a prominent curling family. Her parents, Steve and Diane, were national couples champions in 1984 and have been the Wisconsin couples champions seven times. Steve Brown, an insurance underwriter, was a national men's champion in 1982 and 1986 and is a five-time Wisconsin men's champion. He also coached the 1986 Wisconsin junior women's championship rink, on which his daughter played, and he is the coach of the U.S. women's Olympic team. The United States Curling Association describes Steve as "the third dominant force in U.S. men's curling," after Bud Somerville and Bob Nichols ("one of the most formidable skip-third combinations in curling history") and Bruce Roberts ("of Hibbing, Minnesota"). Erika Brown, a freshman at LaFollette High School, has been an all-star Little League second baseman and was the 1987 Wisconsin Professional Golfers' Association Junior Ladies Fourteen-Year-Old champion. I was in Madison a few months ago and called up the Browns, who invited me out to their house.

The Browns don't conceal the fact that they have built much of their lives around curling. The license plate on their car bears the letters CRL USA. There are silver trophies and curling pins under glass in the living room. Down in the basement is Steve's Curling Supplies, a business run by Steve and Diane in their spare time. I was surprised at both the quantity and the variety of curling equipment. For example, the Browns sell about twenty-five kinds of brooms, from the traditional corn brooms, such as the Little Beaver and the Pro 8-Ender, which look like witches' brooms, to the increasingly popular push brooms, or brushes, like the Mark VII and the Competitor Supreme, which have tough, short bristles made from horse hair or nylon and look like something one would scrub the floor with. There are lots of special curling shoes made by the Bauer and Asham companies. They often have a polyethylene or Teflon "slider" built into the left sole, to assist in the sliding delivery, and a "gripper" built into the right sole, for traction. The Browns are the exclusive U.S. supplier of Andrew Kay Curling Stones, which are made in Ayrshire, Scotland, and which have for more than 120 years been regarded as the world's finest. The Browns sell hacks, pebblers, uniforms, ties, pins, and bumper stickers (curlers do it, as you might guess, on ice), and they sell books. I bought *Ken Watson on Curling*, by Ken Watson, and *Curling to Win*, by Ed ("Fast Eddie") Lukowich, Al ("The Ice Man") Hackner, and Rick ("The Mick") Lang, all of whom have been Canadian national champions. These books nicely display the temperament and world view of the ardent curler, for whom nothing, really, is as interesting or as important as his game.

I sat down with the Browns at their dining-room table, where Erica had been using pens of five or six different colors to gloss a calendar through the end of the year. In addition to normal high school activities she has an Olympic practice schedule to maintain and, in the four months before the Olympics, twelve bonspiels in three countries. I asked the family to go beyond the shuffleboard-on-ice description of curling.

Steve said, "Well, for one thing, the game is as much like chess as it is like shuffleboard. Also, it requires a great deal of athletic ability. The idea that it doesn't is the biggest piece of misinformation about the sport. It's like tennis where you've got people at the municipal level who maybe just play doubles on a Sunday afternoon, and yet people who play tennis professionally are some of your best athletes in the world."

"You also have to understand the strategy," Diane said, "which is where the chess comes in. It varies depending on who you're playing, and how far ahead you are or how far behind, and at what point in the game you are and whether you have the hammer or not."

The "hammer" is the last stone of the end, and a good way to impress a group of friends watching curling on television is to stroll casually into the room, glance at the set, and then ask matter-of-factly "Who's got the hammer?" Having the last-stone advantage (it goes to the loser of the previous end) almost invariably makes a rink more aggressive and willing to make tough, risky shots because of the chance to bail out of trouble with the final throw. Instead of simply taking out an opponent's stone in the front part of the house, a skip might decide to try to curl around it, ending up closer to the button. He might try to throw a "freeze," delivering his stone so that it stops just shy of an opponent's, where it will be difficult to take out because of the solid "backing" provided by the other stone. He may try to "build the house from the sides," placing stones inside the circles to the left and the right—like a seven-ten split in bowling—in order to make a double takeout by the other rink unlikely. The rink with last-stone advantage always wants to score at least two or three points, and the rink without it always wants to hold the opponents to no more than one.

"You'll be hearing a lot on TV about last-stone advantage," Steve said. "The other thing I hope they make a point of is how much finesse is involved."

"I've always curled," Erika said, "and I know how to do it and all, and it's not easy to learn. When you see it on TV you might think it looks pretty simple. But it's not just pushing a stone across the ice. You have to know about in-turns and out-turns and how to sweep. You have to know whether the ice is frosty or slippery, or if the pebble's breaking down, because when conditions change

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—let's say tracks have appeared where the pebble's worn away—that's something you'll want to take advantage of."

Because curling is only a demonstration sport, the Olympic competition will be limited to countries whose rinks finished among the top eight places in the women's or men's world-championship matches held last March and April, in Lake Forest, Illinois, and Vancouver, British Columbia. Those countries are Canada, Denmark, France, West Germany, Norway, Scotland (which counts, justifiably, as a sovereign state for curling purposes), Sweden, Switzerland, the United States. The other members of the International Curling Federation are Australia, Austria, England, Finland, Italy, Japan, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, and Wales; the Russians, in a move that could arouse Cold War passions even in a liberal city like Madison, have recently bought curling equipment from the West and begun to experiment with the game. At Calgary the rinks to beat will probably be Canada's, and then the rinks from Scandinavia and Switzerland. Canada has the largest number of curlers in the world—some 80,000 Canadians are enthusiastic enough to compete in the playdowns for the men's national championship, The Brier—and has a number of corporations, such as Labatt and Air Canada, willing to sponsor the sport. Curling in Canada gets money from the government, as does curling in Norway, Sweden, and many of the other countries. Unlike the U.S. women's rink, most of the rinks coming to the Olympics have trained together for several years and have already been tested at world-championship levels. The pressure on Erika Brown, who as the third curler must set up the final two shots of every end, will, I imagine, be fairly intense.

"If I miss my two shots," Erika said when I asked her about that, "we're going to be in big trouble because the end is nearly over and now all the load will be on the skip. I have to be able to throw the shots that the skip does—you know, the cutesy little shots, the finesse shots. Things like tapbacks and coming through ports. And when I'm the vice skip I have to be quick on my feet and make my own judgment. But I can pick up the ice conditions and I think I have a very good understanding of the game and of strategy." And then she laughed in a shy way that Wheaties should pay a million dollars for. "Compared to any fourteen-year-old, that's for sure." □

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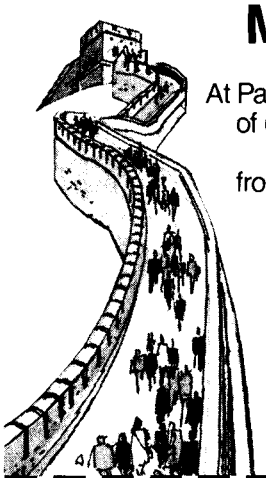

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HEALTH

THE GETTING OF RESPECT

American chiropractors are still fighting for recognition from medical doctors

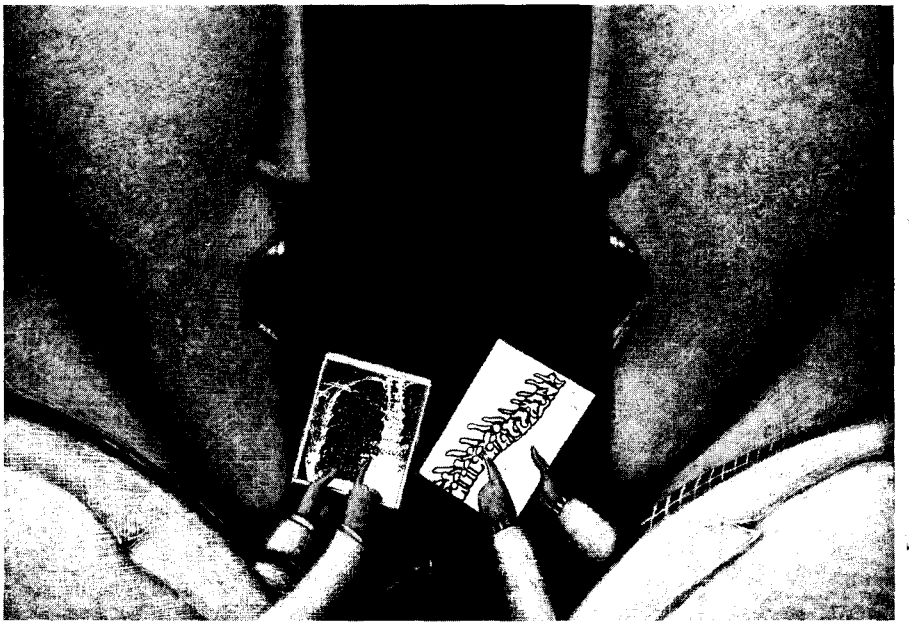
BY ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL

As a teenager, I occasionally spent an evening baby-sitting for the daughter of a chiropractor. My father, a pediatrician, dubbed these evenings "a night at the quack's." At the time I thought he was joking, but as it turns out, he was merely spouting the official opinion of his trade organization, the American Medical Association. The AMA had in fact formed a Committee on Quackery in 1963 to deal with what it considered to be the chiropractic problem. Thirteen years later five chiropractors responded by filing an antitrust suit.

Last September the suit was finally decided. A federal district court judge, Susan Getzendanner, found that the AMA was guilty of conspiracy in "restraint of trade" against the chiropractic profession, that it had unlawfully deprived chiropractors of association with medical doctors, and that by calling them "unscientific cultists" it had eroded the credibility of the profession. The Committee on Quackery was disbanded in 1975, but the AMA continued its official anti-chiropractic efforts until 1980. Getzendanner found that the AMA had "never acknowledged the lawlessness of its past conduct" and that to this day "there has never been an affirmative statement by the AMA that it is ethical to associate with chiropractors."

The AMA is appealing this decision. Dr. Alan Nelson, the chairman of the board of trustees of the AMA and an internist in Salt Lake City, contends that chiropractic is not scientifically based and that in some cases it can be dangerous. Meanwhile, more people than ever—something like 11 million a year—are seeking the help of chiropractors, most of them for the treatment of low back pain.

There are hundreds of different causes for low back pain. Tumors, infections, ruptured disks, and fractures are a few of the unhappier possibilities, and all of these require skilled medical intervention. But the vast majority of back-pain sufferers have what is called an idiopathic condition—there is no apparent cause for their pain. No treatment approach for idiopathic back pain can truly be called scientific, and of the so far non-scientific approaches, chiropractic appears to be among the most effective.



Chiropractic is based on the theory that many disorders of the body are traceable to a misalignment of the spinal column and a concomitant disruption of the nervous system. This is a very old idea, and intuitively it makes a good deal of sense. The spinal cord is a pathway along which messages are carried to organs throughout the body; altering this pathway could well affect the transfer of information and, subsequently, the health of the organs. Chiropractors claim to be able to feel partial dislocations, or "subluxations," of the joints which, they say, may be responsible for any number of disorders. The main therapeutic method used by chiropractors is spinal manipulation (they also treat other parts of the body), in which the vertebral segments of the spine are adjusted to correct these subluxations, release compression, and improve nerve transmission. There is no proof that any of this occurs—subluxations do not appear on x-rays, and according to Alan Nelson there is no evidence that subluxations are associated with any underlying illness. Nor is there solid evidence that manipulation significantly alters the spinal pathway. Nonetheless, preliminary clinical evidence indicates that chiropractic is more effective than, say, simple massage for cases of acute back pain. There is also evidence that victims of acute back pain who get the help of chiropractors recover more quickly than those who do not.

Dr. Gerald Leisman, a neurologist who also has a Ph.D. in biomedical engineering, is the chief of the research division of New York Chiropractic College in Glen Head. Leisman, who is not a chiropractor, says that the process of detecting subluxations is deductive, not scientific, just as is any method of determining a treatment for idiopathic pain. "When I was playing clinical neurologist, I saw at least three thousand patients who suffered from low back pain," he says. "Generally, the diagnosis was radiculopathy, or irritation of the nerve roots. But there is no scientific way to establish what such a diagnosis means because irritation, per se, cannot be measured. Subluxation and irritation are not the same, but they are related concepts. There are demonstrable physical states associated with subluxations, and it is possible to show that after a manipulation these states are changed."

Like many doctors sympathetic to the chiropractic approach, Leisman was trained in Britain, where, he says, chi

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practors do not compete with doctors and are treated with a good deal less skepticism than they receive in the United States. In Britain chiropractors are an integral part of the national health-care system, and doctors frequently refer patients to them. Until 1980 the AMA deemed it "unethical" for an American doctor to refer a patient to a chiropractor, and any doctor who did so risked losing his AMA membership. The AMA says that its motive for ostracizing chiropractic was a noble one—that it believed that the dangers of chiropractic outweighed the benefits.

"There is no question that our committee [on quackery] tried to educate the public in good faith," says Kirk Johnson, the AMA general counsel. "Our motive was patient care. Our campaign went on too long, and it went too far, but we are not going to apologize for it. It's as old as medicine that unscientific practices are things that doctors will not associate themselves with. The attitude in the early seventies was, Aren't we allowed to have ethical rules regarding the treatment of patients? To the extent that there has been a stigma against chiropractic, many doctors thought that it was probably earned."

The AMA dropped its official position on chiropractors in 1980, four years after the antitrust suit was filed, and referring patients to chiropractors is no longer deemed unethical by the association. Still, doctors generally prefer not to comment on chiropractic, and most of those who would speak to me about it said that they would not refer their patients to chiropractors. Dr. Aubrey Swartz, an orthopedic surgeon and the founding executive director of the American Back Society, says that while chiropractors are generally eager to share information with orthopedists, few orthopedists will cooperate with chiropractors. "Frequently chiropractors and orthopedic surgeons share the same patients, but the surgeon will refuse to recognize the chiropractor," he says. "The doctors are frustrated and angry—they believe chiropractors to be illegitimate. But naturally it is not in the best interest of the patient for the two not to communicate."

Only about a dozen hospitals in the United States have staff chiropractors. The National Institutes of Health and the National Science Foundation, major funding sources for research in science and medicine, have yet to fund chiropractic research. Hence chiropractors

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tors have not had access to the research facilities and funds that would allow their case to be proved or disproved. That problem is being remedied in part by the Foundation for Chiropractic Education and Research, an independent funding organization that has picked up the tab for about seventy studies. One of these is a clinical trial being conducted by Dr. Malcolm Pope, a professor of orthopedic surgery and mechanical engineering and the director of research in orthopedics at the University of Vermont School of Medicine, which has a federally funded center for research on low back pain. Pope is comparing the relative benefits of chiropractic, massage, electrical muscle stimulation, and two types of back braces in the treatment of severe back pain.

"I have looked extensively at the literature on trials of chiropractic and found them to be very poorly done," Pope says. "It is true that the scientific basis for chiropractic is weak, but it is nevertheless a very commonly used therapy. There is no proof that any of the treatments we are looking at are effective in the long-term management of back pain. That's why a well-controlled study is so important."

Dr. Rowland Hazard, an assistant professor of orthopedics who works with Pope, says that most doctors know little or nothing about chiropractors but that this lack of understanding does not keep them from holding a generally negative opinion. "Chiropractic is a very complicated field," he says. "There are many different kinds, not only in terms of the science they believe in but in their styles of practice. Some chiropractors feel manipulation is only for spinal pain, while others believe it can be used to treat colds and diabetes. Any generalized statement about chiropractic will get you in trouble." Hazard says that part of the appeal that chiropractors have for the public may well be in their seeming ability to pinpoint ailments that physicians would not venture to diagnose. "Most chiropractors will tell you they can make a very specific diagnosis," he says. "They'll take x-rays and give you what sounds like a highly technical reason why you need realignment, and why you'll have to keep coming back for alignment for months. What they don't tell you is that there are any number of people walking down the street who would have very similar x-rays and who have no problem."

Hazard observes that orthopedic surgeons are in a similar bind. About fifty years ago a couple of surgeons at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston, discovered the herniated disk. Disks are cushions of a jellylike substance surrounded by fibrous material that keep vertebrae from bumping into one another. As we age, the jelly dries up and can rupture through a crack in the fibrous material, sometimes hitting a nerve and causing serious pain. Generations of surgeons were taught to remove abnormal discs suspected of causing pain. But with the advent of penetrating imaging devices like the CAT scanner it gradually became clear that as many as a fifth of people between the ages of thirty and fifty have abnormal disks, yet most of them do not experience pain as a result. Also, statistics emerged showing that disk surgery was not necessarily successful in eliminating pain and, in fact, could sometimes make matters much worse. There are guidelines but no hard rules for distinguishing those who will be helped by surgery from those who won't—just as there is no certainty that chiropractic manipulation will be effective in a given case. As one orthopedic surgeon told me, deciding whether or not to operate is a matter of judgment.

"The fact is, science is absolutely stretched when it comes to the diagnosis and treatment of back pain," Hazard says. "A lot of people are operating way beyond what they can prove."

TRADITIONALLY, THIS lack of hard data hasn't been a problem for chiropractors. Chiropractic is considered by its practitioners to be a healing art, not a science, and only in the past decade or so have chiropractors themselves come to believe that they need a scientific basis for what they do. According to Stephen Wolk, the director of research for the Foundation for Chiropractic Education and Research, most chiropractors today stick to the treatment of neuromuscular and skeletal disorders, such as joint problems, headaches, and back pain, and no reputable practitioner would attempt to tackle infectious disease, diabetes, or cancer. But this is something of a departure from the not so distant past. At one time or another in its history, which extends roughly a hundred years, chiropractic has claimed to cure almost every condition afflicting man.

"Twenty years ago some chiropractors professed to do more than they could do," says Dr. Michael Pedigo, the president of the International Chiropractic Association, the smaller of two nationwide chiropractic trade organizations, and a plaintiff in the antitrust suit. (Like dentists, chiropractors are legally entitled to call themselves doctors.) "But we've become more realistic. Naturally, one should be leery of a chiropractor who makes outrageous claims—if he says he can cure cancer, go elsewhere. But one should also be aware that the medical establishment exaggerates the number of chiropractors who make such claims. There are medical doctors who make unrealistic claims, but I would doubt that the AMA would appreciate it if we portrayed these few irresponsible physicians as typical of their membership."

Chiropractors are required to attend two years of undergraduate school and four years of chiropractic college before they can be licensed by national and state boards. Nonetheless, the AMA contends that chiropractors are not qualified to diagnose. This is a sticky issue, because chiropractic procedure inappropriately applied can be disastrous. Patients with severe atherosclerosis, congenital hardening of the arteries, fractures of the spine, and rheumatoid arthritis are not candidates for chiropractic. Spinal manipulation could be lethal for them. However, chiropractors are trained to spot these problems and will refer patients to a physician if they do.

Chiropractors do not perform surgery or administer drugs, and therefore have less opportunity to do harm than doctors have. The good ones give advice on exercise and diet (most chiropractors are better versed in the fine points of nutrition than are most physicians), and many offer physical therapy as part of their treatment. Whether there is a scientific basis to chiropractic theory remains to be seen, but the fact is that, for whatever reason, many people are helped by chiropractors, at least over the short term. Despite the efforts of the medical establishment to keep them out, chiropractors are gradually edging their way into the mainstream of health care, thanks mostly, it seems, to popular demand for their services. If, as the medical community claims, the success of chiropractic is due to good politics rather than to good health care, then it is certainly politics of the grass-roots variety. Chiropractic will not go away. Nor does it seem to be in the public's best interest that chiropractic should. □

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MUSIC

RECLUSIVE CONDUCTOR

Carlos Kleiber's engagements are few, but they are keenly anticipated

BY HARVEY SACHS

FOR THE CONDUCTOR Carlos Kleiber, just to walk into an auditorium for a rehearsal or a performance seems to require an uncommon act of will, as if he dreaded baring his essence as a musician and asserting his ideas. He is prone to acute, almost morbid, self-doubt, and is retiring by nature. To protect himself, he does not often accept engagements and does not always perform those he accepts. But once he does begin to conduct, his tall, lean body seems drawn into the musical vortex, and his long, expressive arms pull his fellow performers in after him. Kleiber at work is a man compelled to put marvelous truths across to his co-workers—compelled not only against his will but also against his foreknowledge that he can never entirely succeed.

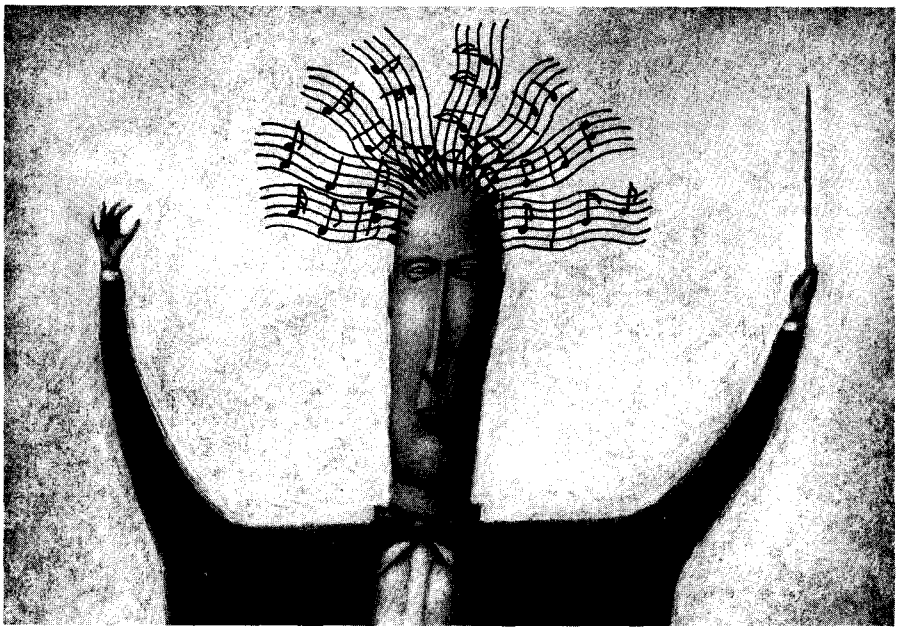
In an intelligently organized musical world, his name would be familiar to all. But Kleiber is too elusive for the opinion-makers. He won't publicize himself by dashing from one city to another, leaving no mark anywhere. He refuses to make do with insufficient rehearsal periods, refuses to conduct works that do not now interest him thoroughly, and refuses to put up with the social, bureaucratic, and media-related responsibilities—the friend-winning, schedule-planning, and interview-granting—required of the music directors of most concert and opera organizations. Any appearance, then, is keenly anticipated. Kleiber, fifty-seven, has restricted his engagements to performances with a few European opera companies and orchestras and, in the United States, several concerts with the Chicago Symphony, in 1978 and 1983. But he was scheduled to make his operatic conducting debut with the Metropolitan Opera at the end of January. Few New York conducting engagements have been watched as closely.

Musicians familiar with Kleiber's work often compare him to Wilhelm Furtwängler or Arturo Toscanini, not because his interpretations of given pieces resemble theirs but because he, too, is a radical, determined to rethink every note of every work he conducts every time he conducts it. His performances, like theirs, are so imaginative that they inevitably arouse controversy. Yet Kleiber is almost universally respected by his colleagues: Claudio Abbado, Leonard Bernstein, Carlo Maria Giulini, James Levine, and Georg Solti might not all agree on many subjects, but all declare their admiration for Carlos Kleiber.

Kleiber's music-making has often been described as rhapsodic or bacchanalian, and he does indeed manage surprisingly often to bring his musicians to the edge of self-abandonment. He fights to realize every detail of a work, and then fights still harder to obliterate all traces of constraint. Even his studio recordings bear witness: the opening chorus in *Der Freischütz*, Violetta's "*Amami, Alfredo*" in *La Traviata*, the first scene of *Tristan und Isolde*, the party in *Die Fledermaus*—all are remarkable for their immediacy. The widespread influence of Karajan's distant, all-purpose voluptuous sound seems not to have touched Kleiber, who makes each piece he conducts speak with its own voice. As with most outstanding artists, however, his distinguishing qualities are also his perilous ones. Sometimes, in the heat of performance, Kleiber loses part of his self-control, and the intensity comes dangerously close to hysteria. At such moments, and depending on one's nature, one may either relish the experience on its own terms or wait for order to be restored.

Yet to categorize Kleiber's work as rhapsodic or bacchanalian is to ignore other important aspects of it. The intensely emotional element in his music-making usually functions in perfect accord with his questioning intelligence and magnificent grasp of musical architecture. And if the bacchanalian features—the spontaneity, the capacity for self-forgetfulness—prompt the comparison with Furtwängler, Kleiber's architectural passion awakens the comparison with the structural visionary Toscanini. Like Toscanini, Kleiber, as he gives the upbeat at the start of a work, seems already to be shaping the music toward the final chord.

Kleiber is musical to his very roots. His father, Erich Kleiber (1890–1956), was one of the most gifted and intellectually rigorous conductors of a generation that included Otto Klemperer (born 1885), Furtwängler (1886), Fritz Reiner (1888), Fritz Busch (1890), Clemens Krauss (1893), Karl Bohm (1894), and George Szell (1897). At the time of Carlos's birth, in 1930, his father had been the music director of the Berlin State Opera for seven years. Kleiber senior,



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who was Viennese, abandoned his post in 1934, in protest over Nazi policies, and agreed to take charge of German repertoire at the Teatro Colón, in Buenos Aires. Thus the Kleiber family—Erich, his American wife, and their two children (Carlos has an older sister)—moved to Argentina. The boy evinced great musicality, but his father discouraged him from developing it systematically. In his teens Carlos attended a private school in New York and then studied chemistry in Switzerland, at his father's insistence. His musical talent, however, was too explosive, and his desire to make music too powerful, to be suppressed. At the dangerously advanced age of twenty Carlos began to study music seriously. He made rapid progress. By 1958, at the age of twenty-eight, he was conducting at the Düsseldorf Opera, dealing with a broad repertoire under far from ideal conditions. His abilities were recognized, his work continued to improve, and he moved up to the Zurich and Stuttgart operas in the middle and late 1960s.

The better the ensembles, however, the more dissatisfied Kleiber seemed to become with himself and his world. His appearances grew less frequent and his demands for more rehearsal time began to frighten managers. Since 1968 Kleiber has conducted at the Bavarian State Opera, in Munich, more often than anywhere else. During the past fifteen years he has also worked from time to time at the Vienna State Opera, the Bayreuth Festival, Covent Garden, La Scala, and Florence's Teatro Comunale, and with a few other European opera companies and orchestras.

ALTHOUGH KLEIBER conducts in the pit more often than on the concert stage, many telling examples of his interpretive point of view are to be found in his recordings of symphonic music—three Beethoven symphonies, two by Schubert, and one each by Brahms and Bruckner. (Like his opera recordings, these are on the Deutsche Grammophon label, with the exception of two symphonies on the Orfeo label.) Kleiber achieves momentary changes of character within a movement more often by varying the nature of the winds' attacks, the strings' bowings, or the spacing of caesuras than by making substantial tempo modifications. He favors quick tempi, but even in extreme (and extremely questionable) cases, such as the last two movements of Schubert's Third Symphony, he shows an unerring instinct for hanging the proper amount of ballast on a tempo. Explosive little attacks, in Kleiber's super-fast version of the minuet, replace the ham-fisted treatment usually applied to the *sforzato* chords, and the fleetness of his rendition of the tarantella-like finale prevents its becoming hectic. In the violent drama of the first movement of the Beethoven Fifth, the wild abandon of the last movement of the Seventh, and the tormented episodes in the first movement of Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony, Kleiber grips and wrestles with the music, unafraid, yet ensures that his orchestras never batter the climaxes, never forget where they are going. Similarly, in the second movements of each of these pieces he brings off extraordinary within-the-bar expressive details without losing the basic pulse. And when, on occasion, he chooses an unusually slow tempo, as in his recording with the Vienna Philharmonic of the first movement of Brahms's Fourth Symphony, he gets the orchestra to play with such unanimity of intent and fullness of tone that the musical discourse maintains its free flow.

Even when Kleiber does something erratic, the peculiarities are there for a reason, not on a whim. In his live concert recording with the Bavarian State Orchestra of the Beethoven Fourth, Kleiber greatly rushes the *fortissimo* chords at the end of the first movement's slow introduction, evidently because he believes that playing them in the fast tempo that the composer indicated for the following bars makes more sense than holding on to them for their full written duration. Later in that movement he applies the brakes immediately before each statement of the second theme, presumably because the quiet texture of what's coming makes him want to soften its arrival. Both decisions produce artificial—but not gratuitously or inexplicably artificial—results.

SUCH CAREFULLY MADE decisions show Kleiber's Apollonian side. Yet like the Bacchantes, among whose number he is more often counted, he seems to have a strongly self-destructive element. His nerves occasionally defeat him in rehearsals and make him overstep the line that separates potentially productive tenacity from futile exasperation—an exasperation that feeds on itself and leads him into traps that even ungifted neophytes usually avoid. Several seasons ago, for instance, while preparing *Tristan* with the orchestra of La Scala, in Milan, which had not played the work in many years, he began by correcting tiny details, stopping in one bar after another, rather than first letting the musicians read through substantial segments. When he eventually tried to assemble all the tidied-up bits, the music sounded fragmented. Kleiber had wrested seventeen orchestra and ensemble rehearsals from the house's administration, but the people doing the playing were unable to achieve a collective overall vision of the opera. "Why do I keep trying to conduct?" he whined during the break in one of those frustrating work sessions, in one of his frequent moments of profound pessimism. "I can't get them to understand what I want. . . . I shouldn't be conducting at all." What the episode really illustrated was Kleiber's constitutional inability to let bad playing pass, even for a few minutes—even for the good of the whole piece. The elements of *Tristan* did coalesce, finally, but only after two or three performances.

Such episodes are rare, because orchestras respond extraordinarily well to Kleiber. Musicians find themselves stimulated by his lucid, if difficult, artistic demands—so different from the devastating routine that is usually their lot. Kleiber is an intensely communicative man of profound artistic convictions—a conductor who completely absorbs scores as few have ever done, who knows how he wants every detail to sound, and whose beautifully honed technique allows him to convey to his forces the subtlest musical nuances. Orchestral musicians are also beguiled by his charm, delighted with his lack of arrogance, and entertained by his sharp sense of humor. The same is true of singers—those who understand what he is seeking and are pliable enough to respond, for he is capable of reacting with childish rudeness when things do not go as he wishes. An extreme example was the "Bruson case" at La Scala last winter, when he conducted the centennial performances of Verdi's *Otello*. At rehearsals signs of tension had appeared between Kleiber and the baritone Renato Bruson, over the interpretation of the role of Iago, but no showdown had occurred. On opening night, during the intermission between the third and fourth acts, Kleiber roundly accused Bruson, in front of other singers and a number of bystanders, of not keeping up with the

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rchestra. As Bruson began to defend imself, Kleiber brusquely informed im that he would not work with him gain—and went to his dressing room. ruson, deeply hurt, declared that he as going to teach "that bumpkin" a les- on; a colleague had to keep him from ushing off to punch Kleiber.

The incident is typical of the Kleiber ilieu, not only for its colorful details ut also because the conductor lost more an he gained by his behavior. He in- sted that Bruson be replaced at subse- uent performances. The substitute—ell past his vocal prime—regaled leiber and the public with bad intona- on and a variety of other defects. Still, leiber had his way. And that was not leiber at his most intransigent. When ally depressed or upset by lack of prog- ss in rehearsals or by performances he nds unacceptable, Kleiber packs his gs and goes home. He has abandoned ncert halls, opera houses, and record- g studios throughout Europe. To en- ge him always requires a managerial t of faith.

Kleiber has also harmed himself—ychologically, perhaps, as well as pro- ssionally—by restricting his active pertoire to a few operas (*Der Freischütz*, *Traviata*, *Otello*, *Tristan*, *Carmen*, *Der senkavalier*, *La Bohème*, and *Wozzeck*), e operetta (*Die Fledermaus*), and a ndful of symphonic works. His ap- arances seem to become ever rarer. t it would be wrong, let alone futile, pester him, to try to force him to be- ve himself, for he has already given uch pleasure and taught many impor- nt artistic lessons. Besides, he is an vistic phenomenon for whom our pet- ied Classical and Romantic repertoire still alive, still a source of burning estions demanding answers. We ould probably accept without com- aint his superbly conceived, intense- committed realizations of whatever erests him, whenever he chooses to rform.

"When he stands in judgment," one strated, God-fearing admirer said, "I pe the Lord asks him what he did th all the talent he was given." For eiber, making music means standing self-judgment—facing persistent pain eviated by rare moments of self- getfulness. Most conductors look ased or grateful when they receive e applause of an enthusiastic audi- ce. Kleiber looks nonplussed and ologetic: he appears to be saying, m sorry it didn't turn out better." □

Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 79.

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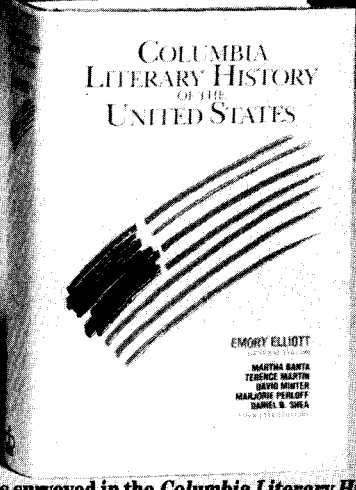

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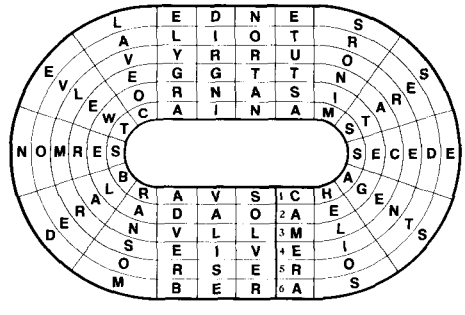

The unclued winner of the race is SOLVER. *Entrants.* 1. CHAS'S-IS; AN-GEL; M-EMBER 2. A(E)GE-AN; T(h)RILL; END-(h)ORSE 3. MINDER (hidden); E-NDEAVOR (*e* + anag.); SELL (homoph.) 4. ELECT (hidden rev.); MA-NIAC (*Cain* rev.); T(EL AVI)V (*a live* anag.) 5. ROS(E)S; STORY (double def.); VERANDAS (anag.) 6. (t)ASTER; OUTG-ROWS (*gout* anag.); BRA-V-O *Radial Words*. a. CAM(e)-ERA b. HE-LIOS (rev.) c. A-GENT'S d. SE-CEDE e. STARES (homoph.) f. MI-NO(R)S g. AS(TUT)E (*sea* anag.) h. NAT-RON (*tan* rev.) i. IN-GRID j. A(R-G-Y)LE k. COEVAL (anag.) l. T-WE(I,V)E m. S(E-RM)ON n. B(LA)RED o. RAN-SO-M p. A-D(V)ERB(y) q. V(AL)ISE

ACROSTIC NO. 30

"I liked the laundromat—the way it smelled, the rhythmic slosh of the machines, the ticking of . . . zippers, in the dryers, the odd camaraderie among those placed in life by circumstances which meant they had to wash their dirty linen in public."

—Sue Miller, *The Good Mother*

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BOOKS

ABOVE RESPECTABILITY

BY SEAMUS HEANEY

OSCAR WILDE
by Richard Ellmann.
Knopf, $24.95.

AMERICA, OSCAR WILDE observed, was never discovered; it was merely detected. Nowadays the *mot* could well be applied to famous lives as they are treated in literary biographies—exposed more to the arts of suspicious inquiry than to old-fashioned encomium. The urge to master the subject is admittedly part of a writer's impulse in any context, but the temptation toward triumphant despoliation seems to beset the practitioners of this genre in particular. Happily, there are exceptions, and they include the late Richard Ellmann. Even though he does not shirk the less attractive elements of the story he has to tell, his magisterial account of the life and work of Oscar Wilde restores the balance toward biography as positive witness.

There are two sadnesses here. One is legendary, involving the fall of a great man in his pride. The other is recent, involving the relatively early death of a great biographer shortly after he had put the finishing touches to this book. Richard Ellmann's fame was unshakably established by the publication, in 1959, of his life of James Joyce; this was a natural progression from the pioneering work he had already done as a critic and a biographer, in his two books about W. B. Yeats. In fact, a good epigraph for his study of Wilde is to be found in a sentence that occurs in the preface to the second edition of *The Identity of Yeats* (1964), where he wrote, "The poet is always faced with a commonsense solution, as by a sort of minimum wage, and always chooses to take nothing rather than take that."

This perception of Ellmann's about Yeats also comprehends nicely Wilde's highly theatrical behavior, his impulsive self-dramatization, and the relationship of these traits to the more cautious and quotidian lives led by the rest of us. It would certainly be possible to find in Wilde's masquerade a basis for Yeats's subsequent admiration of "beautiful lofty things," his sense of the personality as a projected image, and his preference for the stilt over the slipper as the footwear proper to genius. Wilde and Yeats met in London, when Yeats was in his early twenties and Wilde had just entered his gilded thirties. Or perhaps one should say blanched rather than gilded, given the ubiquitousness of the lily among his accessories and the dominance of white in the decor of his house at Tite Street, to which Yeats was invited for Christmas dinner in 1888. Both were, after all, poets, both from Dublin, and both marked by the sense of difference that these circumstances forced on them in late-Victorian England. It all contributed, no doubt, to Wilde's definition of the Irish (a foolhardy venture, even for him): "We Irish are too poetical to be poets; we are a nation of brilliant failures, but we are the greatest talkers since the Greeks."

This does not possess the "hard brilliance" that Yeats had first admired. Its cadence lolls a little, and is suggestive c that languid, deliberately accentuate manner of speaking that so enraged h enemies and entranced his disciple Wilde's origin may have been Irish bı his accent ("one of the many things I fo got at Oxford") was not. While passir through Boston on his fabulous Amer can circuit of 1882 he amused Julia Wa Howe by saying that the words *vermili* and *balcony* were pronounced too pros ically, and should have more emphas on the *ver* of the one and the *c* of the ot er. Earlier, in Washington, he did n amuse Henry James, who heard hi pronounce Boston as *Bossston*; Jam called him "Hoscar" Wilde, and d clared him "an unclean beast."

The slur was meant, no doubt, to ir pugn Wilde's sexuality, but it may ha been prompted by the look of his teet As a result of mercury treatment for t syphilis that Wilde had picked up fron prostitute while he was an undergra uate, these had gone black and caus him to develop the habit of covering l mouth with his hand while speakin His physical appearance, moreover, w not at all prepossessing. His face h been likened at Oxford to "a rich yet u gainly fruit"; in Paris, in 1891, Marc Schwob encountered "a large pasty fac red cheeks, an ironic eye, bad and p trusive teeth, a vicious childlike mou with lips soft with milk ready to su some more," although another obser could see him "gigantic, smooth-shav and rosy, like a great priest of the mo in the time of Heliogabalus." It was d ing this same Parisian visit that the Pr cess Ouroussoff claimed to see a h round his head and André Gide said tl he gave off rays—"*Il rayonnait.*"

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Wilde was then thirty-seven years of age. He had been creating himself for more than three decades, and there is little to suggest that when he gazed upon his creation he did not find it good. There was a definite continuity between the dandy who wore silk knee breeches, buckled shoes, lavender linings, lace-frilled cuffs, and cello-shaped, pastel-tinted overcoats, and the thirteen-year-old boy who had written to his mother from boarding school, "The flannel shirts you sent in the hamper are both Willie's, mine are one quite scarlet and the other lilac." In fact, it was in his mother that he got the first glimpses of a florid and disruptive majesty that he would perpetuate, both in his own life and in the lives of his fictional characters, notably Lady Bracknell. As a poet and an Irish nationalist, she was known as Speranza, but she was also Lady Wilde, wife to Sir William, a specialist in diseases of the ear and eye, an archaeologist, a phrenologist, a folklorist, and a dauntless womanizer. Both of them were larger than life. Yeats reported the Dublin riddle, "Why are Sir William Wilde's nails so black?" and the answer, "Because he has scratched himself." And Richard Ellmann tells how Lady Wilde, asked to receive in her house a young woman who was "respectable," replied, "You must never employ that description in this house. It is only tradespeople who are respectable. We are above respectability." She had, moreover, a placid magnificence of behavior that matched the haughtiness of that utterance. When her husband was on his deathbed, she admitted without demur a woman veiled in a shawl, presumably the mother of one of Oscar's two legitimate half-sisters or his one half-brother.

Her son, regrettably, did not inherit her gift of playing emotional possum. At the height of his career, with a timing that could not have been better devised by a Greek tragedian, Oscar Wilde's nemesis arrived in the outraged and slightly demented shape of the Marquess of Queensberry. Queensberry was the father of Lord Alfred Douglas, pet-named Bosie, the petulant and spendthrift boy-poet with whom Wilde had fallen helplessly and overbearingly in love. The fact that Queensberry accused Wilde (in eccentric aristocratic spelling) of posing as a "Somdomite" rather than actually being one did not lessen the insult, and Wilde, ignoring as usual the commonsense solution," which would have been to let it pass, prosecuted instead. It was almost as if he "thirsted for accusation."

In his sexual life, of course, Wilde had been stoking a furnace capable of smelting the idol he had made of himself, and now he seemed to need to hurl himself into the flames. The gesture of defiance was a living out of his law that in all matters, important or unimportant, style, not sincerity, was essential. But it also combined the punitive with the theatrical, insofar as there lurked in Wilde's heady progress toward exposure an impulse to flaunt in society's face realities that it both condoned and suppressed. Society might put up with what Richard Ellmann calls the "gamey" aspects of poems and even of a "dangerous" book like *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, but when the affront went too far, society proved merciless. Wilde nevertheless held his disdainful profile and lived out the aesthetic command. After the first court case, for example, when it was evident that the Crown had the witnesses, he refused to skip across the Channel in order to avoid prosecution—although a sort of prudence manifested itself in the way he ensured that he would be drunk when the constabulary knocked on the door of his room at the Cadogan Hotel at six o'clock.

Almost every page of *Oscar Wilde* carries a piece of information as significant as this, or as riveting. The details crowd and swim up like fry at feeding time on a trout farm. Everything is here: what he said to Pater after a lecture (Pater: "I hope you all heard me." Wilde: "We overheard you"); what his athletic propensities were ("I am afraid I play no outdoor games at all. Except dominoes. I have sometimes played dominoes outside French cafés"); his capacities as a fisherman ("The lake was full of large melancholy salmon, which lay at the bottom and paid no attention to our bait"); his erotic preferences (oral and intercrural); who his first homosexual lover was (Robert Ross, when Wilde was thirty-two and Ross an undergraduate); what his cell was like in Pentonville in the early days of his imprisonment (Wilde remembered three occasions when the warders were violently sick in the morning); who snubbed him and how, when he haunted the boulevards of Paris, drunk, penniless, and pimply (among them, Whistler, his old sparring partner, who descended to remarks such as "Wilde is working on *The Bugger's Opera*"); who was the Catholic priest who received him on his deathbed (Father Cuthbert Dunne).

But it is not just details that give the book its command. There is an overall sense of Wilde's being tolerantly supervised by an intelligence at once vigilant and dignified. We never forget that the subject is the author of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, that resplendent proof that Wilde is the writer's writer *par excellence*. High priest of aestheticism, darling of the salons, patron of the rough trade, victim of the bourgeois, martyr to his own image, wounded hart, converted sinner, all these things he certainly was—as he was also a ruefully neglectful husband of the well-named Constance and an obsessed lover of Bosie the superbrat. But, triumphantly, he was that by which the English language exulted and revealed itself again as a medium of joy and wisdom, and it is Ellmann's fidelity to these ultimately writerly elements in Wilde which gives the Midas touch to his deeply pondered judiciousness and his unhurried, unflashy command of the sources.

Oscar Wilde can, in part, be explained, yet the great virtue of this biography is that it does something less questionable and more abundant. Without the interference of prejudice or theory it establishes the record, almost day by day, and since it is the record of a performer whose constant ambition was to break *all* records, the reader's rewards are lavish. But we are offered more than a chronicle. The author observes his subject, in the very fullest sense of that verb's etymology, which contains an *ob-*, implying that one gets oneself in the way, and a *-servare*, implying that one makes oneself of service. Ellmann not only put himself in the way of every surviving memory of Wilde and every clue that years of meditative reading could provide; he also observed Wilde as one observes a silence, making himself simultaneously active and passive, allowing the full level of Wilde's reality to brim in his consciousness, and yet maintaining that consciousness in a state of critical attentiveness.

Indeed, something of Wilde's epigrammatic force keeps entering the style: not the least of the pleasures here is the adequacy of Ellmann's writing. It ranges from the indulgently laconic ("The death of her [Lady Wilde's] husband had freed her for the literary life") to the memorably severe ("Higginson took the occasion of Wilde's visit to

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nounce both him and Whitman, as if the end of the alphabet needed pruning"). Wilde's gift is for "the sudden perception of a truth opposed to the home truth." Yet with characteristic reticence Ellmann keeps his wit in the service of his subject. At such moments he is not showing off his own talent but relishing things in a spirit kindred to his protagonist's. His definition of what exactly that spirit was, and what it can still mean, forms the book's plangent and well-substantiated conclusion:

> to save what is eccentric and singular from being sanitized and standardized, to replace a morality of severity by one of sympathy. He belongs to our world more than to Victoria's . . . so generous, so amusing, and so right. □

BRIEF REVIEWS

THE DROWNED AND THE SAVED *by Primo Levi. Summit, $17.95.* Although the late Primo Levi wrote of his experiences in Nazi death camps with power, clarity, and intelligence that are unique and unequaled, he remained to the end of his life haunted by the questions addressed in this, his final work. One was the random nature of his survival, for Why me? is commonly asked by veterans of disaster. Another was the degree of truth possible even in his own conscientious account of the horror. "We survivors are not only an exiguous but also an anomalous minority; we are those who by their prevarications or abilities or good luck did not touch bottom." And finally, there was the question of repetition, whether "a phenomenon so unexpected and so complex" as the Nazi combination of technologized murder and pointless cruelty could recur. Mr. Levi feared that it could. He wrote in the hope that his testimony concerning the degradation of both torturers and victims under the Nazis, his analysis of the psychological patterns prevailing in the camps, would stand as a permanent warning. It should do so.

A WOMAN RUN MAD *by John L'Heureux. Viking, $17.95.* Mr. L'Heureux's novel ters on a dilatory fellow, inept academic and ineffectual novelist, who is led astray by a blue-blooded kleptomaniac. The man's hardworking wife is much annoyed by the affair, and the shoplifter's relatives are, with good reason, alarmed. The setting is Boston, where Mr. L'Heureux's kooky characters could indeed pass unnoticed for years unless one of them misbehaved in the street and frightened the horses. The author observes his specimens with a cool, distant eye and records their doings with a sharp ear for dialogue and an almost clinical attention to sexual detail. It is not his intention to create sympathy for these people. His game is suspense, and the reader is kept steadily wondering which of his eccentrics will crack first.

THE TRUE GEN *by Denis Brian. Grove, $19.95.* Mr. Brian has attempted to provide "an intimate portrait" of Ernest Hemingway by questioning "those who knew him," and the result is a medley of contradictory opinions. The situation facing the interviewer was neatly described by Hemingway's first wife, who said that he had "so many sides to him you could hardly make a sketch of him in a geometry book." Some of what Mr. Brian reports is familiar, some is new, some is based on affection, some on hostility, some on envy. None of it is dull, because dullness was not in Hemingway's repertoire.

25 CATS NAME SAM AND ONE BLUE PUSSY and **HOLY CATS BY ANDY WARHOL'S MOTHER** *by Andy Warhol. Panache Press at Random House, 2 vols. slipcased, $30.00.* Before he startled the art world with soup cans, Andy Warhol worked as a commercial artist and amused himself by creating small, privately printed whimsies for his friends. Two of these books have now been reproduced in facsimile. The line drawings are delightfully fluid and expressive, the colors are wildly arbitrary, nothing is realistic, but the character of cats—wily, timid, playful, arrogant, smug—is all there for any cat-lover to recognize.

THE AMUNDSEN PHOTOGRAPHS *edited and with an introduction by Roland Huntford. Atlantic Monthly, $35.00.* Roald Amundsen, first man to reach the South Pole, co-commander of the first flight across the North Pole, hero of other exploits of exploration, was also chronically in debt. He regularly tried to raise money by lecturing, using lantern slides to illustrate his talks. Some of these slides were recently found in an Oslo attic in a packing case labeled HORLICKS MALTED MILK. In combination with Mr. Huntford's informative text and copious quotations from Amundsen's diaries, the pictures give a lively impression of what a long, difficult expedition was really like. As photographs, they are amateurish. Amundsen was an innovator in the use of dogs, diesel power, ski bindings, and gear in general, but for photography he largely depended on whatever cameras his crew had thought to bring along. The very informality of the pictures adds to their sense of immediacy.

CHATTERTON *by Peter Ackroyd. Grove $17.95.* Mr Ackroyd's characters include an ailing poet, a dotty novelist, and a homosexual couple who refer to each other as "she" in defiance of gender. There are some fairly ordinary types involved as well, but they, while amusing, are peripheral to the author's purpose. He is discussing, in fictional form, the line that separates imaginative invention from deliberate deceit, or emulation from plagiarism. Chatterton, that amazing eighteenth-century forger of medieval poetry, is not exactly a character but his shadow falls over the whole engaging, clever tale.

THE SEA REMEMBERS *edited by Peter Throckmorton. Weidenfeld & Nicholson $29.95.* The twenty people who, in addition to Mr. Throckmorton, have contributed to this survey of "Shipwreck and Archaeology" naturally have different writing styles and different areas of expertise. Mr. Throckmorton begins with Bronze Age ships and the effects of diving—divers down too long can get "boiled out of their minds" and make the equivalent of drunken errors. Willard Bascom finishes up with a description of the robot machinery used to salvage an airplane from deep water in 1969. In between these pieces one learns a great deal about how marine archaeology works and the kind of historical information that this rapidly developing science provides.

A CUP OF DEATH *by Gene Thompson Random House, $15.95.* Mr. Thompson murder mystery presents a nice puzzle of the who-was-where-when variety, sleuthing lawyer with a fine gift for bullying the truth out of suspects, and an ending that demands a larger than usual suspension of disbelief.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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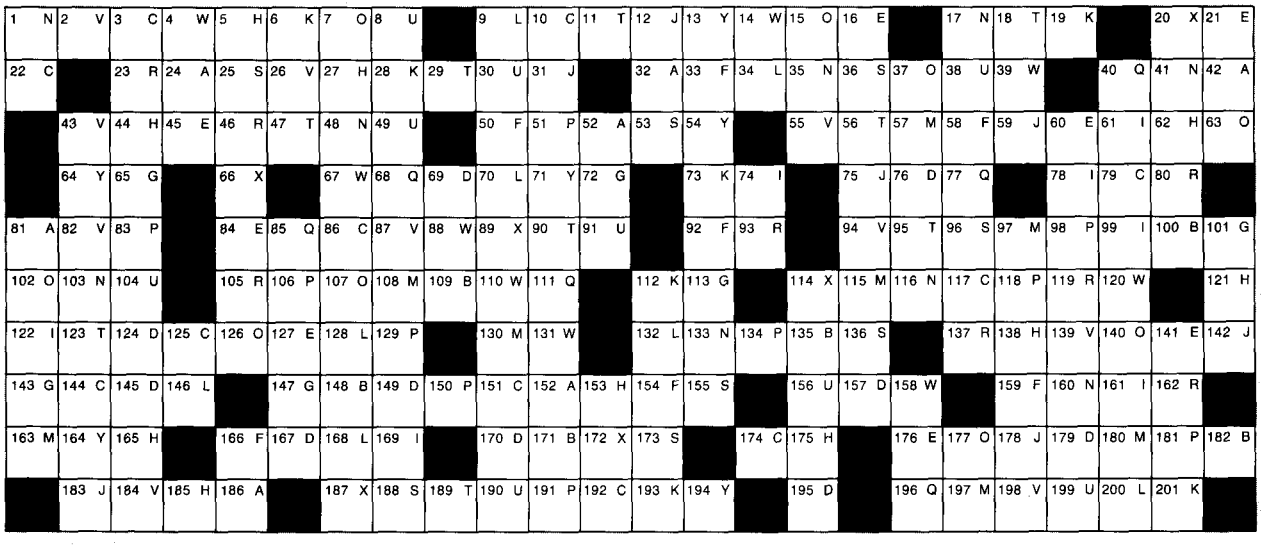
ACROSTIC NO. 31

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 30 appears on page 83.

A. Silver coin worth six obols — 42 52 152 32 24 186 81

B. 1979 movie about a mystery writer — 148 182 171 135 109 100

C. East Coast shipbuilding center (2 wds.) — 22 125 151 86 3 192 117 10 144 79 174

D. Bound to happen (3 wds.) — 76 157 124 170 167 149 195 145 179 69

E. Monarch of the House of York (2 wds.) — 84 16 21 141 176 60 127 45

F. Inside information — 166 33 50 154 58 159 92

G. Ass-headed actor in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* — 147 113 143 101 65 72

H. The back of the hand — 175 121 44 165 27 138 185 62 5 153

Not hip (3 wds.) — 122 99 169 78 74 61 161

Ken Kesey's sadistic Head Nurse — 59 178 183 142 75 12 31

J. Winner of the 1972 Olympic marathon — 19 28 73 6 112 193 201

K. Stratemeyer's inventive hero (2 wds.) — 70 200 34 146 132 9 168 128

M. Fishy — 197 97 163 108 130 115 180 57

N. Danish explicator of atomic structure (2 wds.) — 41 160 48 1 116 35 103 17 133

O. Short-barreled pistol — 7 177 126 107 102 37 63 15 140

P. Jack Paar's autobiography (4 wds.) — 191 150 118 83 129 51 106 181 134 98

Q. Gushily ingratiating — 77 85 40 111 196 68

R. "He's So Fine" girl group — 137 162 46 105 119 93 80 23

S. Unilateral (hyph.) — 25 96 188 155 36 53 136 173

T. Law-enforcement specialists (2 wds.) — 11 18 56 90 123 189 95 29 47

U. Football running play (2 wds.) — 38 104 91 156 199 8 190 30 49

V. Author of *Unsafe at Any Speed* (2 wds.) — 198 55 87 94 184 82 139 43 2 26

W. Lighthouse on the English Channel — 110 158 39 120 67 14 88 4 131

X. Gypsy language — 187 20 114 66 172 89

Y. Beer mugs — 54 64 71 164 13 194

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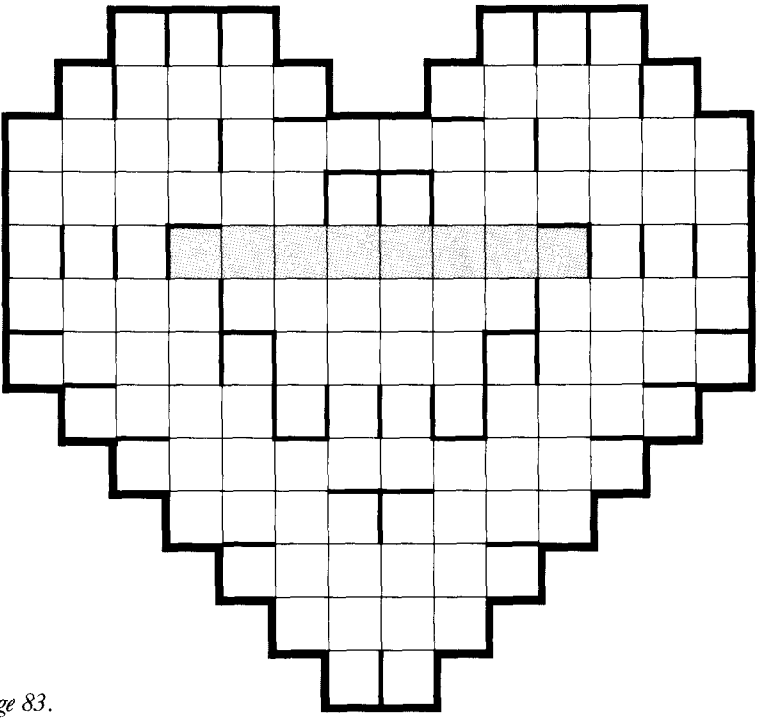
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

ALL HEART

Every clue answer in this puzzle must have its heart (central letter) removed before entry into the diagram. The 42 letters thus removed, taken in the order in which the clues are listed, will spell out a heartfelt sentiment whose author will appear in the shaded portion of the finished grid. Since clues are not listed in normal Across and Down order, solvers will have to puzzle out where each answer belongs. Answers include five proper nouns; all other entries may be found in *Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary.*



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 83.

CLUES

1. Heart signed goofily, like "Mister Magoo" (11)
2. Bottom of installed shower! (5)
3. Fishy lady with a dimmer switch? (7)
4. Returned topsoil of tropical interior in case (9)
5. Smashup involving car & tree in street (7)
6. Thoughts going into mountain region around the Persian Gulf (7)
7. Run in absolute terror (5)
8. Expiate in unity (5)
9. I fish all around for sound equipment (5) (*hyphenated*)
10. Government report (5)
11. Deciding angle is obtuse (7)
12. South combined forces in troop movements (7)
13. Convertible camp cot taking up little room (7)

__14. One involved in remedy with some radiation (5)
__15. Watt aboard seesaw with speaker (7)
__16. Joke poke I will give a person in northwest India (7)
__17. As a result, confused attacker (9)
__18. Lip—large lip (5)
__19. Oiler polluted French river (5)
__20. Lead in *Figaro* goes on the stage with dope (5)
__21. Recite "End of War" article (5)
__22. Joints left hidden in food additives (7)
__23. White, like chicken (5)
__24. Portia raced, capturing triple crown (5)
__25. Bar for bad poets (5)
__26. Given a drink with masticated cherry (7)
__27. Dawn, east of Love Canal, finally spreads (5)
__28. First of Finnish composer's numbers (5)
__29. One who fought for victory before Gallic summer passed (7)
__30. Stick out of bombed redoubt (7)
__31. Verbal attack spread from the center (5)
__32. Hope and Crosby can be cutting (7)
__33. Dodge commercial includes half of voices (5)
__34. Tree planter is heard (5)
__35. Philly sportsman failing with caustic remark at the start (5)
__36. Crackpot edits *Ways to Lose Weight* (5)
__37. 100 quires rearranged in rings (7)
__38. In overturned sod, one plant product (5)
__39. Knowing of a battle error (5)
__40. Model lawfully uses a woman's name (5)
__41. Cite NFL plays with curve (7)
__42. Deep hole is one next to shortstop (5)

te: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an ressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, *published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.*

buildering *noun*, the sport of scaling the façades of tall buildings, often without the use of climbing equipment: "Bob Barton has a fantasy. He someday wants to climb the 64-story U.S. Steel building. Barton said his art [is] dubbed *buildering*" (UPI).

BACKGROUND: *Buildering*, which denotes one of several spinoffs of rock climbing, occurs in *The Night Climbers of Cambridge*, published in the 1930s (the book describes the creative scaling techniques used by curfew-breaking undergraduates), but it is not to be found in most general dictionaries. The formation of *buildering* was undoubtedly influenced by *bouldering*, a term that goes back to 1920 and refers to basic or intermediate rock climbing. According to a 1978 article in *The Washington Post*, "*Builderers* prefer older, stone structures to *builder* on," because they have more *jamcracks* (tiny openings into which the builderer can jam a knuckle, a finger, or a toe) than sleek-skinned modern high-rises do. Diehard builderers enjoy extemporaneous climbs. George Willig, who climbed the World Trade Center in 1977, says, "Very often you walk down the street, see a building that looks interesting and decide to give it a try" (*The Washington Post*).

egoboo *noun*, recognition of or praise for one's activities as a science-fiction fan or science-fiction writer: "Someone who's into fanac [fan activities] contributes a lot of . . . time to working on fanzines, organizing conventions, etc. One of the rewards is *egoboo*" (*The Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: *Egoboo*, probably a blend of *ego* and *boost*, is virtually exclusive to the world of sci fi. According to the *Post*, "Over the years a vast number of fannish locutions have come and gone," but *fanzine*, *zine*, *fanac*, and *egoboo* are still being used. So is *cyberpunk*, a movement among some young science-fiction writers, who present visions of a future world dominated by drug use, computer technology, and cybernetics. Few such terms ever emerge from their subcultures to penetrate the mainstream, but it does happen. The slang word *rad* (a clipped form of *radical*), used in locutions such as "*rad* moves" and "That's *rad*, man," and meaning variously "expert," "excellent," and "super," was once used exclusively by skateboarders, snowboarders, and the like. But in the past few years *rad* has been picked up by young people across the county.

incent *verb*, to stimulate to action; provide incentive for or to: "The government felt that we needed to *incent* activity which is highly risky" (Edmund Pratt, the CEO of Pfizer, on *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*).

BACKGROUND: The verb *incent* is a back-formation from *incentive*. A back-formation is a new word created by removing from an existing word a true affix or an element mistakenly thought to be an affix. This process, which reverses the more usual trend of word formation by deleting, rather than adding, elements, is frowned upon by many linguistic conservatives—sometimes, as perhaps in this case, for good reason. But as Roy Copperud writes in *Usage and Style: The Consensus*, "Usefulness is what wins back-formation acceptance" over time. Examples of back-formations that have gained widespread acceptance are *edit*, formed from *editor*; *sedate*, from *sedative*; *televise*, from *television*; *diagnose*, from *diagnosis*; and *donate*, from *donation*. Strangely enough, *incentive* has spawned yet another verb, *incentivize*, which is sure to offend the sensibilities of many English-speakers. Overuse of the very productive suffix *-ize* to create coinages such as *concretize*, *envisionize*, and *audiblize* may offend both the eye and the ear. Nevertheless, critics would not turn a hair at *symbolize*, *criticize*, *formalize*, *hospitalize*, *publicize*, *nationalize*, *popularize*, *modernize*, *epitomize*, or *rationalize*, ten words that have been existant for a combined total of 2,505 years.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

softgel *noun*, a one-piece hermetically sealed soft gelatin shell containing medication in liquid or semisolid state, which has been formed, filled, and sealed in one operation: "Many persons have a hard time differentiating between one-piece *softgels* and two-piece hard-shell capsule dosage forms. . . . I hope that the use of this new name will help serve to make that differentiation" (Frank E. Young, M.D., the commissioner of food and drugs of the Food and Drug Administration).

BACKGROUND: Here's an example of how events can shape a word. Soft-gelatin capsules were widely used prior to the incidents of tampering with two-piece medicine capsules that have occurred in the past five years. But in the aftermath of the poisonings consumers frequently shied away from the tamper-proof soft-gelatin capsules, pharmaceutical-industry analysts found, because the very word *capsule* on the label led people wrongly to conclude that the bottle must contain tamper-prone two-piece capsules. Several substitute terms for *soft-gelatin capsule* were suggested in an effort to eradicate the troublesome *capsule*. One suggestion was *pearl*, because that is what the configuration of the dosage resembles. In the end, however, the collapsed form *softgel* won group approval. Today *softgel* is to be found on the labels of nearly half of all soft-gelatin nonprescription products. It is expected that within 18 months that figure will rise to three quarters. □

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